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THE
S Y M B O L,
AND
ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE:
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL, DEVOTED TO
Odd Fellowship and General Literature.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN, EDITOR.

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THE SYMBOL,

AND

ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE,

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1, 1845.

NO. I.

THE GREAT END OF SOCIETY.

—
BY THE EDITOR.
—

SOCIETY presents its most interesting aspect, when it operates for its true ends. For, there are certain great ends to be secured by social organization, independent of the temporal pleasures and benefits of that organization. Society is natural to man. He craves it—he seeks it intuitively. There is a fiction very common in the world about a *social compact*, into which men entered somewhere near the beginning of time wherein they abandoned some of their natural, or animal freedom, in order to secure all their rights in a just and equable proportion, and to ensure assistance in all their wants. I call this notion of a *social compact* a fiction, because I have no proof that such an agreement was ever entered into. But my chief opposition to the idea is that it makes man's object in seeking society, wholly a *selfish* one—it leaves out of view that spontaneous impulse of the human heart by which we desire a brother's face, and leap at the sound of a brother's voice—it overlooks that gregarious habit of animals in which we may trace an analogy, although a low one, to human society. We reject this selfish origin of society, then, and substitute in its place as the prime motive of organization, a natural impulse which men have for human communion. But when, attracted by this intuitive sentiment men have come together, they may not have a distinct conception why that social principle was planted in them by the Author of all things. It ~~is~~ planted in them for some object beyond its own immediate gratification. All things in nature work for some object be-

yond themselves — beyond the mere temporal good that they secure for themselves. The coral insect weaves its tiny skeleton for its own abode far down in the silent waters, but that little shell shall one day form a constituent part of an island that shall rise in pillared grandeur from the ocean-deep, defy the tossing surge, and bear upon its bosom the homes of men. In the wide range between the least and the greatest object in nature, there are a million links of being, each acting for itself, and yet acting beyond itself upon some spring that moves in wider and yet wider circles, out to the great revolution of the whole. The buried germ drinks in the dew and rain; these, by the chemistry of nature, become constituent parts of the full-grown plant, the plant dies, rots, and becomes mould, the mould becomes a rich soil for other plants, and so the ceaseless round runs on, each thing existing for something beyond itself — so roll on the cycles and epicycles, the wheels within wheels forever and forever — the animalcule and the solar system, each ever in motion for some end beyond itself. And it is precisely like this in all the economy of being. That impulse planted in man which leads him to seek the society of his fellows, is planted there for an end, and that end is social organization, but that social organization secured, there is another end, or, rather, there are other ends to be reached besides the mere indulgence of the affections.

Society exists for something beyond itself. This has been seen in all ages, by all men, but the error has been, that men have not discerned its true ends, have aimed at something else. A band of robbers is a society. But we all know that such an organization by no means secures the ends that society may secure — it would certainly be better if there was no such organization. The savage tribe that roams the desert, and plants its tents where the night falls — the Highland clan that gathers around its chieftain, and echoes his battle-cry; are not these types of some of the early forms of society? And yet what end have they reached? Scarce any but the gratification of animal passion, the glory of conquest, or the accumulation of wealth. We might cast our eyes now over a map of the world, and discover many nations, that are by no means living out the true ideal of society. In proportion as Christianity and knowledge have shed their light upon men, the great ends of society have been discerned — and in proportion to their ignorance of human duty and human dignity, men have perverted society to other uses.

But notwithstanding all their error, and feebleness of development, society, we repeat, has great ends to work out, and it is in our day in some measure recognizing these ends. We do not find it necessary here to specify but one of these great ends, and that is, THE DEVELOPMENT AND PERFECTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL. Yes, this is one great object of associated action — the development and perfection of the individuals who compose that association. It is a great doctrine, the completeness and moral worth of each man. It is at this Christianity aims — to accomplish this is the object of a true republicanism. In the absolutely savage state, man may be said to exhibit a peculiar individual development. But in society, he too often loses his individuality, and becomes absorbed in the great mass. He is made a slave,

to be trampled upon by task masters, or a soldier to be dashed to pieces in battle. He enslaves *himself* to something trifling or sinful, neglects his higher powers to dig for gold, or to waste in pleasure, or to perish in the rush of ambition. Look abroad this hour upon society! How many men are there who are what men should be—who are complete, full developed, perfect men. True, society has done much for them—it has refined, improved them in some respects; but in other respects, it has fettered and dwarfed them, and keeps them back from their true ends. Now the real effect of society should be to make these men as truly individuals, as they would be in the savage state,—but with an individuality how different! They should be men whose powers are *all* developed and controlled—are all exhibited in perfect harmony—men free indeed—men strong indeed. Society will have accomplished its true end, or one of its true ends, when every man and every woman is a perfect man, or a perfect woman. When each one is a State, a law, an organization for himself. Is this an ideal condition? Is it a mere dream? Is the golden age only a poet's lyric, to be sung to timbrels? Are the bright glimpses that the warriors for truth have caught through the parted shields and quivering ranks of the strife, mere visions of fancy? Shall there never come a time when the scaffold and the prison shall be needed no more—when fraud shall die for want of sustenance, and wrong have no bosom in which to harbor? When each one shall find a court of justice in his own soul, and a statute book in the Bible, and need no other? Truly such a time is to be devoutly prayed for, and actually expected. We are progressing towards such a time, else I see but little grandeur in moral effort, and little energy in human progress.

I have said that true republicanism would secure such a state of things. True republicanism is something more than political freedom, and something more than the freedom of the mass. If not, then republicanism may exist consistently with the grossest ignorance and the wildest licentiousness, or else the tyranny of the despot may become the tyranny of the multitude, the most irrational and irresponsible tyranny of all. Pure republicanism aims at the intellectual and moral freedom of every man, of every woman. There is a unity of the race that should ever be regarded—but there is a nobler, a more sacred unity even than this—it is the unity of the individual. And Christianity recognises the same grand truth. Its most solemn appeals are made to the individual conscience, and the individual heart. It strips the ermine from the king, the rags from the beggar, and exhibits in each a soul more priceless than a world. That soul has been lost sight of, covered up, neglected, under other systems—but not so with Christianity. It reaches down to this grand and solemn individuality—it admits inequalities—it admits that one star may differ from another star in glory, but each is a *STAR*—a world by itself—a world of deathless nature and incalculable capacity. Here, then, on this point a true republicanism unites with Christianity—in fact, seen in this light, republicanism is the social phase of Christianity. The great work is to be done through society, but it is on and beyond society—the accomplishing of individual perfection. This will not dissolve so

ciety. By no means. The social element in man is as deathless as the moral sense. The patriot will still love the homes, and altars, and graves of his father-land — the husband and parent will still throw his arms around his family group — the Christian will still love the house where he has long worshipped — and in earth's changes, earth's evils, which must exist while the mortal exists, men will find room for mutual labor and for kindly offices. But each will be a law to himself — fraud and wrong will cease, murder will be unknown, superstition will die, ignorance will vanish, and because of the excellence of individuals, there will be a better race.

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sun-light on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distinguishing characteristics; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung upon an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck on a bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half, to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the tripple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia? — Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night;

for when *you* are dead and gone, there will be only three *wigs* left in the village."

If then we look to the dress — of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature — as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest, that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word "coat" for "man," and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bona fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back sewed on so far a part, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely, according to the ordinary laws of probability, see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift's principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord Mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated, blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra; I think that I behold my ancient college-chum, Dickson — the cream of bachelors — the pink of politeness — the most agreeable of tipplers, who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a blue stocking. Peace to his ashes — he always spoke respectfully of whisky punch!

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thorough-fare, the strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every-day coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities — the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as "Christabel," uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the color of his conscience; while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is — till time hath "mouldered it into beauty" — its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes — a Serf! How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney sweep; to be scared by the dust-man; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a

peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at apparition of a gigling servant-girl, with a slop-pail thrust half-way out of a garret-window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney; to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and of all these vile contingencies; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery? hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red-coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not a amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favor of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides — long flowing curtains — a downy arm-chair — a nicely trimmed lamp — a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug — a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812) — a snuff-box — a cigar, — a Scotch novel — and, above all, a social independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic — oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients! — we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward extravagant; to lean sideways impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed; I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom, and the folly it quickened into life? — Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why, then, do I remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment — most calamitous to a poor annuitant! — of the very coat in which I have the honor of addressing this essay

to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her majesty's wrongs had congregated at Hammersmith, my own invalid habiliment was transformed after the manner of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and, by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

Republic of Letters.

Original.

THE OLD MANSION OVER THE WAY.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CONVALESCENT.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Laftie," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

"The homes our fathers built and lived in
And which for years defied the scythe of Time,
In these last days of sweeping innovation
Before the Irish pick-axe come toppling down."

OPPOSITE my window stands one of those antiquated two storied, high-roofed mansions which belonged to the times before the revolution. It was one of the few survivors left by modern innovation, of the respectable class of wooden tenements in which "the gentility" of olden Boston once lived. As we see them standing now here and there with their sharp gable ends, small seven by nine panes, set in massive sashes, carved ornaments over the portico and perhaps a venerable elm or poplar, or a few lilac or rose bushes a century old, growing stumpy and scraggy in the front yard, which still remains in defiance of the brick blocks that occupy spaces once yards and gardens of neighboring mansions of the same class, we feel a reverence for them and wish that they may be suffered long to stand. There is ever a history thrown around one of these old-fashioned homesteads! a history of generations past — of generations honored. What emotions does a row of modern brick buildings create in the mind of the observer. It is true he thinks of large rents; and an indefinable idea of prosperity and public thrift passes across his thoughts. There are no associations with them but of dollars and cents, and successful speculations. But at the sight of one of these time honored abodes of our forefathers, we irresistibly go back to the colonial days of Boston, and to the simplicity and patriotism of its citizens. We think of cocked hats and breeches, farthingales and hoops, dinners at twelve, meridian, and tottering men in broad brims and with rods in their hands hunting little boys and idlers of Sundays and driving them to meeting.

I have often looked at the venerable edifice opposite my window

with strange feelings. A date in the angle of the gable gave it the era of 1716. It was two stories high with a narrow garret window, above which was placed the date. The end to the street was of brick, small, tough rough little bricks they were; but they had stood the test of a century and a half! They looked along side modern bricks knotty and uncouth; but they seemed as if they would stand it yet a century and a half longer and outlive the proudest patent brick that blushed in the houses next door, at being found in such low, old fashioned company.

How often have I thought of the cocked hats and hooped petticoats that had passed through the little gate into the yard and thence into the house. Of the faces of good old ladies that had in by-gone days looked out of the window, in which I now saw only papers of pins and bunches of tape hanging; for the house was now put to all sorts of uses. A poor starved milliner had her shop there; a mantua-maker with nine ragged children a room; a hand-cartman occupied the back parlor, where perhaps dignified governors and clergymen with their ladies of the old school had sat down to drink tea in cups the size of a half crown. I thought of the gay parties that had taken place there a hundred and fifty years ago, and so on down to the revolution; and tried in imagination to revive again the dead, long since passed away — the dead that lay, some in the grave yard between the Tremont and Park; some in the old Granary burial place. Such thoughts were pleasant and served to beguile a weary hour of indisposition when the head and heart were both too sick to find relief in books or pen or social intercourse.

Gazing so much upon this old time-worn mansion, naturally led me to take note of, and feel interest in, its inmates. The house was situated in a narrow street with a block of dwelling houses opposite, a brick dwelling occupied by a fashionable physician on one side and a tall grocer's corner store on the other; a fit illustration of New Boston crowding Old Boston out! Old Boston's toes are fairly trod upon by the toes of New Boston, and every where she is crowded into a corner. The grocery and doctor's house were built upon what had once been the garden of the old mansion, and now the dwelling had only room to show a shoulder to the street with a little paved bit of yard about five feet broad on one side.

The house, as I have said, was parceled out to eke out the last pittance of rent that could be extracted from its old timbers. Besides the shrivelled, starved milliner in spectacles, and the mantua-maker with the nine ragged children, and the old hand-cartman with a bed-ridden wife and three children, there was an ancient looking woman who was always seated in the west corner window making patch-quilt, and a blind man at the other cutting shoe-maker's pegs, an art in which he seemed very expert.

From the side walk, a flat cellar door gave entrance into a subterranean apartment, which was occupied jointly by a negro, whose profession was boot-blackening, and by an old man with a wooden leg who followed the respectable pursuit of selling apples, pea-nuts and small beer. Perhaps there was not another building in Boston that contain

ed within itself so many occupations. The attic seemed for a time unoccupied, for I never detected any face at the little window; but one morning as I was wondering that this apartment should be suffered to remain tenantless, while the others did the miserly landlord such good service, I saw the little attic window raised and a head look out. It was that of a young man, about thirty, pale but intellectual, with a wild profusion of uncombed black hair, and a very seedy coat.

"Now," thought I, "the tenants of the mansion are complete. The attic has received a poet!"

My conjecture proved true. In a few minutes afterwards he darted his head in and then I saw him take up a piece of manuscript, and heard him read aloud, each moment his voice and excitement increasing. His window being open, and on a level with mine, and the street narrow I was able to catch many of his lines.

"Here Art shall nature shame and tailor's shears
Shall make an old man seem but twenty years!
The crooked back or leg his art shall smooth,
And he who goes in old comes forth a youth.
The calf and chest deficient he can fill,
And never puts such items in the bill!"

"Good! superb! That last is epigrammatic! I shall charge at least eight cents extra for this last line. Ah, by the gods! I have another thought!" and making a pirouette, he sat down upon a candle-box, and began to write upon his knee, which I could not help seeing, he had worn quite through to the skin with making this use of it. I perceived at once that this gentleman was a promiscuous civic poet; who devoted his lofty muse, not like Homer, to celebrating the exploits of gods and heroes, but to the praise of fashionable drapers! And while I could not but admire so much of his productions as I had heard him read, I could not but regret that his patrons should not reward him with a new coat.

I have said that it was my custom to sit by my window during my convalescence and observe the proceedings opposite. The next morning early I took my seat in my arm-chair at my usual post, and cast my eyes across the way. The sun had just risen, and the inmates were only beginning to bestir themselves. The attic window was closed; the poet was doubtless taking his breakfast out in sleep for want of something more substantial. The hand-cartman was the only one moving. He came out of the side door with a vast yawn and one arm in the sleeve of his old green jacket. He put it on, took his hand-cart from the corner of the yard and putting himself into it, slowly trudged out and passed down the street with that listless, animal gait which this class of men so soon acquire. What a precarious occupation is his! He goes forth an adventurer for the day. He has no engagement—no work spoken for before hand. He trusts to accident and chance for a load. He reaches his stand, tips up his cart against the curb-stone, and then with his hands thrust in his pockets, waits weary hours for a call. Perhaps he gets one by noon, perhaps not till afternoon, perhaps he waits till dark and then turns his steps homeward not having earned a penny the whole day. Such

fortune seemed to be this poor man's; for himself his wife and children worked always, ragged and but half paid. We would respectfully recommend to the hand-cartman, the hack-man, and such gentlemen on whose hands hangs so much weary time, to have some employment at their "stand," by which they can pass away the hours and at the same time make money. There are a dozen little pursuits that they could carry on seated upon their boxes, the attention given to which would not prevent proper vigilance for passengers, and would bring them in something daily whether they got fares or not. In New York, a hack-man passed all his leisure time in selling cigars; and a hand-cartman mended shoes. Their industry soon led persons to give them the preference, and what with their fare and their busy hands, they soon were enabled to lay up enough money to go into a better and surer business. We only give these hints *by the way*, hoping some one may see and profit by them. As "lazy as a coach-man," as "idle as a hand-cartman," are sayings that these worthy crafts ought to feel interested in giving the lie to!

The next person astir after the hand-cartman had gone down the street, was the old lady in spectacles, who did nothing from morning till night but make patch-quilt. She first took down an apron she had pinned up the night before for a curtain, then raised the sash and fastened it up with a button. She then poked her head out, on which was a furbelowed cap, and looked up the street, then she looked down the street, then up at the sky to see what weather it was, and then across to my window at me. I bowed neighborly-like, and then she looked red and cross, instantly slammed down the window, and then shook her shrivelled finger at me through the glass. Mercy upon us! what transgression had I been guilty of! Could it be possible she believed I had designs! That my bow was the impudent, unblushing premonitory intention to open a flirtation with her! and thus she had shown her detestation of any such doings? I was left to conjecture. But I at once set her down for a maiden lady and resolved to be more discreet in future. But that very day she disappeared, patch-quilt, spectacles and sour visage! I saw them no more. How or where she went is a mystery to me. But if her chaste eye chance to fall upon these pages, I beg leave most respectfully to assure her that I intended her no disrespect, that I entertained no such views as her alarmed maidenly apprehensions led her to suspect. That I would no more have presumed to make advances over the way to a spectacled virgin of her propriety, than to my grand-mother!

The next person astir was the mantua-maker. I could not see into her windows, but she came out of the door and first washed all the children's faces in a tub of water that Jemmy the hand-cartman had washed his face and hands in. After wiping them upon her apron, she gave each of them a slap and sent them in; for I had always remarked the peculiarity in this woman, that she never came nigh one of her nine children, that she didn't give or aim at them a cuff; and so I perceived that the little brats had by habit got to be a set of the most skilful, 'artful dodgers,' that ever evaded an angry maternal salutation. The mother worked hard all day making dresses, and

her children did nothing but shout, yell, or plan foraging expeditions against the old man's apples and pea-nuts in the cellar in front; in which they were sometimes successful. One of the little ragged rascals had a trick that I often witnessed. By some means he had obtained possession of a copper coin and with it he purchased two apples of the old man. Instead of eating them he put them in his pocket and marched off. In about an hour's time he returned, and passing the old man dropped both of his apples close by his basket, and then shouting out.

"Daddy, your apples is fallin'," he would scramble to pick them up and be very officious to put them in the basket. In doing so he threw down a dozen others, and while he was assisting the old man in picking them up, I saw him convey no less than four into his own breeches pocket! This was a clear gain of one hundred per cent. I saw him perform this trick sometimes with one apple and sometimes with two, half a dozen times in the course of a week. At length I raised my window, shook my finger at him, and told the old man to be on his guard, at the same time throwing him a piece of silver to pay for the apples, the adroit pilfering of which had given me no little entertainment.

The old man and boot-black next stirred. The signs of a movement among them was the mysterious upraising by some power within of the cellar doors! Then came out the black crown of the negro. He would lay the doors back, and then stand in his shirt sleeves, with half his body still in the cellar, and stretch himself and gape around. He would then descend and putting on an old fur cap, and taking a long pole in his hand start off after his customer's boots. In about half an hour he would return with twenty soiled pairs strung upon his pole, and seating himself upon a stool in the bottom of the cellar proceed to clean them. He began with the early risers first, and used to send them off first by a little urchin whose face shone like the boots he carried on a stick across his shoulder. There were three pairs of fashionably made boots which I observed he never took home until after half past nine! These were the later risers. He used to speak of them not by the name of the owner but by the time he rose. Thus he would tell his boy to hurry with "Quarter to seven!" "Here are half past seven and twenty minutes to eight!" "Start off with quarter to nine!" and the like. The old man would emerge slowly after the boot-black had opened the cellar and gone. He would first bring up a basket of apples and set it on one side; then he would go down again and stump up on his wooden leg with a raisin box full of pea-nuts to flank it. He would then descend and bring up some bottles of small beer and arrange them along the edge of the cellar door, with a tumbler like an egg-shell for thinness by the side of them. The bottles were tied over the cork with stout twine, but I could see no necessity for this precaution as I never saw or heard any thing like popping when they were opened. It was very discreet and well-tamed beer. The old man was satisfied with it and so were the little boys and niggers; I also was content. But there was a conspiracy hatching in the bosom of a modern speculator against this house. The next morn-

ing there was a general clearing out of the tenants, my friends. The story was out. The landlord had sold the house to a Kilby street merchant, who was going to *build* forthwith. The poet descended from his garret and stalked forth with fire in his eye, and his manuscript beneath his arm; the world all before him where to choose. He glanced up at my window. I opened it and threw him a half-dollar. It struck at his feet. He stopped, surveyed it with a lofty air, as if hesitating whether to degrade himself by stooping to pick it up. He did so, however, then proudly touching the front of his worn hat to me, as if he conferred an honor by pocketing it; he moved at a quick, hungry pace down the street.

In two hours the poor tenants of the old mansion were scattered to the winds. But Providence tempers the winds, and doubtless all have found shelter. The next day they began to tear it down, and to escape the sight of the desecration of this time-worn pile, and the noise and dust, I also left the neighborhood for one more quiet.

Original.

THE SORROWING.

Rejoice for her, the sad and silent dead,
That she hath broken from her fetters here;
Her heart's pure joyousness, all, *all* was fled,
Each flower was withered that the soul held dear;
Then mourn thou not, kind one, that she hath upward flown,
Far from the tear-stained realms which *Wo* now calls his own.

The little streamlet's merry, cheerful singing
Fell on her ear, but woke no answering strain;
For, ever, in her heart, knell-tones were ringing,
And lingered, ever, the sad funeral train
Of her departed joys. Oh, then, be glad! be glad!
That the lone soul hath gone where it can ne'er be sad!

To her, bright beauteous Spring no joy could bring,
It ne'er could beam on her, a ray of gladness;
A gloomy pall, her heart, was shadowing, —
A drapery of silent, sombre sadness.
Oh, lift the heart in praise to God! rejoice! rejoice!
That Heaven's high, crystal arches echo to her voice!

SARAH.

Charlestown, Mass.

Original.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

To P. G. M. Rev. ALBERT CASE, from Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., at Montreal.

This Address was delivered on the occasion of Bro. Case's visit to Montreal, to organize the Grand Lodge of Canada. The Address was delivered by Joseph Frazer, Esq., N. G., at the Exchange Coffee House, and a copy presented, which with Bro. Case's reply, we are permitted to insert in our pages.

MONTREAL, NOV. 20th, 1844.

To the Rev. Bro. Albert Case, Past D. D. Gr. Sire,

REV. SIR AND BROTHER :

WE the undersigned, in compliance with a resolution of Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F, beg leave most respectfully to congratulate you on your safe arrival in Montreal—to tender you a most sincere and hearty welcome, and to express the admiration we entertain for you as a distinguished brother of our beloved Order, and especially as the Representative of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

We are not insensible to the paternal kindness of that body, nor of the honor done to us in the selection of an individual so eminently qualified as yourself to effect the object of your mission and promote the interests of the Order.

While we regard it as one of the peculiar excellencies of Odd Fellowship that it “brings together men of the most discordant opinions,” we think the fact ought not to be overlooked that it also brings together men of congenial principles, sentiments and feelings, who otherwise would live and die utterly unknown to each other.

Among the many blessings temporal and moral that result from the Order, we regard it as not the least, that it will tend very materially to soften any political asperities that may unhappily exist against each other, in the subjects of either government, and foster those kindly and fraternal feelings that should always animate the members of the great family of man.

Trusting that you may arrive safely home to the bosom of your family and friends—We are, Rev. Sir and Brother,

Yours in the bonds of

Friendship Love and Truth,

JOSEPH FRAZER, N. G.
WM. N. LIDDELL, P. G.
JOHN HOLLAND, V. G.
A. BARNARD, Secretary.

To which Past Grand Master Case replied as follows :—

RESPECTED BRETHREN :— Believe me, I am unable to give utterance to the feelings aroused in my breast by the very complimentary

address you have tendered me on behalf of Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1. I did indeed anticipate a friendly reception on my arrival in Montreal, for my mission was to *Odd Fellows*, and their fraternal welcome is always hearty and sincere. But I was not prepared to expect all the kindness and attention that have been shown me by the urbane brothers in your city, and especially by the Lodge you have the honor to represent.

As the Representative of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I tender you my grateful acknowledgments for the satisfaction you express relative to my services among you. It was my great desire to do *the will* of that body, thereby to promote the welfare of our beloved Order, and strengthen the chain which binds us *all* together as one family. If, haply, I have succeeded in this pleasing duty, the consciousness of having done so, will be to me a satisfaction in all time to come.

I assure you, brethren, the Grand Lodge will be highly gratified with the satisfaction you express, both as it regards *its appointment*, and the performance of the duties of its special ambassador.

I shall bear with me to the Grand Lodge of the United States, renewed and cheering testimony of your devotion to Odd Fellowship — your desire to maintain its wisest constitutions, and your determination to practise its heaven-born principles. I shall assure it, that you *will not* be insensible to its parental kindness, and I say to you, that you shall not find it *less* kind, or *less* ready to promote your welfare, and the welfare of the whole Fraternity.

Your estimate of the utility of Odd Fellowship is correct. Truly have you said "it brings together men of the most discordant opinions" — both religious and political, on the broad platform of a common brotherhood — where, divested of all sect or party feeling, they worship at one common altar — cultivate the social virtues — enlarge their social relations, and drink in the spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth. It associates men of "congenial principles" — kindred spirits, and their communion is sweet!

The blessings you mention as likely to result from a union of the Order under our two enlightened Governments, I trust will be fully enjoyed, and that the chain of Odd Fellowship, which happily binds us together will not be severed by the boundary lines of our countries, or buried beneath the deep blue waters that roll between us, — but that its *golden links* strengthened and improved by years, will hold us in the bond of *Liberty and Union*, and that we shall remain *Brothers*, ever mindful of the duties implied in this relationship.

Brethren — I rejoice with you, at the success that has attended your labors in the upbuilding of Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, and the establishment of pure Odd Fellowship, in your favored Province. I congratulate you on the judicious selection of your Lodge title. It is a proud name, and it was meet that the infant Lodge should assume the name of the then infant, yet Royal Heir *Prince of Wales*! May it grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength through each revolving year, and when the crown shall rest upon his brow, — then, may he show that he is an "Odd Fellow, already," and extend his Royal favor to **PRINCE OF WALES LODGE, No. 1.**

Brethren, "I have full confidence in you" that you will maintain a character corresponding with the number (one) of your Lodge—that harmony and good fellowship will continue to prevail between your own and the other Lodges already formed;—for if "accidents may happen in the best of families," nought that is contrary to *love*, and *good will* and *good feeling*, shall ever be allowed in that happy family composed of "Prince of Wales," No. 1,— "Queens" No. 2, and Prince Albert's No. 3. In behalf of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I renew to you, and through you to the Brethren, the assurance of its Parental regard; and tender you its thanks with my own individually, for the great respect and attention you have shown its Representative. Be pleased to convey the same to the Lodge you represent, and accept for yourselves and the Brethren the assurance of my esteem and fraternal regard.

Brethren—your kind wishes in my behalf, are, if possible, more than reciprocated by

Your obliged servant and Brother,
In Friendship, Love and Truth,

ALBERT CASE,

P. G. Master, and Special Deputy of G. Lodge U. S.

To JOSEPH FRAZER, N. G.
WM. N. LIDDELL, P. G.
JOHN HOLLAND, V. G.
A. BARNARD, Secretary.

Original.

THE PROTEGE.

AN Italian sunset poured its soft and mellow radiance into an apartment arranged with chaste and simple elegance. The hand of friendship and taste had evidently been busy there; the gentle breeze wafted the fragrant air in at the open casement, and lent an unusual flush to the cheek of the emaciated form of one upon whom the hand of sorrow had lain heavily. She was apparently in the last stages of a hopeless decline, the fatal seeds of which had long been implanted in her constitution. A faint smile illumined her pale cheek, as her hand fell caressingly on the head of a lovely child kneeling beside her, now her only earthly tie.

"Annette," she said, "a mother's hand may no more smooth thy gentle brow; to stranger hands I must now confide thee; and to you, sir," casting a look of confidence upon a manly form beside her couch, "I resign my all of earth, trusting the God that has ever watched over her, will still shield her from the bitter adversities of this world. May

the clouds that have hung so heavily over her youth, be dissipated in their course, and the waves of affliction that have deluged her mother's heart, break gently beneath her feet." The smile gradually faded from her features as the last ray of sun shot through the casement—her pure spirit wafted its flight to fairer regions above.

The young Annette was now indeed an orphan; no sympathising being claimed a kindred tie. Among strangers, and in a foreign land, her gentle spirit sank within her; but the hand of friendship was already her shield, and affectionate hearts were ready to receive her.

Herbert Allston was the son of one of the wealthiest citizens of one of our most populous Atlantic cities. Naturally of a delicate constitution, he had been tenderly nurtured, and the chilling blasts of the world had never been suffered to rudely assail him. At the age of twenty, the daughter of an humble tradesman crossed his path, whose mild and amiable disposition and gentle manners soon wound their influences around the latent affections of his heart, and he was happy in finding a corresponding sentiment in her own. His father's consent to their union was sought: at first it was firmly denied, but by the intercession of his mother, whose heart the many excellencies of the lady had won, his consent was finally granted, though evidently in sore discordance with the scheme of ambition he had reared for him. None other than a wealthy alliance had ever been dreamed of for him, the eldest son of the wealthy Henry Allston.

Some few years after this occurred, a new society was formed in his native city, and, after examining its merits and various pretensions, as far as practicable, he became exceedingly desirous to become a member. This again, his father strenuously opposed. He however applied for admittance, was accepted, and duly initiated into all its forms. He sought not to keep it secret, but Mr. Allston remained for some months ignorant of the fact, till going one day into the sewing room, a day or two previous to a public celebration, he looked with surprise upon the work in the hands of its principal occupant. The truth flashed at once upon his mind. "Caroline," said he, somewhat sternly, "whose paraphernalia is that? I trust no member of my family is interested in such articles as those." "They are Herbert's," she mildly replied; "am I arranging them with taste?" He deigned not a reply, but with the impress of rage on every feature, he quickly left the house, closing the door with violence after him.

Caroline trembled; she saw the storm she had long dreaded, about to burst. That night on retiring to their rooms, they observed a letter addressed to Herbert, upon the table. He opened it, and read as follows:

HERBERT ALLSTON, Esq.,—Sir: From this date my house is no longer your home. You will move immediately to other lodgings. You may now know what it is to depend upon your own exertions; and added to that, a father's malediction. I disown and disinherit thee forever. A second time you have dared offend me; the first, I could pardon; the last, never! A member of that odious society, one

that I detest from my very soul, shall never find shelter beneath my roof.

HENRY ALLSTON.

And why did Mr. Allston so "detest" that odious society?" The secret of it was this: upon its first formation, thinking it might add a little to his influence and standing in society, he sought admittance; but as fame had been somewhat busy with his reputation, the honor of his membership was declined; his pride was wounded in its tenderest point, and he vowed vengeance on all of the order, that came within his power. His son was the first on whom he could wreak it, and on him it fell with its full force. Herbert immediately left his father's house, and sought by assiduous application to business, to still surround his family with their accustomed luxuries; but the shock his spirits had sustained by his father's unexpected mandate, combined with his great bodily exertions, preyed upon his naturally feeble constitution. He soon sank under his trials; his health rapidly declined, and a voyage across the Atlantic was the only hope left his despairing friends.

Furnished by those, whose object it is to assist the worthy, with every thing to alleviate his sufferings, or minister to his comfort or pleasure, he bid adieu to his native soil, and with his wife and an only child, an interesting girl of fourteen years, he trusted himself to the broad ocean, to regain his health, or lay his form beneath its waves, as it might please the Ruler of all events.

The sunny shore of Italy was their destination, but ere they reached the desired haven, his symptoms grew alarmingly worse, and it was evident to all, he was fast passing away. "Caroline," said he, clasping the hand of his heart stricken wife, "I must leave you to the care of strangers; take this casket, and on your arrival in Italy, should you be in want of assistance or sympathy, open it, and pursue the instructions it contains, and I have no fear for your safety." She performed for him the last sad offices of affection, laid him in his watery grave, and then her own spirit sank: the anxiety and excitement that had hitherto supported her, now ceased, and her spirit bowed to the sad realities of her situation. Her strongest earthly tie was severed; he, on whom she had bestowed the wealth of her first affections, and for whom she would have sacrificed her very life, was torn from her, by an inscrutable Providence, and she felt the insatiable hand of disease already fastening upon her own system.

When the vessel arrived on the shores of Italy, she had barely strength to walk to the carriage; that rapidly failed, and in one short month, she was laid upon her couch, from which she was never more to rise. The casket was opened, the direction obeyed, and, as if by magic, a circle of friends was gathered around her, assiduous in their attentions, and unremitting in their exertions to soothe her few remaining hours. The luxuries of a southern clime were strown profusely about her; the delicacies of a sick room were administered by the hand of friendship, and the voice of kindness fell quietly upon the ear. In this state we first introduced her to our readers.

The ever ready tones of affection, soon raised the drooping spirits

of Annette, naturally of an elastic and buoyant temperament. She won all hearts by her gentleness and artlessness. The best teachers were procured for her, to whom she endeared herself by her docility and application, and the ease with which she acquired the most difficult tasks bespoke a mind of more than ordinary cast.

It was a chilly night in December. Henry Allston sat in his easy chair, beside a glowing fire, reading the *Evening Post*, now his only companion. He was no longer the Henry Allston of former days, his proud spirit had been broken by misfortunes that had fallen heavily and rapidly upon him. After the banishment of Herbert, happiness seemed to have taken her leave also; the partner of his youth, and his remaining children, one by one, were claimed by the pale messenger death, and he was left alone, with no friendly staff to support his declining years. The following paragraph in the paper he was perusing, caught his eye:

"Arrived from the Mediterranean, ship *Tellur*, Capt. Barton. Passengers, Robert Palmer, lady and daughter, formerly of this city."

"That," said Mr. Allston, speaking aloud, "is the vessel Herbert sailed in; not any tidings have I ever had of him; most likely he too is gone, and the little Annette,—my heart yearns again for her childish prattle, and innocent sports." He called immediately for his over-shoes, coat, and cane, and started for the wharf, sought out the vessel, and obtained an interview with the Captain. From him he only learned the fact of his son's and wife's death; of the girl he could gain no tidings. Disheartened and dispirited, he returned home, giving up all hope of ever atoning for the injury he had done his son, and of which he had long since sincerely repented.

The halls of the Hon. Charles Palmer's stately mansion were brilliantly lighted. A flood of radiance shone from the many gorgeous lamps, reflected by the most costly mirrors, and again reflected by the happy countenances of a vast concourse of the beauty and *elite* of the city, that promenaded the spacious saloons; the light laugh bespoke the joyful heart, and merriment and happiness presided over the evening. The party was given in honor of the arrival of Mr. Palmer's son and family, who had resided many years in a foreign land. The elderly attended to offer their congratulations, and sympathize with the father, in his happiness; the young accepted the invitation, partly in pursuit of amusement, but impelled principally by curiosity. The Miss Palmer, of whom report spoke so lavishly, was that evening to make her debut. She had been but little into society since her arrival, but her accomplishments were the theme of every tongue. She entered the room, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Palmer, from whose eye beamed the pride of parental affection. Every voice was hushed, every eye was bent intently upon her, as she moved quietly and gracefully through the apartment; her countenance was radiant with beauty, but rather the beauty of expression, than of feature. Her lovely form was but the casket that contained a far richer prize, as much superior to itself, as is the polished stone to its tinsel setting. Her lofty and expansive brow, intelligent eye, and every lineament of her face, impressed the beholder with the conviction of a superior

mind. She was highly accomplished in mental, as well as fashionable acquirements. Her education had been thorough; the finer qualities of her mind had expanded by careful culture, till she was fitted to adorn any station in life to which she might be called. She soon became not only the reigning belle of the season, but a general favorite with all. To the aged she was courteous and attentive; to the young, sprightly and amusing; the intellectual found in her a kindred spirit, and gleaned rich treasures from the store-house of her mind. — With Mr. Allston she became an especial favorite; if she failed in her accustomed morning call, he became restless; the hours flew tardily by, and the dinner hour usually found his carriage at the door of Mr. Palmer. She was an indulgent, listener to his many caprices, anticipated his various wants, chatted him into good humor when disturbed, read to him the evening papers, and lent a cheerful and happy cast to all around her. She seemed to have become necessary to his existence.

About three months subsequent to the party above mentioned, Mr. Palmer and daughter were announced at the drawing-room of Henry Allston. "Being about to return to Europe," said he, extending his hand to the old gentleman, "I come to resign to your care this young lady. I, as an N. G. of the Order, received her when a child from her mother's dying hand. Cherish her as we have done; unfurl above her the banner of "Friendship, Love and Truth," and you will ever find a fond and affectionate grand-daughter in Annette Allston, the Protege of the I. O. of O. F. E.

East Cambridge.

THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN.

From the London Forget Me Not, for 1845.

"O! I am weary of earth," said the child,
As it gazed with tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,
"For whatever I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,
It came and looked abroad,
And it said, "I am going this very hour —
I am going to heaven and God."

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And red and purple too;
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met
All round in the distant blue.

And the child looked out on the far, far west,
And it saw a golden door,
Where the evening sun had gone to its rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven:
Said the child, "I will go that very place,
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,
But the heavens would not stay,
For always the faster it tried to run
They seemed to go further away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,
With night-dews cold and damp,
And each little star on the dark-blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,
And it seemed to the child that they
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

And the child called out, when it saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way,
That is not the way to heaven."

Then on it went through the rough waste lands
Where the tangled briers meet,
Till the prickles scratched its dimpled hands,
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,
And at last it cried, for it could not tell
Its way on the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp, green sod,
While it said its evening prayer,
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep — for they found it there,
When the sun went down next day;
And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,
But its cheek was as cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew,
That lay on its ringlets bright,
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,
Like a coronet of light.

Original.

OLD WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

Ability. A quality that is generally estimated according to one's thrift, because this is with most people the only intelligible criterion. There are more individuals who can look and wonder at a pile of gold, than can estimate a work of genius.

Abuses [Political] All inequalities in the administration of government — such as giving bread to one, and a stone to another.

Accident. An occurrence happening according to the usual course of events, which we did not anticipate, and which we, therefore, attribute to chance.

Accomplishment. Any acquisition that improves the manners without necessarily strengthening the mind, which renders one more agreeable without increasing his intelligence.

Abridgment. The art of rendering the original labors of a man of genius subservient to the interest or ambition of an individual of inferior mind.

Aborigines. The true Native Americans.

Abruptness. The manner which many silly people affect, to manifest a certain boldness and independence which they do not possess.

Absence of mind. A mental habit of those individuals whose minds are unequal to their ordinary tasks and exercises.

Absurdity. Any doctrine which is incompatible with our own prejudices.

Academy of Arts and Sciences. An institution established for the purpose of elevating those by diplomatic honors, who could not elevate themselves by their learning or genius.

Acclamation. The applause which we bestow upon a public speaker, who ingeniously flatters our vanity or our prejudices, or insults those of our neighbor.

Actor. One whose services are rewarded by the money and the applause of thousands, who, at the same time, affect to consider his profession disreputable.

Acknowledgment. That which, with respect either to his errors or

his obligations, he is the most willing to make, who is most conscious of a general freedom from vice, error, and infirmity.

Adieu. A parting scene, which is commonly the most affectionate between friends who would the soonest forget, or the most easily hate one another.

Admiration. An emotion of the mind, which, like its opposite, contempt, is felt the most powerfully by the weakest minds.

Adversity. A condition which every man must struggle with, before he can be elevated to true greatness of mind.

Advice. Certain words spoken to a friend or acquaintance, in order to convince him of our superior judgment and discernment.

Affability. Goodness of heart. No man is affable when he is not in good humor.

After thoughts. Generally our best thoughts. Seldom do we make a remark, without afterwards thinking of something that would have been more appropriate.

Affectation. A greater degree of formality of conversation and address, than is common to those with whom one associates. Hence that manner which would be pronounced affectation at Cape Cod, might be considered abruptness at Paris.

Affront. That which every coward feels obliged to resent, to prove his courage, and which every mean fellow feels obliged to resent, to prove himself honorable.

Age. A certain quality which is regarded as highly honorable, but which all endeavor to conceal.

Aid. Service which is most officiously proffered to those who do not need it, but who have a great deal of it to lend;—like money, which is most freely loaned to those who can pay it back with interest.

Alms. Something given to the poor for our own relief from importunity.

Alcohol. A substance used by stupid people, in order to raise their spirits up to the level of ordinary minds.

Attention. A want which is always discernible in our neighbor's works.

Ambiguity. A loophole for escaping from the charge of error; a species of verbal *non-committalism*.

Amplification. A sort of concealed tautology, which is in general, the secret of long-winded oratory. To one who talks much from fullness of mind, there are ninety-nine who talk from a dictionary, acting upon inflated lungs.

Ancients. A past generation whom we reverence, as the authors of our errors, prejudices and superstitions.

A. M. A *Diploma*, for which graduates pay ten dollars, and are allowed afterwards to eat commencement dinners with individuals who are distinguished by certain other letters of the alphabet.

Annals. Very pretty literary inventions, published for the gratification of the vanity of young authors and misses.

Anger. The enthusiasm of ordinary minds.

Antecedent. An occurrence which is usually mistaken for the *cause* of the event which follows.

Arguments. Bank bills, gold and silver coins, promises of office, *et cetera*.

Associations. Manufactories of enthusiasm.

Attorney. A mediator between law and justice.

Axioms. The various articles of our own creed!

Animal Magnetism !!! ???

Aristocrat. A political or social exclusionist.

Auto-biography. A humble confession of all one's own virtuous deeds and actions.

Bachelor — Old. A single man, who has, from prudential motives, deferred matrimony, until an age when he is obliged to endure that state in which he had long remained from choice.

Badge. Worn to manifest one's grief which could not otherwise be discovered.

Balloon. An emblem of false reputation.

Banishment. Involuntary emigration.

Beauty. Any quality in an object, which affects either the mind or the senses agreeably through the medium of the sight.

Beginning. The *apparent* commencement of a new change. — There can be no such thing in nature as a *beginning* or an *end*. We use the words to express a series of changes. It is impossible to conceive of the actual beginning of any thing.

Bed. A machine used for the purpose of killing time.

Belief. Often a state of the mind in which our total ignorance of a doctrine constrains us to assent to it.

Bigotry. The veneration of one's own opinions.

Birth. A circumstance which great men usually mention, to show how far they have risen above it; and which silly men often mention, in order to raise themselves up to it.

Bet. A method of enforcing belief or confidence in an event or circumstance which is doubtful.

Beggar. A gentleman at large.

Birch. A substitute for patience and ingenuity in the government of schools.

Blemish. A hint for a new fashion.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

AN old man stood on new-year's midnight at the window, and gazed with a look of long despair, upwards to the immoveable ever-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, on which no one was then so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood near him; it was covered over only with the snow of age, not the green of youth; and he brought nothing with him out of the whole rich life, nothing with him but errors, sins and disease, a wasted body, a desolated soul, the breast full of poison, an old age full of remorse. The beautiful

days of his youth turned round to-day, as spectres, and drew him back again to that bright morning on which his father first placed him at the cross-road of life, which, on the right hand, leads by the sun-path of Virtue into a wide peaceful land full of light and of harvests, and full of angels, and which, on the left hand, descends into the moleways of Vice, into a black cavern full of down-dropping poison, full of aiming serpents, and of gloomy, sultry vapours.

Ah! the serpents hung about his breast, and the drops of poison on his tongue. And he knew now where he was!

Frantic, and with unspeakable grief, he called up to Heaven, "Oh! give me back my youth again! O, Father! place me once more at the cross-path of life, that I may choose otherwise than I did."

But his father and his youth had long since passed away.

He saw fiery exhalations dancing on the marshes, and extinguishing themselves in the church-yard, and he said: "There are the days of my folly!" He saw a star fly from heaven, and, in falling, glimmer and dissolve upon the earth. "That am I!" said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-teeth of remorse dug therein further in its wounds.

His flaming fancy shewed him sleepwalkers slinking away on the house-tops; and a wind-mill raised up its arms threateningly to destroy him; and a mask that remained behind in the empty charnel-house, assumed by degrees his own features.

In the midst of this paroxysm, suddenly the music for the new-year flowed down from the steeple, like distant church-anthems. He looked round on the horizon and upon the wide world, and thought on the friends of his youth, who, better and more happy than he, were now instructors of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blest men — and he exclaimed, "Oh! I also might have slumbered, like you, this new-year's night with dry eyes, had I chosen it — Ah! I might have been happy, beloved parents! had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and instructions."

In feverish recollection of the period of his youth, it appeared to him as if the mask with his features raised itself up in the charnel-house — at length, through the superstition which on the new-year's night, beholds spirits and futurity, it grew to a living youth in the position of the beautiful boy of the Capitol, pulling out a thorn; and his former blooming figure was bitterly placed as phantasma before him.

He could behold it no longer — he covered his eyes. A thousand hot, draining tears streamed into the snow. He now only softly sighed, inconsolably and unconsciously, "Only come again, youth! come again!"

And it came again, for he had only dreamed so fearfully on the new-year's night. He was still a youth. His errors alone had been no dream; but he thanked God that, still young, he could turn round in the foul ways of Vice, and fall back on the sun-path which conducts into the pure land of harvests.

Turn with him, youthful reader, if thou standest on his path of error! This frightful dream will, in future, become thy judge; but shouldst thou one day call out, full of anguish, "Come again, beautiful youth!" it would not come again.

ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY B. B. HALLECK.

WHEN did the Order commence? who was the originator of it? how long has it been known to the world? are questions frequently asked; and they have been, perhaps, as frequently answered. Some have based its claims to public favor on its great antiquity, and urged its value and excellence from the same cause. A correspondent of no inconsiderable talent, in the "London Odd Fellow's Journal," attempts to show that the Order originated in the palmy days of Titus Cæsar; and he asserts that this emperor granted the first dispensation, which was engraved on a superb plate of gold. No system or combination, in our humble view, is to be venerated merely on account of its antiquity. No device or compact is any better for having originated in the sunny days of Rome, or for having been blessed by the Cæsars. There are modern discoveries and inventions which have reared the proud pedestal of immortal fame to their authors, although their eyes never have looked into St. Peter's, or the antique Vatican. The genius of Franklin and Fulton will be admired, and their works will follow them in the succession of passing generations, although they stood not at the door of Raphael, and never entered the palace of the Roman emperors.

It should be remembered that there are old errors as well as old truths; and that there were ancient compacts, organized for evil, and cemented with blood; and he who bows with implicit reverence at the shrine of any system because of its age, may pay his devotions in the temple of Diana, or lend his ear to the Delphic vagaries. That marvellous, servile spirit which calls every thing good because of its antiquity, is to be deprecated. Sin is as ancient as "the first Adam;" and some think that it commenced in heaven untold ages prior to man's creation; but it is a cruel and a bitter curse, with its hoary locks and its great antiquity. Our veneration should rather be exercised on things as they are, than for what they were in the distant generations of the past. Whether Odd Fellowship was cradled in the Forum, or had its birth-place in an American manger, it must stand or fall, be commended or abandoned, according to its true character, without regard to its antiquity.

The origin of the Order may be viewed in two senses. First in its moral aspect, and second in its physical or natural character. When we say it recognises love to man, we declare its antiquity. Love built the universe; God is Love. Can you date the origin of his heavenly principle? can you tell when *it was not*? The garden of Eden, where the first pair partook the sweets of innocent and connubial bliss, was fitted up by Love. At that first wedding, where "angels were the witnesses and God the priest," there was a feast of Love. The sun; that has been pouring its exhaustless flood of light and glory on the world

ever since God spake it into existence, is the eye of Love. The green earth, with its countless beauties, its mellow tints of gold, and its evening drapery, its sparkling fountains, its shades and groves, is the handwriting of Love. The bended bow in the heavens is the covenant of Love. The very thunders that shake the earth, and make the mountains tremble as did Horeb of old, are the voice of Love. The tears and bloody sweat of Christ are the dew-drops of Love. Our life, its joys and blessings, the sweet influences of hope, and all that makes this world bright and fair, and opens a vista to the next, are the beamings of *eternal LOVE*.

Our Order then in its moral features, in its principles, is more ancient than "the everlasting mountains and the perpetual hills." So with Truth: tell us not that Truth is as old as this earth; you may compute the number of the stars or the sands on the sea shore, as well as number her years. She lived, and she lives forever, with God! The principles that constitute the vitality of the Order, without which it would be but a lifeless corse, do not claim our reverence and admiration simply from their antiquity, but from their intrinsic and eternal excellence. The tears which mingled in the streaming blood of Abel as the first mother hung over her beloved child, would soften the stony heart to pity if they had been shed but yesterday. We honor the love and compassion and forgiveness of Joseph, and we should do so; we should be touched with the sight, if we saw him weeping to-day on the necks of his brethren, instead of its having occurred thousands of years gone by. The conduct of the good Samaritan is no better for being old. It would fill our hearts with the love of the truly good and the sublime, and melt our eyes to tears, were it performed in "the Tombs." The love of Jonathan and David, it is true, has lost nothing by its venerable age, but it is not its age that makes it so worthy of our example and gives to it strength and constancy. It is of no importance then to know, or attempt to prove, that Odd Fellowship claims an ancient origin. We care not whether it begun with the creation, whether it stood by to alleviate the pains of the first human sufferer, or whether it be but an infant in years; its principles, its essence, all that give to it its excellence and its glory, are as old as the sun and moon. Is it asked *when* did this Order commence? it is answered, "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" when goodness found its shrine in the human breast; when benevolence beheld and pitied suffering man; when Truth and Friendship shed their balmy influence in the pathway of crushed and bruised humanity.

As to the *physical* aspect of this Institution, it is about twenty-five years old in this country; and so rapidly has it spread to the four corners of heaven, that almost every town and hamlet, from Maine to Texas, is clothed in regalia. There are green and sunny spots in the history of man around which we delight to linger; they throw a sunlight of glory over the future, and the past is beautified with their presence as the cloud by the rainbow, when the lightnings sleeps and the storm is ended. We glow with enthusiasm at the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, who accomplished more by the power of their genius than could have been achieved by a thousand warriors clad in

bristling steel. We dwell with rapture on the fidelity of Cato and the integrity of Socrates; and if we would point the patriot to an example of bravery and courage, we tell him to read the monument of Thermopylæ and think of Leonidas. We revere with a kind of awe our own Franklin and Washington; one of whom dissected the lightning-shaft and brought the fearful bolt harmless to his feet; and the other will live as "the father of his country," long as the sun endures. — How is the heart touched and the soul melted, to behold a Howard turning aside from the outward beauties of grandeur and art, lingering in the damp cell of the criminal, solacing the guilty, suffering children of humanity with words of comfort and deeds of beneficence! — When we would wish to illustrate the truth that the law of kindness, the Christian principle, can subdue and conquer where *force* would be unavailing, we refer to William Penn, burying the tomahawk and disarming the scalping-knife, by the exercise of love and kindness. As much as we admire the heroism and philanthropy of these worthies, and however shining a meed of fame they may have deserved and gained, we cannot but regard the five master-builders of our temple with feelings of respect and gratitude. Behold them convened in council, on that eventful occasion: the shades of evening are gathered around them, the door is locked, the windows are secured from the gaze of the world; no eye sees them but His which never sleeps, none hears them but He who made the ear. Father Wildey has the floor, we may imagine, and he thus addresses the presiding officer: "Mr. Chairman; our meeting here to night has been called for no ordinary purposes; we have met, not to lay schemes for making money, not to concert plans to gain everlasting fame. Here no eye sees us but that of the Great Architect above, and however secret may be our motives and actions, they are known to Him. We are about to form a Social Compact for mutual relief; to benefit the sick, aid the widow, and protect the orphan. It will cost labor, perseverance and courage. Our designs will be suspected, misjudged, impugned. We shall meet with opposition, ridicule and contempt. We shall be regarded as a gang of secret marauders bent on mischief, aiming to undermine the pillars of virtue, and trample in the dust the shattered palladium of principle and morality. But, sir, we shall prosper! our emblems shall hang in the four corners of this vast Republic, and Lodges shall spring up in every land like stars in the firmament. The sick man on his dying couch shall bless this institution, and the widow's tears and the tender orphan's prayers shall hallow our sanctuary with the rising incense of gratitude and joy. Then, brethren, let us have a Lodge; and in honor of him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' it shall be called WASHINGTON."

This is a very brief view of the origin of Odd Fellowship. The writer may be thought by some to be rather unique, perhaps eccentric, in these remarks; but he has no sympathy with that very common practice of recommending Odd Fellowship, because it may have originated in some ancient epoch of the world. The cynic may wrap himself up in the mantle of his own selfishness, and regard all the rest of the world as beneath his notice or his love. The bigot may asperse

all who dare oppose him, and he can date the origin of his system farther back than "Titus Cæsar," or the deluded Saracen.

What then makes our Order worthy of support and confidence? — Not its antiquity, any more than its name, which is odd enough. Not in its insignia, and "plume and banner," but its benevolence, employed in well meant and well directed efforts to serve humanity. Not its wealth nor its power; but its virtue, its conformity to the great and eternal principles of truth and righteousness, which alone can flourish and prosper when the elements of falsehood and wrong shall have crumbled into dust. As, in the mighty system of the universe, each part, however minute, operates in producing order and harmony, so let every member "act well his part," and our beloved compact will not need antiquity to adorn its altars with her legends and her oracles, but it will shine forth in its native and true lustre, the glory of the age and the blessing of the human race.

Odd Fellow's Offering for 1845.

THE MESCHIANZA AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1778.

To the Editor of the Symbol, and Odd Fellow's Magazine :

DEAR SIR : The following interesting sketch of the celebrated Tournament held at Philadelphia during the Revolution, was furnished me by an estimable friend, whose name, his modesty were he present, would forbid me to "put in print." As, in the object for which they were kindly furnished, I have been anticipated by another writer, I communicate the "materials" for preservation in your valuable magazine.

Very respectfully yours,

J. H. INGRAHAM.

THIS is the appellation of the most splendid pageant ever exhibited in our country, if we except the great "Federal Procession" of all trades and of all professions, made through the streets of Philadelphia in 1788.

The Meschianza was chiefly a *Tilt and Tournament*, with other entertainments, as the name implies; and was given on Monday the 18th of May, 1778, to General Howe, by his officers, at Wharton's country seat, on his quitting the command to return to England, as he did the succeeding week. A considerable number of our city *belles* were present; which gave considerable offence afterwards to the strenuous whigs, and did not fail to mark the fair, as the "tory ladies." — The ill nature and the reproach were however transient; and I have found it very difficult to procure any vestige of the transactions there. I have seen two cotemporary printed accounts, from which I make the following statement. The chief one was written as I am assured, by Major Andre.

The Company began to assemble at 3 to 4 o'clock at Knight's wharf,

at the water's edge of Green street in the Northern Liberties. (That wharf at that time was the only one above Vine street which had sufficient depth of water and by half past four o'clock in the afternoon, in the pleasant month of May, in a "grand regatta" of three divisions. In the first was the Ferret galley, having on board several general officers and a number of ladies; in the centre was the Hussar galley, with Sir William Howe and Lord Howe (the Admiral) with Sir Henry Clinton and the officers of their suite, and some ladies. The Cornwallis galley which came last, contained General Knyphausen and his suite, with three British Generals, and a number of ladies. On each side of the galleys and marking their several divisions, were five flat boats lined with green cloth, and filled with ladies and gentlemen. In the front of the whole were three flat boats, with a band of music in each of them "rowed regular to harmony." As the assemblage of vessels progressed, barges rowed on the flank,

"Light skimming, stretched their oary wings,"

to keep off the multitude of boats that crowded from the city as beholders; and the houses, balconies, and wharves, were filled with spectators all along the river side. The galleys were much adorned with streamers, and the tokens of their several divisions.

The Fanny, armed ship, lay off High street, magnificently decorated; and at some distance ahead lay the Roebuck man of war, and the Vigilant; and the transport ships lay in a line, the whole length of the city. As the pageant passed, the yard arms were manned by the white dressed seamen. At a signal given, the whole lay upon their oars near High street, while all the band played "God save the King." To this succeeded three cheers from all the vessels, which was returned by the multitude on shore! (comprising some *tories* of course.)

The landing place was at the fort, below the Swedes church, then called "a little to the southward of *the town*." Seventeen guns each were fired from the Roebuck and Vigilant as the van reached the shore. There they formed a line of procession through an avenue of grenadiers and light horse (the last in *their* rear). They then reached a square lawn of 150 yards on each side, and which was lined with troops. The area formed the ground for a *Tilt* or *Tournament*. The procession was preceded by the three bands of music, and all the bands of the army besides. After traversing the above area, there appeared the building through a *vista* formed by two triumphant arches, all in a straight line towards the landing place. Then two pavilions with rows of benches served as the advanced wings of the first arch, and formed the seats of the ladies; and the gentlemen arranged themselves on each side. On the front seat of each pavilion were placed *seven* of the principal young ladies of the country, dressed in Turkish habits, and wearing in their turbans the articles which they intended to bestow on their several gallant knights. Soon the trumpets at a distance announced the approach of the *seven white knights*, habited in white and red silk, and mounted on grey chargers, richly caparisoned.

oned in the same colors. These were followed by their several esquires on foot; besides these there was a herald in his robe.

Lord Cathcart, superbly mounted on a managed horse, appeared as chief of these knights; and two black youths, with drawers of blue and white silk, with silver ornaments on their necks, and arms, and shoulders bare, held his stirrups. On his right walked Capt. Hazard, and on his left Capt. Brownlow, as his two esquires, one bearing his lance, and the other his shield. His Lordship appeared as the champion of Miss Auchmuty, and his device (for each had one) was Cupid riding on a lion, and the motto read, "Surmounted by Love." Then followed his band of knights, to wit:

Hon. Capt. Cathcart, in honor of Miss N. White, with Capt. Peters' his esquire.

Lieut. Bygrove in honor of Miss Craig — esquire, Lieut. Nichols.

Capt. Andre (the unfortunate) in honor of Miss P. Chew — esquire, Lieut. Andre; his device was two game cocks fighting, and his motto "No Rival."

Capt. Horneck, in honor of Miss N. Redman — his esquire, Lieut. Talbot.

Capt. Matthews, in honor of Miss Bond — his esquire, Lieut. Hamilton.

Lieut. Sloper, in honor of Miss M. Shippen — his esquire, Lieut. Brown.

These all made the circuit of the square, saluting the ladies as they passed, and then ranged in line with their ladies. Then their herald, Mr. Beaumont, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed their challenge in the name of "the Knights of the Blended Rose," declaring that the ladies of their order excel in wit, beauty, and accomplishments, those of the whole world, and they are ready to enter the lists against any knights who will deny the same, according to the laws of ancient chivalry. At the third repetition of the challenge, a sound of trumpets announced the entrance of another herald with four trumpeters, dressed in black and orange. The two heralds held a parley, when the black herald proceeded to proclaim his defiance, in the name of "the Knights of the Burning Mountains." Then retiring, there soon after entered "the Black Knights" with their esquires, preceded by a herald, on whose tunic was represented a mountain sending forth flames, and the motto, "I burn forever."

As chief of the Black Knights was seen Capt. Watson, of the Guards, a gentleman remarkable for his personal beauty, and distinguished for his bravery and complaisance, dressed in a magnificent habit of black and orange colored silk, and riding on a black managed horse, with sable trappings to correspond with the dress. The lady for whose honor he appeared, was Miss Franks.* Capt. Scott bore

* The above Miss Franks married Col. Johnson, of the British army, and lives now in England. Gen. Lee celebrates her in his memoirs. She was a wit as well as a beauty. At an American ball she was solicited to dance, by a young militia officer, whom she recognized as having been a shoemaker. She repelled him, saying, "I will not bestow my hand where I might have given my foot."

his lance, and Lieut. Littleton his shield. With the chief followed six other knights with their esquires, to wit :

Lieut. Underwood, in honor of Miss S. Shippen — his esquire, Lieut. Haverkare.

Lieut. Winigard, in honor of Miss P. Shippen, (who married General Arnold).

Lieut. Deval, in honor of Miss B. Bond — his esquire, Captain Thorne.

Monsieur Monthrissant, in honor of Miss B. Redman — his esquire, Capt. Campbell.

Lieut. Hobbart, in honor of Miss S. Chew — his esquire, Lieut. Briscoe.

Brigadier Major Tarleton, in honor of Miss W. Smith — his esquire, Ensign Heart ; his device, a light dragoon, his motto, " Swift, Vigilant, and Bold," remarkable traits afterwards developed in him.

The widow of the late Rev. Dr. Smith, has a portrait of Miss Smith in the dress she wore at the Tilt, and in the back ground appears her knight making his charge.

These seven knights rode around the lists, and made their obeisance to the ladies, and then drew up, fronting the white knights, and the chief of these having thrown down his gauntlet, the chief of the black knights directed his esquire to take it up. Then the knights received their lances from their esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and making a general salute to each other, by a movement of their lances, turned round to take their career, and encountering in full gallop, they shivered their spears ! In the second and third encounter, they discharged their pistols. In the fourth round they fought with their swords. At length the two chiefs spurred forward, engaged furiously in single combat, till the marshal of the field (Major Gwigne), rushed in between them and declared that the fair damsels of the Blended Rose and Burning Mountain were perfectly satisfied with the proofs of love, and the feats of valor displayed by their several knights, and commanded them to desist from further combat. Then the chiefs retired to their respective bands, which filed off right and left, and moved towards the pavilions of the ladies, to whom they gave a general salute. Thence the knights, preceded by their esquires and the band of music, rode through the first triumphal arch in honor of Lord Howe, the Admiral. The interval of the two arches was an avenue, 300 feet long, and 34 broad. It was lined on each side with troops, and all the colors of the army were placed at intervals. Between the colors the knights and esquires took their station, while the band continued to play. Then the company moved forward in procession, with the ladies in front, and habited in Turkish dresses. These, as they passed, were saluted by their knights, who then dismounted and joined them. The whole procession then came into a garden that fronted the house, passing thereto to the second triumphal arch, which was dedicated to General Howe. From this garden they ascended a flight of steps, covered with carpets, which led into a spacious hall, the pannels

of which were painted in imitation of Sienna marble, enclosing festoons of white marble. In this hall and adjoining apartments were prepared tea, lemonade, &c., to which the company seated themselves. At this time the knights came in, and on the knee received their favors (tokens) from their respective ladies. From these apartments they went up to a ball-room, decorated in a light, elegant style of paintings, and showing many festoons of flowers. The brilliancy of the whole was heightened by 85 mirrors, decked with ribbands and flowers, and in the intermediate spaces were 34 branches. On the same floor were four drawing-rooms, with sideboards of refreshments, decorated and lighted in the style of the ball-room.

The ball was opened by the knights and their ladies, and the dancers continued till 10 o'clock, when the windows were thrown open, and immediately a magnificent bouquet of rockets began the fireworks. These were planned by Capt. Montreson, the chief engineer, and consisted of twenty different displays, in great variety and beauty, and changing General Howe's arch into a variety of shapes and devices. At midnight, supper was announced, and large folding doors, before concealed, sprung open, and discovered a magnificent saloon of 220 feet by 40, and 22 feet in height, with three alcoves on each side, which served for sideboards. The sides were painted with vine leaves and festoon flowers, and 56 large pier glasses, ornamented with green silk artificial flowers and ribbands. There were also 100 branches, trimmed, and 18 lustres of 24 lights, hung from the ceiling.* There were 300 wax tapers on the supper table, 430 covers, and 1200 dishes. There were 24 black slaves as waiters, in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets!

Towards the close of the banquet, the trumpeters entered and announced the king and royal family's health, with other toasts. Each toast was followed by a flourish of music. After the supper, the company returned to the ball-room, and continued to dance until 4 o'clock in the morning.

I omit to describe the two arches, but they were greatly embellished. They had two fronts in the Tuscan order; the pediment of one was adorned with naval trophies, and the other with military ones.

Major Andre, who wrote an account of it, although his name is concealed, calls it "the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to their general." The whole expense was borne by 22 field officers. The managers were Sir John Wrottesby, Col. O'Hara, and Majors Gardiner and Montreson. This splendid pageant blazed out in one short night! Next day the enchantment was dissolved, and in exactly one month, all these knights, and the whole army, chose to make their march from the city of Philadelphia!

When I think of the few survivors of that gay scene who now ex-

* All the mirrors, and lustres, &c., were borrowed from the citizens, and were all sent home with all their ornaments attached, as a compliment for their use. The borrowed services of plate, &c., in the same way, and all were returned with the most scrupulous exactness. Soldiers bore them on hand-barrows, and an officer with a written book of the original, saw them re-delivered.

ist ; of some whose sprightliness and beauty are gone, I cannot but feel a gloom succeed the recital of the fête. I think, for instance, of one who was then "the Queen of the Meschianza," since Mrs. L——, now *blind*, and fast waning from the "things that be." To her I am indebted for many facts of illustration. She tells me that the unfortunate Major Andre was the charm of the company, Lieut. Andre, his esquire, was his brother, a youth of about 19, possessing the requisites of an accomplished gentleman.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE NEW VOLUME—AND THE NEW YEAR.

WE tender to our readers the salutations of a new year, and a new volume, hoping that both may find them in the enjoyment of every needed good. For our part, the Symbol starts under fair auspices. It is already receiving a support which places it upon a firm foundation, although a much larger patronage than is now bestowed upon it, is needed to make it profitable to the publisher. But we hope for a large increase of subscribers for the present volume. This, surely, is not an extravagant expectation. The Symbol is the only periodical devoted to Odd Fellowship, in New England. The Order is large and rapidly increasing in these States. Yet the Symbol is supported by but a moiety of the Order ; and we believe that all that is needed to secure a much larger subscription, is a consideration of its claims as an Odd Fellow's magazine, and a hearty co-operation of our friends in circulating the work, and contributing their influence in its behalf. Do we request too much by asking this ? We hope not—and we believe that in this way, and by our own zealous efforts, our subscription list will be largely increased.

The future, then, looks promising. As to our course in the present volume, the manner in which it shall be conducted, the work we promise to do, the excellence by which we hope to earn our right to patronage, we refer our readers to the prospectus. We shall endeavor, if possible, to exceed what is there promised. And so, brethren and friends, we take you by the hand, welcoming you to the perusal of a new volume, and wishing you all a **HAPPY NEW-YEAR !**

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

TIME also, has, as it were, closed another volume, and opened a fresh record. *We have entered upon another year !* Is there not something

in this fact, to arrest the most thoughtless, and hold him for a little while to a few serious and important thoughts — thoughts which are not meant to depress or harm him, but which, if he rightly act upon them, shall have a salutary influence, making him better and stronger? We cannot think, then, that a few thoughts, appropriate to the new-year, will be out of place.

And the great consideration that urges itself upon us with the opening year, is the great fact of *Change* — birth, growth, decline, death. We feel that we are in the tide of an ever-moving current that irresistibly bears us onward. We cannot go back, we cannot halt — we must go forward, ever moving, ever shifting, while all things move and alter around us. In the pallid light of this winter sun, amid the sighing of desolate branches, perhaps by the sight of new grave-stones that we have set up in the course of the last twelve-month, this great fact of *change* comes vividly before us. As we measure them by years, we realize more forcibly the vicissitudes that are constantly taking place around us. It is true that some change takes place with us every day. In our feelings, our habits, our associations, in ourselves and in others, mutation is ever at work — and nothing is the same to-day that it was yesterday. Relatively and absolutely, it has been changed. But it is not always easy to trace the minute processes of change, through every day, and every hour. But when we look back through the lapse of a year — when we consider its aggregate of joy or sorrow, of loss or gain — then can we realize somewhat, this fact of change. Every day the pyramid crumbles, every day the coral insect builds, but who can perceive the daily process? Years, ages, must fulfil their cycle before any perceptible revolution is accomplished, and old landmarks perish or new continents arise. Man, it is true, cannot measure the vicissitudes of his life by *ages* — but he can by *years*. *The changes of a year!* — Every one realizes these to some extent. Every one feels them, in gladness or in sorrow — in moral growth or decline.

The devout Psalmist has impressed upon us this great fact of change, by no ordinary types. "Of old," says he in a burst of devotion, "hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old as a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." Here this work of vicissitude which we feel so keenly in our personal affairs, is illustrated not by the flowers that wither, the leaves that fall, the clouds that break and vanish across the sky, or the human life that goes out like a spark, but by the *ancient* and the *vast* — the heavens that seem solid as eternity, the embrasured mountains that hold up the earth, and old ocean that "pours round all its gray and melancholy waste." These too shall perish and pass away, like the transient things that live and die upon their bosom. — This earth, that we call our mother and our resting-place, shall dissolve like the ashes that we commit to its keeping. But He who made all — who upholds all — who is the life of nature in all its forms and circles, He is ever the same, and His years shall have no end!"

The eye of science discerns admirable provisions for the permanence

of our solar system. Newton had not long been in possession of his sublime discovery of the law of universal attraction, when he deduced the conclusion that the constant reciprocity of that attraction between planet and planet, would finally distort the whole array of worlds from the symmetry of their orbits, and cause their destruction. Shocked by the awful thought, the devout astronomer called upon God to avert the catastrophe. But another mind by its searching analysis, demonstrated to the world that provision had been made against this result, that these solar disturbances are periodical, cannot reach beyond a certain limit, where re-action takes place, and so the harmony and the stability of the universe are secured. But still, remarks Whewell, "The system though strong, is not formed to be everlasting." The eye that takes a wide sweep over the heavens, discovers a process of growth, decline and death—the budding, the ripening and the decay of worlds—sublimely indicating, in the bright clusters in the fields above, the same law that springs from the latent seed and drops from the fulfilled wheat.

A narrower, but hardly less interesting science than astronomy, confirms these indications. The history of our earth, marked by the revolutions of the geological epochs, and yielding us authentic medals of by-gone systems, also declares the temporal nature of all that seems so vast and solid around us. All through the depths of living strata, as though the teeming heavens, the great facts revealed are change and development, birth, growth, decline, dissolution.

We see, then, that the whole material universe, of which we form so insignificant a part, is under the same great law of change, which we mark in the personal vicissitudes of a year. But now let us consider another truth, which suggests itself very naturally in this train of thought. Does not the extent, the universality of this law of change, lead us to ask, "why does it exist?" "Has it not an end beyond itself?" Yes! All through nature the analogy holds good, that *dissolution is not death, change is only development*. It is so, even with those grand mutations which comprehend the passing away of the earth and the heavens—the changing of all this material universe as a vesture, a time-worn and dropped garment. They *are* changed, and the same old *form* comes again never. But it is the decay of no essential *life*, of nothing that really suffers loss. God's great purpose goes on. The wreck of the past holds the germs of the future—of a new form that evolves from it in rich fruition. There *is* something permanent in the universe. This very law of change, in its constancy, is a manifestation of that permanence—of the action and re-action of a constant purpose. Decay is the mystery of a new conception, and death the chrysalis of a future being.

And now do not the changes of the past year, read to each one of us a lesson serious, important, consoling? While they have affected us with grief or filled us with joy, have we suffered them to produce in us no result beyond these feelings? Do they not teach us that, as no real life perishes in the universe, so that in us which is spiritual, immortal, is the worthiest object of our concern. Do they not make most important of all, that immortal nature which knows not perisha-

bility or decay? The material universe changes and passes, and all things that pertain to it change and pass away also. Let us not then set our hearts chiefly upon our stores, our banks, our work-fields, our sensual pleasures, gains and triumphs. They pass away from us, we pass away from them. But virtue, truth, religion, pertain to the spirit, to that which remains permanent amid all change, and these alone are worthy our chief concern. Well is it for us to ask, then, at the opening of a new-year, "Have we grown in goodness—have we progressed morally, religiously, during the past twelve-month?" Surely, this inquiry is of more importance than our account of pecuniary profit and loss!

There is another consideration, which, though it is a simple truism, is a very emphatic one. *Our days are shorter, by a twelve-month, than they were last new-year's day!* Conscious as we may be of manly strength—deep as are the springs of health within us—something of our mental nature has, during the past year, felt the pressure of decay—some germ of dissolution has been planted therein that, sooner or later, will produce its result. It is a strange process through which we pass. The hour of our birth brings us nearer to our death—the years that prepare us for maturity, ripen us for the grave; and as we go on in our mental progress, Time writes upon our brow, "*Passing away!*" There is no upward scale in life. We are in the zenith at our birth, and from the first vibration of our pulse we begin to recoil towards the nadir.

The changes of a year too! To each how potent has been their work. They have come in sunshine or in shadow—in issues of good or evil—our cup has run over with blessings, or, perhaps, we have looked our last upon some pale face, and taken our last kiss. But let these changes in whatever form they have gone over us, do their appropriate work, filling our hearts with gratitude and humility, with submission and with trust.

Such, reader, are some of the thoughts which this new-year awakens. If our vein of discourse has been somewhat serious, let us remember that the season is full of serious suggestions. Unwise indeed is he who never prunes upon the track of life, to take his bearings, to examine his progress, and to consider his end. And the new-year affords an appropriate halting place, and makes eloquent appeals for such a purpose. Let it not be passed by with levity and without reflection. Let us pause and think, let us call up the past and consider the future—let us look back with humility and with emotion, and then go forward with resolution and with prayer. Doing thus you will not need the benediction which we now offer for you, from the bottom of our heart, that this may be to you a **HAPPY YEAR!** And do you feel that life and all things in it are fickle and transitory? Remember that the earth and the very heavens are pervaded by the same great law of change. But remember also that a virtuous soul knows no decay—no death. His life is but one cycle of its being. The years may pass leaving with them many objects that we love and trust in. The seas shall dissolve, and the stars of heaven shall go out. But that soul, fixed to its centre, God, and borne up on the bosom of Infinite Love, goes out into the orbit of a grander and wider destiny.

BETHESDA LODGE.

THE anniversary of this Lodge was celebrated in South Boston, on Monday evening, Dec. 30th. The exercises consisted of singing, prayer, an address, and the presentation of a banner. The church in which these exercises were held, was crowded to its utmost capacity. When we speak in terms of approbation, we except of course, for modesty's sake, the address; as to the rest of the services they were generally excellent, and the evening passed off delightfully. The singing was peculiarly good, and we hope we shall not be deemed invidious, when we say that the address by the young lady who presented the banner, was admirable, as admirable as the banner was splendid, and this is saying a great deal. It was truly an elegant affair, and is worthy of notice not only for its own sake, but as the tribute of many of the ladies of South Boston to Odd Fellowship. We are glad that woman is thus rallying on our side. We hope that the Odd Fellows of South Boston will prove themselves worthy to march under such a banner, and to receive the approbation of such ladies! — We shall endeavor to procure the addresses delivered upon presenting and receiving the banner — the one, as stated above, by Miss Eaton, and the other by Bro. Pickering, and present them together with the original odes in our next number.

CONTINUE YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Let us urge you once more, reader, if you feel disposed to discontinue your subscription to the Symbol, to think twice before you do so. There is a good deal of efficacy in "the sober second thought." We hope unless really obliged by circumstances, that you will not give us up, but continue to receive our monthly visits, which besides the amount of information and interest which we hope to impart by them, will always be made and we hope received in the spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth.

OUR COVER.

WE hope that our readers will not omit to notice our new cover. The design was executed by our worthy brother Rev. JOHN G. ADAMS, P. G., and we think he may well be proud of it. Besides, our patrons should always read the cover, for they will find there many valuable advertisements.

☞ We are requested to state that Monument Lodge, at East Lexington, will hereafter hold its regular meetings on Thursday evenings instead of Monday.

CONSIDER THE POOR.

WE most earnestly call the attention of our readers to the following extracts, from a noble report, made by the Episcopal city missionary, Bro. E. M. P. Wells. It touches upon topics which have, from time to time, been agitated by us, and which we mean to agitate still more, doing something, if we can, towards awakening the public to a consideration of the poor. The *poor*! to many they constitute a vast unknown mass, related to the common humanity by nothing save their feelings of cold and hunger. The common soul that is in them is unthought of or forgotten, the virtues that sparkle in many a dark nook and corner of humanity, are unseen, the temptations with which they have to do battle, the pressure of keen privation and misery which they are called upon to endure, and which they often *do* endure most bravely, are unheeded; and yet, whenever crime or vice breaks out from among them we force upon them the harsh rigor of the law, we wonder at the depravity of men, and never think of going behind the crime to the criminal, the sin to the sinner, and asking who and what he is, and *why* he is a sinner, a criminal. It is time we should look upon the poor, the ignorant, the degraded, more closely, and with a more Christian vision. They are men, all of them, with the nerves, the hearts, the capacities, the affections of men. We are beginning to grow sick of the cant about "the lower classes," and "the mob," the danger that is to be feared from "the mass," &c., &c. We say that if danger is to be apprehended from them, society at large is to blame for it. We believe their dispositions, taken as a class, are as peaceful and as virtuous, as those of the more wealthy and refined. And if any of them are prevented by their ignorance, or by their experience, from perceiving all their social duties, who is to blame for that ignorance, that bitter unsympathetic experience? We rejoice in such remarks as these:—

"I have learned to respect the poor man more than formerly. They are entitled to a higher rank than is generally awarded to them.—Creatures of sense as we are, we are wont to be unfavorably affected by the first aspect of their rough and even squalid personal and local condition, and if moved at all by a better feeling than disgust, it too often is not a higher one than pity. I have learned to respect and to love them—I do not mean a mere love of compassion, but of approbation, of complacency—they deserve more respect not only morally, but intellectually. The imbecile character that wealth, or its first-born son, luxury, usually generates, unfits its possessors to sustain, (I mean intellectually) the constant pressure of adversity which the poor endure with (not insensibility, but,) a resolution and philosophy that deserves respect. While the one would sink down into disgrace, the other rises into or towards respectability. It is not that the poor do not know their wants, and are insensible to their pinching privations—they do, with misery staring them in the face, they endure, and hope, and persevere, and strive on with an unyielding purpose, that might well

shame those of far higher external rank. But it is not only that I have learned to *respect* them more for their *intellectual*, but to love them more for their *moral* elevation. Having graduated my scale of human excellence by a more refined class of society, I have looked with astonishment and admiration at the unshaken resignation, the cheerful gratitude and the unyielding faith which have shown themselves where I have expected or feared bitterness, desperation, crime. I confess my fault, I was too apt to think of the suffering poor as Satan thought of Job, when he should be stripped of the comforts and left destitute of the necessities of life, that without special aid of the Holy Spirit, they would "curse God and die," unto faith—but even the ordinary influences of religion seem sufficient to sustain them from desperation. Within a space, such as is sometimes occupied by one family in the best parts of our city, twenty or thirty families are huddled together with yards in common. In several such I have found wood piles (small, *very* small ones) and lines of clothes unprotected; and when I have expressed my surprise, have been answered, "We never lose any thing here." "The people are all very honest in this yard." Yet I knew some of them to be miserably destitute, and none of them possessed the real necessities of life. There are very many facts which will clearly prove that as a class, the poor are less covetous and grasping, less selfish, and more willing to help others and to have them helped, than those farthest removed from them. It is true that their faults are more obvious, not having the drapery of artificial life to cover them; they are also crowded together, and almost crowded into the streets, so that their worst traits are seen, and they have not time, place and circumstances in which to retire and conceal their faults and their follies from observation."

Here is another important fact, calculated to vindicate the ways of God to man, and to cast light upon that mystery of evil, which is not so dark and perplexing as many may suppose—which needs only examination to assume some degree of harmony with the other facts of nature and human life, and sheds out from its depths more and more light as we look upon it with the vision of a true philosophy, and a Christian faith. In our estimation of the hardships which others endure, we should not forget the power of habit and association, and the faculty of the human mind to soften the asperities of its lot, and to adapt itself to circumstances. At the same time, consider the condition of the *very* poor, as here described:—

"Another truth connected with this which I have learned, is, that happiness is far more equally distributed than at first sight we should suppose. Excepting the very poor, the very luxuriant, the very diseased, and the very vicious, happiness seems about equally enjoyed.—The possession of those very things which man most lusts after, often deprives him of the power to enjoy them.

"It may be asked then, if the poor are as happy as the rich, why are we urged to aid them? It is not for the poor, but for the *very* poor, we ask aid; those who endure physical suffering for lack of the ne-

cessaries of life. But it is said there are none such in this our favored city. Be not deceived. Alas for our *favored city* if all believed as such do. If any think thus and are sincerely desirous of knowing the truth on this subject, I will, by an hour's walk with them, lead them into a full conversion from their error. They shall see enough instances of a large family in one wretched chamber, garret or cellar, a confined room and suffocating stove, or with broken walls and cold hearth,

“ Hard case it is as you may think
For very cold to go to bed,
And then, for cold, not sleep a wink,”

for lack of a suitable bed and clothes, and then perhaps no supper and no means for breakfast, until some neighbor or almoner comes to furnish them; without work, and perhaps with clothes such as would make the winter winds laugh them to scorn.

“It is asked again, Why is there such a state of things? — Surely all who can work can get the necessities of life, and those who cannot work are provided for by the public.

“It is not true that all who will work can get it. The last winter, and during some weeks of the spring and summer, there has not been sufficient employment for laborers. For weeks together many stout, efficient, temperate and honest men have not been able to get more than two or three days' work a week; many, less than this.

“Would that I had room to state a list of facts. Employment is more needed than charity. And if charity must be asked or given, it could be used in no way more beneficially to the physical and moral condition of the poor, than to furnish them employment which would give a reasonable support, even if the enterprise produced neither profit nor interest to the proprietor. This deficit must be considered as given in charity. Besides, there are many virtuous poor who both lack the capacity to get, and to use well after they have gotten. All are not Yankees, no, not even of those born in New England. Then there are many vicious poor, and who, how much soever they deserve to suffer, must be relieved if in absolute extremity, and certainly the wife should not be left to suffer because she is cursed with a vicious husband, nor the poor children because they are not blessed with virtuous parents.

“Another fact relative to the sufferings and relief of the needy poor, is that they pay a house rent twice and three times as great as is paid for the best tenements in the city. I say twice and three times as much, as a medium rate, some more, some less, but this is an average. Measure the room occupied by the poor family, by cubic measure, say 15 × 15 × 7 1-2 (some rooms I cannot stand straight in) for which is paid 75 cents to \$1.25 per week; and measure the best tenements of our city in the same way, and also the out door accommodation by square measure, and carry the calculation out, and it will be found I have not overstated. The rooms also of the poor for which they pay such rents are bad for comfort, health, and often for morals. It must not be replied either that the poor do not pay their rents, for they do, and I will appeal to landlords who lease poor, and more expensive tenements, if the former are not as faithfully paid for as the latter. In

this department the poor can be relieved by the erection of well constructed tenements for them, without any loss to the proprietors below six per cent., repairs, taxes and insurance. Rich brethren, ought not this at least, to be done for our poor and often suffering brothers? In connexion with expensive rents comes up the extra price which the poor, who must buy by the very small quantity must pay for the necessities of life, and generally inferior articles are furnished in those parts of the city, and at those stores where the poor generally purchase."

Let the truly philanthropic consider this, and bestow their charities accordingly. Especially would we call attention to the fact about the decent coat. There is too much of this kind of judgment — the test is often fallible.

"Another fact which I have noticed, and which is of importance to the poor, is that in the bestowment of both public and private charities, the improvident, the heedless, the dirty, are more generally assisted than the provident and tidy. If a person is clean, whole and tidy, or the room is clean and orderly, though very poor, they are thought not to need assistance, (I have known them to be told so) and the next neighbor, who, perhaps *wastes* more than the others *get*, are thought to be more needy, because they are in dirt, confusion and cheerless appearance. An old, respectable, but disabled man applied for wood last winter to the city; he and his wife had been furnished for several winters, but were then refused. The reason for refusing them was, that they appeared decently. The man could do little or nothing, through infirmity, and the woman, though 65 years old, supported themselves by taking in washing. When the man urged his necessity, he was reminded that he wore a very decent coat on Sundays. Now the history of that coat was, that six years ago, by saving a ninepence and a quarter of a dollar at a time, five dollars were obtained, and a second hand coat was purchased, and once a week it was put on to go decently to church in. How much clothing in the mean time has been obtained and improvidently destroyed by those who got the wood which was refused to the old people?"

Read the following testimony: —

"It may be said that I must merely give to the poor that which I receive for that purpose. To this I can only reply that if I am your messenger to the poor, I must do with my might what my hands find to do — If I do thus, I shall see much want, and sorrow, and suffering, and if I see it I must relieve it, at least for the time. I cannot pass it by — I cannot go in the name of my Lord and Master, and simply minister words, be they never so good. I cannot so belie my Master's message to me, to them, as to leave them cheerless, cold, hungry, with "I am sorry for you," "God bless you," "Trust in Him," "Be ye warmed, and be ye filled." My blessing possesses not miraculous power, and they would despise a religion and its minister, whose flame of love burns so low, and would marvel "How dwelleth the love of

God, (God is love) in him!" If I continue my work, I must, or strive to, walk in His steps, "who went about doing good;" who not only taught His people, but fed them when hungry, healed them when diseased. protected them when suffering, and took in those who were strangers."

With this extract we dismiss the Report, heartily thanking Mr. Wells for the interest which he has imparted to this important subject, wishing him "God speed" in his benevolent labors, and hoping that it may excite attention and action in behalf of the needy poor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, December 24th, 1844.

REV. BROTHER CHAPIN:

Dear Sir: Will you inform the readers of that interesting publication, the Symbol, that a new Lodge was instituted in that noble inland town, Worcester, on Friday evening, Dec. 26th, being named and numbered, Worcester Lodge, No. 56. There was some difference of opinion with the Grand Officers on the expediency of granting a dispensation, but the brothers forming the new Lodge appear to be highly responsible and worthy men, and promise to do well. There were nine petitioners, and nine gentlemen were initiated under the supervision of the deputation from the Grand Lodge. Deputy Grand Master Thompson, and Grand Secretary Wm. E. Parmenter, with others, assisted the undersigned at the institution.

Very respectfully,

THOS. F. NORRIS,

Extract of a Letter from D. G. Master E. S. J. Nealley, dated —

BATH, ME., Dec. 28th, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER: Sagadahock Encampment No. 6; was organized in this town on the 18th instant, and seven brothers were initiated in due form. The following are the officers for the ensuing term: George H. Gardiner C. P.; E. S. J. Nealley, H. P.; Peleg Rush, S. W.; E. H. Mitchell, Scribe; Wm. Clifford, Treasurer; Elisha Clark, J. W.

Bro. D. ROBINSON, Jr., of Portland, having resigned his agency for the Symbol for the State of Maine, we have appointed Bro. C. W. CHILDS of the Eastern Express Line, in his place. Bro. Childs has a periodical depot in Portland, at which place the Symbol can be obtained.

Bro. Robinson will please accept our sincere thanks for his exertion in our behalf, during the time of his agency, and for the prompt and faithful manner in which he has discharged all pecuniary matters on our account.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Hes'h Prince, G O P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer, MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Albert A Guild, CP; Charles A Smith, HP; Louis Dennis, SW; Jas W Murray, JW; L D Mudge, Scribe; R M Baker, Treas.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Geo Norton, CP; Jos B Frost, jr, HP; Geo L Drinkwater, SW; J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.
- MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Jesse P Pattee, CP; Duncan Macfarlane, HP; Woodman C Currier, SW; Charles Brooks, jr, JW; Ichabod Feasenden, Scribe; Wm L Clark, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4.—Francis M Kittredge, CP; Job H Cole, HP; Anson Huntington, SW; Ithamar W Beard, Scribe; Solomon D Emerson, Treas.; Nathan E. Favor, JW.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Brewster Reynolds, CP. Jos Newmarch, HP; Cha's D Strong, SW. Daniel Hall, JW. Cha's Sampson, Scribe. Cha's H White, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.—Tho's F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWDGM: Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Farmer, RWG Sec'y; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r; Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Newell A Thompson, DM; Eben'r Seaver, DAM; E W Bumstead, DADM; Thacher Beal, PG; I P Clark, VG; Wm B May, Sec'y; Cha's Siders, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.—Wm H Cairn, DM, Geo H Plummer, ADM; Wm S Howard, DADM; Sumner F. Barrett, PG; Geo W Morrill, VG; E M Cunningham, Sec'y; J Barker, Treas.
- WARNER DEGREE LODGE—Roxbury—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twumley, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.—Daniel Pickering, jr, DM; Cha's White, ADM; John A Harris DADM; Sam'l W Sloan, VG; Solon Jenkins, PG; E R Rich, Sec'y; Jos. Thwing, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—Sam'l Prince, NG; L M Smith, VG; Alfred B Ely, Rec. Sec'y; A P Cleverly, Per Sec'y; R M Baker, Treasurer. A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
- SILHAM, No. 2.—Eben'r Seaver, NG; E. M. P. Wells, VG; Wm. H. Kelley, Rec. Sec'y; John McLellan, Per. Sec'y; Wm. N. Melcher, Treas; E. M. P. Wells, Chaplain; G. N. Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Gardner R Welch, NG; Elbridge G Brooks, VG; Barnabas Binney, Sec'y; T C Nute, Treas. Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.—Andrew Leighton, NG; Henry O. Bagley, VG; Charles Stone, Sec'y; Geo Ashworth, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.—E F Follensbee, NG; Sam'l K Lothrop, VG; Gilman D Colburn, Rec Sec'y; A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y; C S Browne, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.—J M Durgin, NG; Jos. Kelly, VG; W B Randolph, Rec Sec'y; E H Smith, Per Sec'y; Sumner Young, Treas.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Geo. Alexander Smith, NG; Harlos Whiting, Jr, VG; Jas R Gardiner, Rec Sec'y; Jacob H. Hathorne, Per Sec; Nathl B Shaw, Treas.
- MACHANIC, No. 11.—Chas G Giles, NG; Wm Coleman, VG; Geo R Rowe, Rec Sec'y; Henry S Orange, Per Sec'y; Asa Hildreth, Treas; Edward A Rice, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.—Josiah H Russell, NG; Woodman C Currier, VG; ohn B Hartwell, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Secy; Addison Hill, Treas.
- NAZARENE No. 13.—E Sturtevant, jr, NG; Thomas C Day, VG; George S Wylie, Sec'y; Sam'l H Phelps, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.—N Y Culbertson, NG; John Wesson, VG; John B Wilson, Rec. Sec; Sam'l Rhoades, Per Sec; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
- TREMONT, No. 15.—Geo Kurtz, NG; Henry Colman, jr, VG; Jos L Halworth, Rec Sec'y; Stillman D Wallis, Per Sec'y; Francis Gardiner, Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
- COVENANT, No. 16.—A P Richardson, NG; E W Lord, VG; L H Bradford, Rec Sec'y; Wm Rogers Per. Sec'y; C E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.—Jona Kimball, NG.; Solomon Cruse, VG; George T Barney, Sec'y; Jesse Berry, Treas; Wm Tozer, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.—Benj. F Campbell, NG; Joseph Bugbee, VG; A W Folsom, Sec'y; Daniel Leach, Treas.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.—Loring S Pierce, NG; Abel E Bridge, VG; Horatio Wellington, Sec'y; John Beals, Treas.
- FRATERNSHIP, No. 20.—Enoch J Titcomb; Stephen P Greenwood, VG; Francis Tukey, Rec. Sec'y; Tho's B G Messenger, Per Sec'y; Hosea Jewell, Treas.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.—Augustus Calahan, NG; J H Mills, VG; J H Clark, Sec'y; S G Valpy, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.—Henry Conn, NG; H B Braman, VG; J Johnson, Jr, Sec'y; J. Caldwell, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.—Joseph Newmarsh, NG; R P Barry, VG; D C Davis, Rec Sec; Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per. Sec'y; J Martin, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain; A A Watson, Physician.
- WINNISIMMETT, No. 24.—Samuel Cleland, NG; John R Duffee, VG; H W Fenno, Sec'y; Geo W Clark, Treas; G W Otis, Chaplain.
- BOERON, No. 25.—Geo C Rand, NG; Ezra Mudge, VG; Tho's Green, Rec Sec'y; A Reid, Per Sec'y; Sam'l Vaughan, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.—Adrian Low, NG; Warren G Rayner, VG; Amory Holbrook, Rec Sec'y; Gardner Barton, Per. Sec'y; Richard Lindsey, Treas.

- HAMPDEN, No 27.**—Francis Cummins, NG; Homer M Forward, VG; Wm R Taylor, Sec; Luther enger, Treas.
- OSKELIN, No 28.**—Richard G Colby, NG; Josiah G Peabody, VG; Josiah Curtis, Rec. Sec'y Darius Forbes, Per. Sec'y; Nath'l B Favor, Treas. Darius Forbes, Chaplain; J Curtis, Physician
- COLUMBIAN, No 29.**—Jonathan Hay, NG; Samuel Tidd, VG; Daniel L Sprague, Sec'y; William Badger, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No 30.**—Charles Smith, NG; John A Harris, VG; Joshua B Holman, Rec Sec'y; Joseph Winsor, Jr. Per Sec'y; A M Holden, Treas. J H Clinch, Theo. D Cook, Chaplains.
- LAFAYETTE, No 31.**—Elias B Armstrong, NG; Joseph Sanger, VG; Emmons Partridge, Sec'y; Andrew Cole, Treas; Emmons Partridge, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No 32.**—Wm Parkman, NG; Joseph Moriarty, VG; C Barton Whittemore, Rec Sec'y; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec'y; Smith W Nichols, Trs; Jno Woart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Phy.
- MONTEZUMA, No 33.**—William Ellison, NG; J Wright Warren, Jr, VG; A C Mudge, Sec; C C Hurd, Treas; — Lovejoy, Chaplain.
- HOPE, No 34.**—James Maxfield, NG; Daniel Gleason, VG; John Low, Sec'y; Isaac Cross, Treas.
- PROSPECT, No 35.**—J T Hemmanway, NG; A Whitney, VG; Chas W Fogg, Sec'y; Geo T Adams, Treasurer.
- MAVERICK, 36.**—Aaron Ordway, NG; John P Pierce, VG; Darius B Kidder, Sec; Henry Sanger, Treas.
- SAWMUT, No 37.**—Pelham Harlow, NG; Joel M Holden, VG; N D Tirrell, Rec Sec'y; David C Barnes, Per Sec'y; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
- SOURHEAN, No 38.**—Samuel Kingman, NG; Edwd A Williams, VG; Geo W Dix, Sec'y; Peter Willey, Treas; Jno H Willis, Chaplain.
- QUASACUNCQUEN, No 39.**—Philip K Hills, NG; Alfred R Fiske, VG; Tho's H Lord, Sec'y; John Huse, Treas.
- BAY STATE, No 40.**—D M Hildreth, NG; Albion Oliver, VG; Franklin Williams, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Keene, Per Sec'y; A S Moore, Treas; John Q Hammond, Chaplain.
- ACCUSET, No 41.**—Isaac C Taber, NG; Elisha Thornton, jr, VG; Stephen G. Driscoll, Sec'y; George A Bourne.
- PACIFIC, No 42.**—P S Wheelock, NG; Jos Barnard, VG; Geo P Richardson, Jr, Rec Sec'y; Sumner Sargeant, Per Sec'y; Mason S Chapin, Treasurer; Geo M Randall, Chaplain; Stephen Ball, Jr, Lodge Physician.
- QUINSIGAMOND, No 43.**—C F Wilson, NG; Phineas W. Wait, VG; Edward R Fiske, Rec. Sec'y; Y S Stone, Per. Sec'y; Joseph S. Weaby, Treas.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No 44.**—C C Sprague, NG; James W Earl, VG; E Dawes Tisdale, rec Sec'y; F S Munroe, Per Sec'y; Elijah S Robinson, Treas; W G R Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No 45.**—Otis Hoyt, NG; John A Angues, VG; John McInnis, Sec'y; A R Johnson, Treas.
- TISQUANTUM, No 46.**—J. Davis, NG; ———, VG; Hiram Hunt, Sec'y; N. C. Underwood, Treas.
- MACEDONIAN, No 47.**—Wm. N. Read, NG; Joseph Phelps, VG; S. Lawrence. Sec'y; W. H. Cooper, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No 48.**—Jos. Whittaker, NG; Tho's W. Capen, VG; J. W. Follansbee, Sec'y; Geo. Dodge, Treas.
- MYSTIC, No 51.**—Lewis Jaszynski, NG; Stephen Sibley, VG; J W H Rogers, Sec'y; J Toomy, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No 52.**—Dexter Dana, NG; Samuel Davis, VG; Obed Adams, Sec'y; Jas Lang, Treas.
- HOBAR LODGE, No 53.**—Charles H White, NG; Sam'l W Sloan, VG; Sam'l R. Spinney, Sec'y; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No 54.**—Joseph Cushman, NG; Sam'l H Doten, VG; Geo Gooding, Sec'y; Joseph P Brown, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No 55.**—Jos. B Frost, Jr, NG; Emerson Ames, VG; Jas B Batchelder, Sec'y; Wm B Brown, Treas.

Maine.

- MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No 1.**—Benj Kingsbury, Jr, CP. J T Mitchell, HP. E Clark, SW Geo W Dam, JW. J C Tukesbury, Scribe. W H H Hatch, Treasurer.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No 2.**—N F Deering, CP; G Sawyer, HP; T Corser, SW; W E Kimball, JW; H W Hersey, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.
- SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No 3.**—Wm R Smith, CP; Edward Fenno, HP; Frederick P Theobald, SW; Hiram Stearns, JW; Samuel L Harris, Sec'y; Eben Tudor, Treas.
- SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No 6.**—Geo H Gardiner, CP; E S J Nealley, HP; Peleg Rush, SW; Elisha Clark, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; Wm Clifford, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.**—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE, No 1.**—David Robinson, Jr, DM, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y.
- MAINE LODGE, No 1.**—H C Barnes, NG; John H Williams, VG; Chas Harding, Rec. Sec'y, J G Warren, Per. Sec'y; Dan'l Winslow, Treas; L L Saddler, Chaplain.
- SACO, No 2.**—G W Quinby, NG; J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
- GEORGIAN, No 3.**—Hex. P Coombs, NG; Richard Woodhull, VG; Chris. Prince, Sec'y; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas. R Woodhull, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT BROTHERS, No 4.**—Geo W Dam, NG; Chas F Little, VG; Wm S Dodge, Rec Sec'y; J G True, Per Sec'y; Jas Todd, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
- LIGONIA, No 5.**—Wm P Fessenden, NG; Andrew T Dole, VG; N F Deering, Sec'y; Franklin Tinkam, Treas.
- SABBATHS, No 6.**—Benj A G Fuller NG; Wm Woart, VG; J E Ladd, Rec. Sec'y; J Snell, Jr, Per Sec'y; D C Stanwood, Treas.

PENOSCOOT, No. 7. — R Plummer, Jr, NG; M L Appleton, VG; Jeremiah Fenno, Rec. Sec'y; L G McKenny, Per Sec; H A Wood, Treas; Thos Stone, Chaplain.
 RULIER, No. 8. — Sylvester H Fuller, NG; Wm Battie, VG; Freeman Harden, Jr, Sec'y; Alfred B Kimball, Treas.
 NATAGNIS, No. 9. — H Stevens, NG; Benj Shaw, Jr VG; W P Norton, Rec. Sec'y; W Matthews, Per. Sec'y; J Minett, Treas.
 LINCOLN, No. 10. — John T Gilman, NG; Elisha Clarke, VG; E S G Neally, Rec. Sec'y; John E Brown, Per Sec'y; Peleg Rush, Treas.
 SACCARAPPA, No. 11. — S Bracket, NG, G W Partridge, VG, C E Twombly, Rec. Sec'y; J H Watson, Per. Sec'y, M Stiles, Treas.
 KENDUSKEAG, No. 12. — D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenze Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
 PRISPSHOT, 13. — J S Cushing, NG; Wm H Morse, VG; L P Merrill, Sec'y; Jos Lunt, 2d, Treas.
 CUSHNOG, No. 14. — Wm B Hartwell, PG; John C Pickard, NG; Edw'd Fenno, VG; H U Fairbanks, Sec'y; T S Robinson, Treas.
 PASSAGASSAWAK, No. 15. — Sam'l G Thurlow, NG; A Lothrop, VG; Daniel Ring, Sec'y; Geo R Lancaster, Treas.
 HOROMOK, No. 16. — Jacob S Sewall, NG; George Davis, VG; Thos Bowles, Rec. Sec'y; H Mitchell, Per Sec'y; David T Stinson, Treas. Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON LODGE, No. 17. — James Atkins, NG; Charles Sayn, VG; N Gunnison, Sec'y; M Coolidge, Treas.
 ORONO, No. 18. — E. P. Rutler, NG; Wm. H. Allen, VG; C Buffum, Sec'y; N. H. Allen, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE. — David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
 NASHOON ENCAMPMET, No. 1. — David Philbrick, CP; A C L Arnold, HP; E P Emerson, SW; Cha's T Ridgway, JW; O D Murray, Scribe; Noah Wyeth, Treas.
 PENACOOK ENCAMPMET, No. 3. — Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe; Wm Walker, jr, Treas.
 GRANITE No 1. — Cha's T Ridgway, NG; O D Murray, VG; N P Kimball, Sec'y; P P Eaton, Treas. A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
 HILLSBORO, No. 2, Manchester. — Isaiah Winch, NG, Isaac C Flanders, VG, Charles H Chase, Sec'y, John H Kidder, Treas.
 WECOHAMET, No. 3. — John T Gibbs, NG; Cha's W Woodman, VG; Josiah B Folsom, Rec Sec'y; Eljth Wadleigh, Per Sec'y; Wm Fredrick, Treas. Charles G Chase, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON, No. 4. — Calvin Whitten, NG; Jacob Morrill, VG; David C Maybin, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Orange, Per Sec'y; Henry Hobbs, Treas.
 WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5. — E W Buaswell, NG, L Downing Jr, VG; A Fletcher, Sec'y; S Brown, Treasurer. J F Witherell, Chaplain.
 PICATAQUA, No. 6. — Geo W Towle, NG; James M Carr, VG; Henry T Curtis, Rec Sec'y; Aaron P Mendes, Per Sec'y; William Downes, Treas.
 WINNIPISCOCK, No. 7. — T D Jones, NG; D E Somers, VG; J C Moulton, Sec'y; Cha's Robinson, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMET. — John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer.
 PALMYRA ENCAMPMET, No. 3. — Wm L Brewer, CP; John A Lathrop, HP; Edw'd W Eells, SW; Th's L Stelman, JW; Chauncey Burgess, Scribe; H C Bridgman, Treas.
 GRAND LODGE. — John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John L Ambler, RWG Chaplain.
 HARMONY LODGE No. 5. — Jobamah Gunn, NG; Lucius G Peck, VG; A J Biggs, Rec Sec; M W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.
 SAMARITAN, No. 7. — Alexander Lane, NG, Munson A Shepard, VG, James P Sanders, Sec'y, Irel Ambler, Treasurer.
 MERCANTILE, No 8. — J C Walkley, NG; A N Clark, VG; Cha's Spencer, Sec; W S Crane, Treas.
 THAMES, No. 9. — Henry Stayner, NG; Geo W Brown, VG; Andrew C Lippitt, Sec; N Beckwith, Treas. R A G Thompson, Chaplain.
 OUR BROTHERS, No 10. — Jas A Quintant, NG; Sam'l W Chamberlain, VG; W H Cleveland, Sec'y; Jas W Hyatt, Treas.
 UNCAS, 11. — John T Walt, NG. Wm C Potter, VG. Geo T Bromley, Rec Sec'y. Jno. L Devotion, Per. Sec'y. Theo. Raymond, Treasurer.
 CENTRAL, No. 12. — Wm Chapman, NG; L C Hubbard, VG; Alfred Hall, Sec'y, Wm Willard, Tre.

Rhode Island.

NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMET, No. 1. — Wm E Ruiter, CP; James Wood, HP; S Phillips, SW; H L Webster, JW; O F Dutcher, Scribe; S H Thomas, Treas.
 FRIENDLY UNION, No. — O F Dutcher, NG; H L Webster, VG; B T Yerrington, Rec Sec'y; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; L B Sheppard, Chaplain; Geo. Capron, Physician.
 EAGLE, No. 2. — Wm Hicks, NG; Ezra G Brown, VG; A C Anthony, Rec Sec'y; Jesse Calder, Per. Sec'y; R H Barton, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
 ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3. — Eli Brown, NG; David A Cleaveland, VG; Saml E Williams, Sec'y; Nelson C Northrup, Treas.
 HOPE, No 4. — Jonathan M Wheeler, NG; Alex'r Take, VG; Nathanie A Eddy, Rec Sec'y; J H Watson, Per Sec'y; J O Smith, Treas; Geo Wheeler, Chaplain.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Wm H Cranston, NG; Dan'l T Swinburne, VG; George B Knowles, Sec'y; Sam'l A Parker, Treas.

AMITY, No. 6.—Wm P Eddy, NG; Wm H Driscoll, GG; Wm P Freeborn, Rec Secy; Jno F Driscoll, Per Secy; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Manotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomoy Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do do Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do do Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do do Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do do Saturday.

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.

Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,

Monday.

Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.

Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.

Mechanics, 11, " Friday.

Oberlin, 28, " Tuesday.

Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.

Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.

Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.

Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.

Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.

Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.

Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.

Mystic, 61, " " Monday.

Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.

Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.

Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.

Hobah, 53, " " Friday.

United Brothers' Degree, " " 1st and 3d Tues.

Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.

Maverick, 35, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday,

Maverick Degree, do do do do Thursday.

Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.

Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.

Souhegan, 33, South Reading, Monday.

Quasacuncquen, 39, Newburyport, Friendship Hall, Thursday.

Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.

Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.

Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.

King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.

Framingham, 45, Saxonville, Wednesday.

Triquantum, 46, Milford.

Macedonian, 47, Bedford.

Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.

Agawam, 52, Ipswich.

May Flower, 54, Plymouth, Tuesday.

Worcester, 56, Worcester.

Maine.

Machigonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.
 Sagadahock Encampment, 6, Bath.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Cushnoc, 14, "
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Pejepscot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cnshnoc, 14, Augusta
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesday.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.
 Orono, 18, O.ons, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.

Rhode Island.

Narraganset Encampment, 1, Providence, 25 Market st, 2d and 4th Fird
 Grand Lodge, " quarterly.
 Friendly Union, 1, Providence, 25 Market st. Thursday.
 Eagle, 2, do., cor. Broad and Pawtuxet sta. Wednesday
 Hope, 4, do., " " " " Monday.
 Roger Williams, 8, North Main street, Tuesday.
 Ocean, 5, Newport, Ocean Hall, 128 Thames st., Eriday.
 Amity, 6, Warren.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually; 2d Wednes July and Jan'y.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, quarterly.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Saturday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Tuesday.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic.

New Hampshire.

Grand Lodge, Concord, semi annually.

Nashoonon Encampment, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, every other Friday.
 Penacook, Encampment, 3, Concord.
 Granite, 1, Nashua, Harmony Hall, Tuesday.
 Hillsboro, 2, Manchester, O. F. Hall, Tuesday.
 Wecohametz, 3, Dover, Thursday.
 Washington, 4, Great Falls, Friday.
 White Mountain, 5, Concord, Athenaeum Hall, Friday.
 Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth, Monday.
 Winnipissiogee, 7, Merideth Bridge, Tues

MARRIED,

In this city, December 1st, by Rev. Mr. Fernald, Bro. Seth P. Miller of Massachusetts Lodge, to Miss Judith M. Randall.

On the 22d December, by Rev. Mr. Towne, Bro. Nathaniel H. Cate of Siloam Lodge, to Miss Lydia M. Young, of this city.

December 28th, by Elder P. Thomas, Mr. Samuel Hassell, of New York, to Miss Catharine McGarragh, of this city.

In Somerville, Dec. 25th, by Rev. C. H. Webster, Bro. George Stearns, of Monument Lodge, to Miss Lavinia Hadley, all of Lexington.

The printer received from each of the above-named happy couple a beautiful supply of the sweets of matrimony,—of course he means the cake, this being the sweetest thing of which he has any idea about the "double state." In return he kindly thanks his friends, and wish them all a Happy New Year.

AGENTS FOR THE SYMBOL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—T. R. B. Edmands, Charlestown; A. C. Bagley, 15 Central st., Lowell; Duncan Macfarlane, W. Cambridge; John S. Pulsifer, East Cambridge; Rev. Wm. Tozer, Malden; Geo. E. Winslow, Ware Village; E. H. Smith, Woburn; Albert W. Bryant, East Lexington; Wm. Monroe, Chelsea; Adrian Low, Salem; R. Litchfield, Jr., Cambridgeport; J. M. Southwick & Co., Roxbury; A. Langley, Stoneham; H. T. Crofoot, Newburyport; F. S. Monroe, Taunton; John J. Brown, Andover, for Andover and Methuen; E. R. Fiske, Worcester; Wm. N. Read, Bedford; S. O. Dunbar, Taunton.

MAINE.—David Robinson, Jr., 75 Middle st., Portland; George Prince, Thomaston; John E. Brown, Bath; Wm. P. Nutin, Gardiner; Moses Quinby, 2d, Escarappa; B. Plummer, Jr., D. B. Roberts, Bangor; N. Gunnison, Hallowell; E. P. Butler, Orono; A. Jordan, Belfast.

RHODE ISLAND.—J. W. Root, 41 Market st., Providence; C. C. Shute, No. 53 Westminster st., Providence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Wm. Walker, Jr., Concord; T. Q. Lord, Portsmouth.

CONNECTICUT.—Safford & Park, Norwich; Charles Ball, New Haven; Orrin F. Smith, New London.

PENNSYLVANIA.—G. G. Stambach, Philadelphia, No. 400 North Second street.

KENTUCKY.—D. P. Watson, P. M., Nicholasville.

GENERAL AGENT.—J. G. Morse.

JOS. B. FROST, Jr., of this city, is authorised to act as our Agent.

WM. H. CALROW, for East Boston.

E. R. RICH, for South Boston.

CHARLES W. CHILDS, Portland, General Agent for Maine.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.—H. B. Odiome, Homer J. Doucet, S. Thornton.

TERMS FOR VOLUME FOURTH OF THE SYMBOL.

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THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY 1845.

NO. II.

Original.
TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY T. B. READ.

MAIDEN with the golden tresses,
Sunset cheek and twilight eye,
Thou hast filled my soul with beauty
As the evening fills the sky.

I have gazed on thee, how fondly!
Knew thou wert a thing divine;
For thy spirit said in whispers
Words of holiness to mine.

At the altar of thy beauty
I have knelt with love devout,
Knowing that the heaven within thee
Must have formed the heaven without.

I have worshipped thee, the brightest
Of God's lovely thoughts below;
And though I no more may meet thee,
This would have thee, bright one, know

That thy beauty hath subdued me,
'Till I prayed that sin or care,
Never might assail thy spirit,
Or thy soul-lit face impair:

And whilst in the blessed action,
 Felt how high a thing is love,
 Felt how beauteous are the lrements
 Lent to draw our souls above.

Original.

THE SIX MONTHS' TERM AND GRAND LODGES.

HAVING noticed of late several articles in the Symbol relative to the six months' term, in connection with the organization of Grand Lodges, I wish to occupy a small place in your excellent magazine, and consider what I conceive to be objections to its adoption, — also to suggest a plan for the reorganization of Grand Lodges on such a basis as will remedy the evils which are justly apprehended from its present organization.

Before adopting any plan to remedy existing difficulties, or averting impending dangers, we ought to consider the subject in all its bearings, and if possible to ascertain if the welfare of the Order is likely to be advanced, and the object in view accomplished.

At present, the several subordinate Lodges meet once in each week for the transaction of regular Lodge business, and for the further extension of the principles which we profess to be governed by.

It is the duty of the officers to be present at every session of the Lodge, and discharge the duties appertaining to their respective offices. The N. G., V. G. and Treasurer are by virtue of the By-Laws members of the Visiting Committee; the N. G. Chairman.

It is the duty of the Visiting Committee to visit the sick brothers once a day in order to ascertain their condition, to see that proper attention is paid them, and when necessary provide watchers for the night. In short, to render all the assistance in their power to make them comfortable in their situation, and see that their every want is supplied.

It must be apparent to every one who is acquainted with the duties of the N. G. and V. G., as members of the Visiting Committee, as well as their other duties in all their various ramifications, that the task assigned them is an arduous one, and when performed with fidelity, requires much valuable time and the most unwearied exertion on their part, and for the faithful performance of the trust reposed in them, they are fully entitled to all the honors which can be bestowed upon them.

It has been suggested that if the six months' term be adopted, provision would be made for the less frequent meeting of the Lodges, and by this arrangement we are to infer that the six months' term imposes no additional burdens upon the officers.

At first sight this reasoning appears very plausible; but, if we consider the subject in its true light, its fallacy is plainly to be seen. It is

true that were the Lodges to meet but once in two weeks, instead of once a week as at present, there would be the same number of regular sessions in the six months, as the three months' term; and the duty of the officers to be present, and discharge their duties at Lodge meetings would remain the same as now, unless it should so happen, that its sessions should be prolonged to a later hour, which must inevitably be the case, or else resort to special meetings. In either case their duties must necessarily be increased.

Grant if you please that, the duties in the Lodge would not be increased, how then stands the case? In the Lodge the duties to be performed are comparatively light; out of the Lodge is where the work is to be done. To visit the sick, and administer to their several wants, is no small item to be looked after, and when that duty is faithfully and punctually performed, must unavoidably consume much time, and require the most unremitting attention from those on whom this duty devolves; first at one part of the village or city to see what is required there; then turn their steps in another direction on a similar errand, and no N. G. can at any time say that his work is done except it be at end of his official term.

We cannot by the proposed alteration add to or diminish the number upon the sick list; and as the duty of attending the sick requires more time in its discharge than all other duties combined, it is as plain as the sun at noon day, that the duties of officers are increased nearly in the same ratio that the term is extended.

Make the inquiry if you please among the Past Grands of the several Lodges, as to the time spent and labor performed previous to their election to the V. G.'s chair, and from thence until they had attained to the height of the Order, and I apprehend no one can be found who will not readily admit that the duties performed were full as arduous as ought to be required of any man.

Our meetings are not too frequent for the accomplishment of the desired object to be obtained. We meet together as a band of brothers, for mutual benefit, to exchange congratulations one with another; — to cultivate the principles of friendship, brotherly love and charity; we meet as equals, as friends, as brothers, not only of our beloved Order, but of the great human family; and it is our duty as members of the Order to perform with fidelity the obligations which we have taken upon ourselves, and to preserve and hand down to future generations the principles which we profess, untarnished; and it is only by frequently meeting together on this broad platform, erected by our fathers, that these great and eternal principles can be maintained and carried out, our bond of union become more strongly cemented, and humanity elevated to that high rank designed by the Creator.

The reorganization of the State Grand Lodges is a subject which ought to be calmly and candidly considered, inasmuch as on these the welfare of the Order in the different parts of the Union is dependent in a great measure for its success. The Grand Lodge of the United States will meet at Baltimore in September next, at which time the committee appointed to revise the work of the Order will make their report, unless it should be deemed expedient to call a special session of that body at an earlier day.

That some measure to prevent the present too rapid increase of members in the State Grand Lodges should be adopted, no one will deny. And the only question which can arise with reference to it is, what that plan shall be. That the six months' term is entirely inadequate to remedy the difficulty I shall endeavor to show, and to illustrate, I will take the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

The last quarterly report of the Grand Lodge shows, that the Subordinate Lodges then in existence, and the new Lodges then chartered number fifty-five, with one hundred and ninety-five Past Grands. Should the six months' term be adopted at the regular session of the Grand Lodge of the United States in September next, notice thereof will be communicated to the Grand Lodge of this State at its November session; consequently, it cannot be put into force previous to January, 1846, at which time the Grand Lodge will be composed of four hundred and seventy-four members, but should any new Lodges be chartered previously, this number must be increased. But allowing that a special session of the Grand Lodge of the United States should be convened in April next, and the six months' term be adopted at that time, even then it cannot go into operation previous to July, at which time the Grand Lodge will number three hundred and sixty members, with a yearly increase of at least one hundred and ten additional members.

The plan I propose is this. Let the Grand Lodge of the United States say what shall be the maximum number of members which shall compose a State Grand Lodge; and when any Grand Lodge shall have attained to that number, make it the duty of such Grand Lodge to make an apportionment among her several subordinates, allowing to each, however small, at least one Representative. Should this plan be found objectionable, let each Grand Lodge apportion the Representatives among the several Lodges according to the number of members, allowing to each Lodge one Representative for the first fifty members and under; for one hundred members two Representatives, three hundred members three Representatives, and so on. The adoption of any plan similar to these will effectually cure existing evils, and prevent those which are justly apprehended from the present basis of Grand Lodges. Let every Past Grand visit the Grand Lodge whenever they may see fit, but not to act as members of that body. Now the work of the Order is about to be revised, it affords the best opportunity which can possibly offer for the reorganization of State Grand Lodges, on a just and permanent basis. The six months' term will at best be but a temporary remedy, and will soon call for further legislation. Now is the time for the adoption of a radical cure; let not this opportunity be lost; let the Grand Lodges be organized on some plan similar to the above, and they will be much better calculated for their sphere of action than at present, and the good of the Order greatly advanced.

D. A.

Original.

THE GENERAL'S NIECE, OR A GUN-BRIG ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF HAVANA.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

It was just at dusk on a summer's evening in Havana, as I left my lodgings to pass an hour or two at a friend's house. The protective administration of Tacon had not then commenced, and I was therefore well armed to protect myself; for I well knew that the streets were quite unsafe, and one or two recent experiences had convinced me of the utility of a good pair of pistols and a short cutlass, the latter the gift of a chivalrous young Pole with whom I had traveled many hundred miles.

Wrapping my roquelaure around me, as well to shield my person from the heavy dews as to hide my weapons, I issued from the gran puerta of my mansion and directed my steps towards the Governor's square, across which my way lay. I had to pass through a long and very narrow street without side-walks, keeping in the centre, and only driven to the wall when a *volante*, drawn by a pair of mules and guided by a fantastic-looking postilion mounted on one of them, came dashing towards me, bearing some dark-eyed senora to the theatre.

I had pursued my way without interruption for a quarter of a mile up this long, close street, which was lined on either hand by Moorish-looking edifices, stuccoed, and formidable with tall grated windows, when, as I came under the dark and gloomy walls of a Roman church, I was startled by the sounds of a struggle directly around the corner before me, and not ten paces distant. The spot was quite in obscurity and secluded, and I knew that it had the reputation of being a famous "stand" for the street *ladrones* to waylay passengers; and, with this recollection, I had pulled the belt containing my pistols round so as to have a ready grasp, and had loosened my cloak and taken a firmer hold of my trusty sabre. I had hardly done so when I was startled by the noise of the struggle I have just mentioned. There was a two-fold impulse that at once seized my mind; one to retreat and keep out of harm's way, the other to rush forward to see if I could not aid some unlucky stranger. The sound of swords clashing, mingled with deep Spanish oaths, above which rose a clear rich voice in French, with the tones of a warrior hurling defiance in battle, induced me to press forward and ascertain what was going on, and if I could aid any one in peril, to do so; for I was satisfied that some passenger had been set upon by piccaroons. I was the next moment in sight of the parties, who were in a nook or recess formed by a tower of the church and its front wall or fagade; a nice, snug place to conceal an

assassin till he could pounce out, like a wolf from his lair, upon his prey.

It was light enough, for the moon was just then showing her silvery shield in the east, for me to see at a glance that three persons were setting upon one, who, with his back against a pilaster, was bravely defending himself with a sword, using his cloak wrapped around his left arm as a shield. I perceived at once from his appearance that he was a gentleman, and that his assailants were a trio of villainous blackguards. They were armed with the short, sharp, curved knives peculiar to the assassin of the Havana, and were doing their best to murder him. They danced round him, now this side, now that, aiming their knives at his heart, and always foiled by his skilful weapon. They could not take him behind for the wall against which he stood. They reminded me, as they leaped upon him with a growling oath and then drew back again to spring to better advantage, of three bloodhounds set upon a tiger; for the stranger fought like one in comparison.

As I came up, the backs of two of them were towards me. The third man and the stranger saw me at the same instant.

"Monsieur! Senor! *Par amor de Dios!* give me a hand to rout these villains!" he cried in Spanish, with a French accent. "The rogues are too many for me, and have cut my sword hand through."

I did not wait for a second appeal, and drawing a pistol, I fired at one of them as he was lifting his murderous knife to spring again upon his victim. He leaped into the air and fell with a loud cry, but the next instant rose to his feet and fled. I followed this advantage by the discharge of a second pistol directly in the face of one of the assassins who was bounding upon me with his naked knife flashing in the moonbeams. I missed him, but the report repelled him, and he retreated. We now set upon them and dispersed them, following them for a square, till we lost sight of them in some of the dark windings of those regions.

"Monsieur," said the stranger to me as we both stopped at the head of the street to take breath, "I am in your debt for my life; for, by the mass! it was my life, not my money, they wanted. I know two of the villains, and know that it was revenge that set them upon me. If they had had pistols they would have finished me; but they feared to use them lest the alarm they give should endanger their own safety. He gave me his name as "Adolphe Jean Boncour," and said he had been an officer in the French marine, but was now in command of a vessel of his own. His address was the "Cafe Don Pedro, Calle San T——." He was a good-looking, pleasant Frenchman, compactly built, with a free, daring expression, and about the height and shape of Napoleon; a favorite model of dimensions to all Frenchmen. Napoleon, be it said in passing, has dignified all small-sized men, as Wellington, by his huge nose, keeps in countenance all men of enormous probosces.

After repeating to me his thanks in the manly, frank way of a brave man, we parted, and I pursued my way towards my place of destination without further adventure.

Three days afterwards I was seated in a coffee-house on the Plaza with a young New-Yorker, a thriving merchant at Havana, taking coffee and toast, and listening between whiles to his account of a very great disappointment in a certain love affair. It seems that he had come passenger from New York a few weeks before in the same ship with a General ——— and his niece, a very charming girl, but without fortune, and as the General was not very well off, without any expectations. My friend, whose name was Charles Effinghall, fell irrevocably in love with the beautiful niece, and was so happy as to inspire in her bosom a kindred sentiment in reference to himself. Before the ship reached Havana they secretly engaged themselves. On shore, the General put up at a house opposite the lodgings of Effinghall, and by this means he had an opportunity of frequently seeing her. At length, one morning, finding her sad and weeping, he learned from her that her uncle had that day made known to her, "in confidence," as he said, that he had come to Havana not so much for his own health, as for the purpose of marrying her to some one of the rich Spanish nobles who at this season frequented this city; and he told her farther, that he had three already in view, one of whom it was his command she should choose as her future husband, and use all the power of her charms to captivate him.

"Now," said my friend Charles to me, as he was giving me this account over our coffee, and in a little louder tone than became the place we were in (for only a thin partition separated the box in which we sat from those adjoining), "now, when I heard this, you may judge my emotions. We immediately resolved to make known our engagement to the General, and so put an end to this matrimonial gambling speculation of his. Well, Mary divulged the affair to him; and he flew into a passion so dreadful that she told me she feared he would lay violent hands upon her. He at length quit her and sought me. Our interview, you may be assured, was not the most agreeable. He treated me with abuse, which I bore and forgave for her sake. He forbade me the house; but we met still, which he, discovering, has resolved to put an end to the whole matter, by leaving for New Orleans. I have just received a note from her in which she tells me — but read it for yourself.

I read as follows in a neat but tremulous hand :

"DEAREST CHARLES: — My uncle has just told me to have my trunks ready to leave Havana this afternoon. He says he has taken passage in the English ship 'Bristol-Haven,' and we must be on board by 4 P. M. This is painful intelligence for me to communicate to you. What is to be done? If we could only see each other to consult for a moment! I must go with uncle. I cannot resist his commands. If we do not meet again — but — I will not say 'farewell!' for my heart tells me we shall yet be happy. Try and see me if possible!

"Your attached and grief-stricken

M."

"P. S. One of *the* young Spanish nobles is going in the same ship, I learn!"

"She is truly devoted to you, Charles," I said. "Poor girl! Why don't you steal her away and be married in one of the city churches?"

"It is too late, I fear. He will not leave her for a moment. It will be impossible for her to get away, even if I should write to her to this effect. I don't know what to do unless I take passage in the ship also. This I can't leave my business to do, as you know I am young and just starting in life, and an absence of this kind would go against me. I don't know what to do. This nobleman, too, going passenger? It is all a plan of the General's against dear Mary's happiness. I wish, in mercy, you would advise me. You have had some skill in getting lovers out of perplexities. Imagine us to be the hero and heroine of a romance, and set your brain to work for our benefit."

"Monsieur, I am happy to see you again," said, in French, my fighting friend M. Adolphe Jean Boncour, coming out of the next box and taking me by the hand. "You will pardon me for intruding upon you, Messieurs, but I owe a debt of gratitude to Monsieur, and would repay it. I have, by chance, overheard your friend's relation of his interesting *affaire d'amour*, and I have come to offer him my services, which will be the same as serving you, and so I wish to consider it. If you will allow me, I will tell you my plan."

I invited him to be seated, and he then said:

"I command a fast-sailing brig, the 'Diane.' She is now light, waiting for freight. I can get her ready for sea in half an hour. I have fifteen men in all on board. I am armed with four guns, two sixes and two eighteens, besides small arms, in the cabin. The 'Bristol-Haven' sails at 4 P. M. Come on board and dine with me, and bring with you a priest, any one you can trust to serve you. Will you drive with me?" he asked with a smile.

An idea of the plan flashed at once upon my mind, though not by any means so fully as he went on to explain it after we had consented.

"After dinner we will quietly smoke our cigars until the Bristol-Haven gets under weigh. We will weigh at the same time and follow her. Before twelve hours pass, if you say so, gentlemen, I shall have the honor of celebrating a wedding on board the *Diane*!"

We remained silent with surprise. At length I spoke and said,

"Do you mean to pursue and board the ship?"

"Yes, without question, and take the lady out!"

"It will be piracy."

"N'importe! Leave that to me. C'est mon affaire," he replied, laughing and slightly shrugging his shoulders.

By some means, an hour afterwards Charles succeeded in getting a note, of which the following is a copy, into the hands of the General's niece:

"DEAR MARY:—Take courage. A friend in command of a brig is to pursue the ship and board her soon after leaving port. She will pretend to be a buccaneer. You will not be alarmed, therefore, on finding your ship pursued. The General and yourself will be the only passengers taken out. When I say I take a priest (the Rev. Father Deblesse, whom you know) with me in the pursuing brig, you will

know we are very soon happily to triumph over the destiny that seems now to threaten us with separation.

“Your devoted

CHARLES.”

When Mary received and read this, her eyes sparkled, she kissed it and concealed it in her bosom, and all was hope and happiness before her.

We dined with M. Boncour ; we smoked our cigars afterwards, and while smoking saw the passengers set off on board the Bristol-Haven, and among them the General and his lovely niece. In half an hour she weighed anchor, loosed and sheeted home her top-sails, and sailed majestically out of the harbor. We imitated her motions, and in half an hour's time we were both in the open sea, standing with a six-knot breeze from the south towards the west. As the sun set, we increased our spread of canvas and rapidly overhauled the ship ; but as Captain Boncour did not wish to board until after the moon rose, the better to deceive her, he took in sail again, satisfied of his ability to come up with her whenever he chose. At length the sun set, twilight fell upon the sea, and veiled the distant hills of Cuba from the eye. This was the signal for crowding sail. We soon made out the ship about half a mile ahead, and in another hour we were abeam and to windward, not a quarter of a mile distant.

“Fire !” cried M. Boncour to a man who had been stationed at the starboard eighteen-pounder.

The roar of the gun shook the brig, and the shot we saw plough up the dark water in a long phosphorescent line a half cable's length across her bows. At the same time, our helm was put up and we run down upon her. The ship well understood the meaning of the gun, and we distinctly heard the captain give the order to place the maintopsail to the mast. As we approached, she was hove to and stationary.

“Ship ahoy !” hailed M. Boncour.

“Ahoy !”

“What ship is that ?”

“The ‘Bristol-Haven,’ bound for New Orleans. What brig is that ?”

“The Spanish man-of-war brig ‘El Hercule,’ answered M. Boncour, readily ; and turning to us, added with a laugh, “I believe I won't play the buccaneer this time, if I can get along without it.”

“Are General —— and his niece on board your ship as passengers ?”

An answer came in the affirmative.

“Send them on board my brig without delay, and you will be suffered to proceed. I have run out from Havana to overtake you for this object. Be quick, and see that all their baggage is placed in the boat with them !”

In ten minutes afterwards the happy lover assisted his fair bride-elect and conducted her into the cabin, where, no doubt, he passed three very blissful moments before the rest of us followed, accompanied by the perplexed General ——, who believed he had been pursued and detained for some high treason against the Spanish govern-

ment. His surprise on beholding Charles seated by his niece, her hand in his, cannot be depicted in words. He was finally made to understand the true state of the case (yet without being yet aware of the true character of the vessel he was in), for Boncour had on his naval uniform, and the alternative was offered him, either to give his consent to their immediate union by the priest present, or be taken prisoner to Havana. He embraced the former, and my friend and the lovely, blushing maiden, were made one within less than half an hour after the ship had been overhauled.

General ——— now had it proposed to him by M. Boncour to return to Havana in the brig, or continue his way in the ship. With his idea that the brig was still an armed vessel, and his imagination alarmed for fear, when he reached Havana, he might be imprisoned, upon he knew not what charges, he said he chose to go on board the ship and proceed to New Orleans. The two vessels separated after the General had been taken back to the ship, confounded by the mystery of the whole proceeding, of which this sketch, if it ever meets his eye, may afford him a gratifying elucidation.

The next morning our triumphant party once more hailed the towers of Havana, and within eighteen hours after leaving the port, we had returned to it conquerors over that destiny which weaves the perverse woof of lovers' fates.

THE OLD FRIEND AND THE NEW.

BY MARY HOWITT.

My old friend, he was a good old friend,
And I thought, like a fool, his face to mend ;
I got another ; but ah ! to my cost,
I found him unlike the one I had lost !
I and my friend were bred together ; —
He had a smile like the summer weather ;
A kind warm heart ; and a hand as free :
My friend, he was all the world to me !

I could sit with him and crack many a joke,
And talk of old times and the village folk ;
He had been with us at the Christmas time ;
He knew every tree we used to climb ;
And where we played ; and what befell,
My dear old friend remembered well.
It did me good but to see his face ;
And I've put another friend in his place.
I wonder how such a thing could be,
For my old friend would not have slighted me !

Oh my fine new friend, he is smooth and bland,
With a jewelled ring or two on his hand ;
He visits my lord and my lady fair ;
He hums the last new opera air.
He takes not the children on his knee ;
My faithful hound reproacheth me,
For he snarls when my new friend draweth near,
But my good old friend to the brute was dear !
I wonder how I such a thing could do,
As change the old friend for the new !

My rare old friend, he read the plays,
That were written in Master Shakspeare's days ;
He found in them wit and moral good ; —
My new friend thinks them coarse and rude ; —
And many a pleasant song he sung,
Because they were made when we were young ;
He was not too grand, not he, to know
The merry old songs made long ago.
He writ his name on the window pane ; —
It was cracked by my new friend's riding-cane !

My good old friend, " he tirmed at the pin,"
He opened the door and entered in ;
We all were glad to see his face
As he took at the fire his 'customed place,
And the little children, loud in glee,
They welcomed him as they welcomed me.
He knew our griefs, our joys he shared ;
There cannot be a friend with him compared ;
We had tried him long, had found him true !
Why changed I the old friend for the new ?

My new friend cometh in lordly state ;
He peals a startling ring at the gate ;
There's hurry and pomp, there's pride and din,
And my new friend bravely entereth in.
I bring out the noblest wines for cheer,
I make him a feast that costeth dear ;
But he knows not what in my heart lies deep ;
He may laugh with me, but never shall weep,
For there is no bond between us twain ;
And I sigh for my dear old friend again ;
And thus too late, I bitterly rue
That I changed the old friend for the new !

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as
the grateful.

Original.

ON THE USE AND ADVANTAGES OF THE LATIN TONGUE.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

THE Latin Language is above all others entitled to the appellation of the language of science, notwithstanding the fact that the Romans were not a learned people. The reason why it was originally called a learned language, is not that it was the language of Pliny and Cicero or Seneca, but that it is the language, in which, at the revival of literature in Europe, all the learned of every nation composed their treatises, in preference to their own vernacular tongue. They not only wrote and published their books in this language, but the learned of different nations corresponded and conversed with one another in Latin. It was in a fair way of becoming an universal language among the learned; and it may be considered a subject of regret that this consummation of things was not effected. At length, it became a point of national vanity to write in one's native language, which caused the gradual disuse of the Latin, until men ceased to use it as a medium of their thoughts, and it was studied only as a dead language.

Books of science still continued to be written in Latin; but they were such only as were intended for foreign as well as domestic use. Now, although we do not write essays in Latin, on common subjects, as formerly, it may still be regarded as of universal use, as a language of science. It is the foundation of all scientific nomenclature in the different branches of Natural History. It would be extremely difficult for different nations to describe intelligibly to one another the various objects of Natural History, without conveying their technical descriptions in the Latin language. Hence this is the language in which the works of Linnæus and those of the earlier naturalists were composed.

But it suits the genius of modern times to dispense with the use of Latin as far as it is practicable to do so. In accordance with this disposition, we find the majority of learned men, when engaged in writing a treatise on any branch of Natural History, conveying their general descriptions in their vernacular tongue; but giving to each class, order, genus and species a Latin name, to serve for foreign recognition among the learned, and a vernacular name, to enable common readers to identify them. Not only have the learned agreed to use Latin for nomenclature and technology, but Physicians have found it expedient to do the same in writing their common prescriptions for their patients. This practice has met with a great deal of opposition, arising from the prejudice of the people. It seems to the common sense of people to be used for no other purpose but that of connecting

mystery with the theory and practice of medicine; and perhaps to prevent people from knowing the article which is prescribed. The Latin language has undoubtedly been used at different times among the medical faculty for this purpose, but this is far from being the only purpose which it serves. People are very prone to reverence the mysterious, and the writing a prescription in the Latin language, to those whose untutored minds are susceptible of this kind of superstition, seems much like pronouncing the cabalistic words of an incantation. There seems to be some necromancy about it; and this very circumstance has without doubt, charmed away, by its influence over the imagination, many a disease which had its seat no deeper than the nerves. People are not yet so wise as to have become divested of all superstition in regard to the practice of medicine, as the success of patent nostrums, and their faith in the gift of healing possessed by the Indian tribes, fully demonstrate. But experience and the declaration of physicians themselves have taught them that there is no necromancy in the Latin prescriptions, nor in the pot-hooks and trammels which accompany the Latin names. It is very reasonable, therefore, for them to inquire why and wherefore they are used. Many, however, disdain any inquiry about it, and bluntly condemn it as nothing but learned quackery.

It can be very easily shown, however, that the use of the Latin language is absolutely necessary to prevent an utter confusion of terms in medical science, as well as in all other sciences. It is only by writing a prescription in Latin, that one can be sure in all cases of obtaining from the apothecary, the very article which he prescribes. If the physician were to use English terms, the apothecary would in very frequent instances, be unable to determine what was the article required. The reason is very obvious to those who are acquainted with the facts. The English terms are given to medicines by the multitude, who not only confound many things together, and give to different articles the same name, but likewise give a great variety of names to the same article. Take for example the very common term, *hartshorn*. This term is usually applied, but incorrectly, to the liquid Ammonia (Aqua Ammonia pura); at other times to the salt of Ammonia, (Sal Ammonia) with equal correctness. Thirdly, it is applied to the scrapings of the Hartshorn (Cornu Cervi) which were formerly used in medicine, and probably still employed by old fashioned practitioners; sometimes made into jelly, and at other times into a tea, made by steeping the hartshorn shavings, after they were burned, called *hartshorn* drink. Fourthly, there is the burnt ashes of the hartshorn (Cornu Cervi ustum) which is used like magnesia for an absorbent. Fifthly, the term is applied to a species of plantain, called the Hartshorn Plantain, likewise used in medicine, and supposed to be efficacious in curing the bite of a rattle-snake. Sixthly and lastly, the term Hartshorn is applied to a species of Feru or Spleenwort.

Now, if any one were to send to an apothecary's, who happened to have all these six different articles in his shop, for *hartshorn*, it would certainly not be very easy for him to determine which was the article required. If the purchaser explained himself by saying that

he wanted the spirits of hartshorn, he might give him the *liquid ammonia*, or he might give him a decoction of the hartshorn shavings called *hartshorn drink*, or a decoction of the Plantain or of the Fern. Again, if he were to ask for the hartshorn powder, there would be another puzzle to determine whether he wanted the powdered horn, or the salt of ammonia. It is evident, therefore, that by prescribing hartshorn, simply without any explanation, it could not be positively determined what was wanted. But the simple name in Latin would direct the apothecary at once to the identical thing, without any possibility of error; as they all have in Latin a different name.

I have mentioned only the first example that occurred to my mind. Similar examples might be multiplied without number, in which, if the English terms were used, the druggist would find it difficult to determine which, among half a dozen different articles that bear the same name, was the one required. The Latin names, being applied scientifically and discriminately, serve at once to signify to the apothecary, who is acquainted with his business, the true article prescribed.

The importance of Latin names becomes very obvious to all, after a slight acquaintance with botany; but people have the same prejudice against the use of Latin terms in this science, as in medicine. There is no familiar English name of a plant which, I may safely say, is not familiarly applied, in different places, to between a dozen and twenty different species of plants. The Latin terms are applied more systematically, and if we know them, we can seldom fail to be understood by a good botanist, whether he belongs to America, Europe, Asia, or Africa. The Latin is the language of science, an universal language, which the learned of all nations have agreed to use as the language of nomenclature and technicology; and hence the terms which are used in all branches of science, are rendered equally intelligible to the people of all nations. Scientific men accordingly, all over the world, whenever they use the Latin name of a thing, are understood by people of all languages. But in order farther to illustrate the confusion of terms that exists among the English names applied to plants, (and no less among the English names, than among those of the French or of any other nation,) I will name a few more familiar examples. The term adders-tongue is applied familiarly to a species of *Arethusa*, to a species of Fern, and to the American *Erythronium*. The term Hemlock is applied to a species of spruce, to the conium, and to the cicuta. The term violet is applied indiscriminately, not only to the true violets, but to a great variety of flowers that have no relation to violets.

There are instances which might be multiplied without end, in which the same term is applied to a variety of different plants. An equally large number of instances might be named, in which one plant has received a variety of different names. The common *Houstonia*, a little flower that whitens all the fields in the month of May, is called Innocence, Venus' pride, American daisy, Violet, Forget-me-not, Dwarf pink, Star flower, and probably more than a dozen more names might be picked up for it in different parts of the country. If we use the Latin name, *Houstonia Cerulea*, every botanist would know at once,

what plant you intend to signify ; but it would be difficult to designate it by any of its common names. The *Glechoma Hederacea* is called by the names of Ground Ivy, Alehoof, Gill-grow-over-the-ground, Robin-run-in-the-hedge, and Cat's-foot.

Similar remarks will apply to all terms which are in use throughout the circle of the sciences, especially in the different branches of Natural History. If we mean to render our language intelligible, and to use terms which shall not be mistaken for a variety of other things besides the one they are meant to signify, we must be acquainted with their Latin names. The Latin language, however, is unnecessary for any other purpose in science, except for technicology or nomenclature. To understand these terms there is no need of an acquaintance with anything more than the Latin grammar, which will teach the method of using them properly and intelligibly.

Original.

AN ADDRESS

ON THE ORIGIN OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Delivered before Tremont Lodge, No. 15, I. O. O. F., on Wednesday evening, December 18, 1844.

BY BRO. WILLIAM ENGLISH.

BROTHERS : — The history of our Order has never been written, and although every one who has been introduced to its mysteries feels a powerful interest in any fact that may serve as a clue to the time and place of its birth and infancy, curiosity finds but slender material with which to busy itself, and the desire to *know* still remains, even with many who are much older members of the Institution than I am, as far from being appeased as ever. I cannot indulge the hope that I shall be able to throw any new light upon a subject so much involved in mystery, for I have had access to no sources of information which are not open to all ; and I feel that it becomes me to speak modestly, as speaking before many whose longer experience and superior opportunities for acquiring knowledge make them more capable of giving instruction. I have not even advanced to those higher degrees, in which there may be something taught in relation to the point under consideration ; and I wish to be understood, therefore, not as attempting to controvert what is elsewhere laid down, and of which I may be ignorant, but to give the result to which my mind has arrived, upon such an examination as I have been able to make of the authorities within my reach.

For many minds, *antiquity* has powerful charms ; and, indeed, it

may be safely said, that in the nature of every man there is a principle which causes him to regard with veneration all that is old in moral and physical science as well as in art, and to look coldly, if not with suspicion, upon what springs up around him and meets him wherever he turns in the beaten pathway of every-day life. The coin dug from beneath a broken arch, and bearing upon its face the impress of a Cæsar, is handled with emotions unlike those with which a modern issue of the mint, dulled and worn in the common channels of circulation, is regarded. The rusty messenger of death, turned by the ploughshare from beneath the turf of some almost forgotten battlefield, is not the same thing as so much metal rolling smoking from the furnace. The "man that died o' Wednesday" is but an ordinary corpse, bearing thick about him the most offensive attributes of his mortality; and, however impressive a lesson he may read to the living, he is not listened to with that interest which regards the shrivelled tenant of the catacombs, who may have commanded the armies of Pharaoh, wielded the lash over the captive children of Israel, or mingled in the ghostly mysteries of the Nile. The mind's eye, when it views ancient institutions through the dim light of centuries, experiences a pleasing illusion akin to that which Scott so poetically describes as the effect of the "pale moonlight" upon "St. David's ruined pile;" and therefore it is that those who desire to strengthen any existing form, whether good or bad, so often strive to establish its claim to a hoary antiquity.

The early writers and lecturers on our Order have neither been devoid of this tendency of mind themselves, nor unmindful of its existence in others; and, consequently, it seems to have been the object of their most earnest labors to trace Odd Fellowship through every form of ancient and modern civilization, and either to give it an origin which seemed to them befitting its sacred character and high destiny, or to lay its foundations beyond the pale of authentic history, in the dim and undefined region of tradition. The annals of the past have been indefatigably ransacked; a slight correspondence of language, principle, or purpose, found to exist between some long extinct institution and our own, is often sufficient for the basis of a very learned, if not a very logical deduction, and our good brothers, with an enthusiasm which the sincerity of their purpose makes amiable although often we cannot help being amused by it, have reposed from their antiquarian labors, amply compensated by the belief that they had conferred new graces upon Friendship, Love, Truth, and Charity, and decorated them with fresh garlands, when they had proved that they were cherished guests in the camp of a Roman general, or the loved ones at whose feet valiant knights errant breathed vows of homage.

As a specimen of the kind of research to which I refer, let me give you a passage from a recent address.*

"We are unable (says the author) to trace the Order *regularly* down, through the long roll of ages; but do catch occasional glimpses of it at different times. The name of the Order is to be found prior to the sacking of Jerusalem. In Cæsar's Commentaries we meet with this

* Delivered at Shelbyville, Ky., May 6, 1844, by Bro. J. S. Todd.

passage : — ‘ And the minds of all our men being intent upon that thing, from another part of the town Adcantuannus, who held the chief authority, made an irruption with five hundred devoted followers, whom they call “ *Soldurii*,” of whom this is the agreement : that in life they shall enjoy every fortune together with those to whose friendship they may have devoted themselves ; that, if any thing may happen to them by violence, they will either bear the lot with them or procure death to themselves ; nor yet, in the memory of man, has any one been found who would refuse to die, he being slain to whose friendship he had devoted himself.’ From the term *Soldurii*, which denotes a Gallic order, we may easily derive the name of our Society : it is derived from two words — *solus* and *durus* ; which, united together, mean — ‘ *oddly constant*,’ and to which, when used plurally, we might supply *companions* or *fellows*, and hence the name of *Odd Fellows*. The ruling principle which seemed to govern the Gallic order, and which, in the superstition and ignorance of the times, induced the one to offer up his life for the other, is one of our fundamental principles, refined and chastened by age.

“ Again : Plutarch speaks of a society which Antony and Cleopatra were connected with, in Alexandria, that was denominated ‘ *The Odd or Inimitable Livers*,’ which, with full propriety, may be rendered *Fellows*. Hence we have more clearly the name of the Order of Odd Fellows.

“ It has been supposed (the writer continues) by some that the Order came originally from the land of the Nile, and worked its way into Gaul. We cannot doubt but that there were many secret societies in Egypt, as her innumerable pyramids, her subterraneous galleries, her hieroglyphics, her mystic rites and sublime ceremonies testify. There are *other proofs*, which might be adduced to establish the antiquity of the Order, were it important.”

Our brother has not deemed it important to present these other *proofs*, and therefore I have to regret that I cannot give them to you. It must satisfy us to know that they exist. Something, however, may be obtained from other sources : We have all either read or heard the legend which opens the first lodge in the camp of the tyrant Nero, and installs the primitive Christians as its original members. The Christians were continually exposed to danger, privation and suffering. The life of a Roman soldier, at the best, was not an easy one, and the convert who was so unfortunate as to be compelled to bear arms no doubt found the hardships of the camp aggravated by the purity of his creed, which not only prevented him from partaking of those indulgences that were the recreation of his fellow soldiers, but rendered him an object of suspicion to those who observed but could not account for the austerity of his life. The true believers were drawn close to each other by their common misfortunes, and by their common faith, hopes and sympathies. They were devoted to the firmest *Friendship*, to undying *Love*, and unwavering *Truth*. Such *Friendship* they displayed as caused man to die rather than betray the friend who trusted him ; such *Love* as forced even their heathen persecutors admiringly to exclaim, “ How those Christians love one another ! ” and such *Truth*

as made the weakest woman bravely submit her neck to the sword, or prefer to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, rather than perjure her soul by denying the God whose power and goodness gave her being here, and the Saviour whose sufferings and death she believed had purchased for her an eternity of happiness hereafter.

It was among these people, and at a time so favorable to the bright display of the virtues upon which our Order is founded, that our English brethren tell us it was formed. Even the date of its institution is fixed with certainty, and upon the 55th year of the Christian era is conferred the honor. A tract in my possession, written by a P. G. of the Manchester Unity, states that, at first, the members of the Order were called *fellow citizens*. For their loyalty and fidelity to Titus Cæsar and their country (about A. D. 79), that Emperor not only gave them the name of *Odd Fellows*, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraved on a plate of gold, having the following emblems:—"The Royal Arch of Titus Cæsar, the Ark of the Covenant, the Golden Candlesticks, and the Golden Table. The *sun*, for Noble Grand; the *moon* and *stars*, for Vice Grand; a *lamb*, for Secretary; the *lion*, for Guardian; the *dove*, for Warden, as a pledge and token of peace; and to the Most Excellent Grand President, the emblems of mortality." He also, it appears, very condescendingly appointed the following colors to be worn: "For P. G. M., black and scarlet, trimmed with gold and silver lace; P. N. G., scarlet, trimmed with gold lace; P. V. G., light blue, trimmed with silver lace; P. Secretary, green and scarlet plaid; P. Guardian, purple, trimmed with silver lace; P. Warden, rose pink."

There is here a serious hiatus in the history, but we are left to infer that the Order survived all the mutations of time until the fifth century, when it was established in Spain, under the original Roman dispensation. In the sixth century, it was transferred by King Henry to Portugal; in the twelfth, it was carried into France, and subsequently into England, by John de Neaville. This de Neaville, who was probably entitled to be called Sir John, was attended from France by five knights. They formed in London a "Loyal Ancient Grand Lodge of Honour," which Order remained till the reign of George the Third, in the eighteenth century, when a part of them appeared under a new organization, called the Union. Some among them, however, adhered to the ancient usage, and remain attached to it to the present day.

This is the origin ascribed to our Order by those who have bestowed its blessing upon us, and this tradition they undoubtedly received. The questions, however, arise,—Is this account true? or is it not true? and, if it should be found to be uncorroborated by other history, how is the fact to affect us? The time *never was*, brethren, when the obscure origin either of a great benefactor to his kind, or of a useful institution, was considered a cause of just reproach. And if ever, or any where, such a feeling has been observable among little minds, let us believe that ours is not the country, nor is ours the day, in which antiquity can hallow error, or the very lowest beginnings diminish one ray of the glory that encircles true greatness. As the stars of night but shine

brighter the more intense the darkness in which they are set, so does real worth appear the more conspicuous amid the adverse circumstances that conspire to dim its lustre. To the eyes of the learned scribes and self-righteous Pharisees, the disciples of Christ were but simple fishermen of Galilee; before Popes and Councils, Martin Luther was an obscure miner's son; but what is the judgment of history? Her highest pinnacle of honor is too low for the teachers of the once despised creed, and only second to the apostles ranks the solitary monk who had the courage to begin in one of the strong fortresses of error a reform that was to end in the moral renovation of Christendom. All that is now most exalted on earth may be traced to a lowly origin. The traveller stands at the source of the mightiest of rivers, and covers the fountain with his hands; and, should we not be able to discover in the history of the Order whose emblems we wear, and whose principles we profess to cherish in our hearts, any deviation from a rule that seems one of the general laws ordained by the Creator to govern the moral universe, tell me, brothers, if you think there exists a single true Odd Fellow who would abate one jot or tittle of the reverence which he would pay to it did he believe that Roman emperors were its godfathers, and that its first dispensations were engraved on tablets of gold!

Mankind are coming more and more to value things for their intrinsic worth. The thoughtless world too long has been "deceived by ornament." The question of import with us is, not what a thing *has been*, but *what it is*; and, while we think rightly, we shall as soon despise the glories of the full meridian sun, and refuse to acknowledge the blessings which his rays shed upon the world — for the reason that his light dawned upon us in faint streaks, and by slow degrees — as surrender aught of our faith in the utility and stability of our Order in deference to any theory that may be framed to account for its existence. What is it to us (beyond a question of mere historical interest) where, when, or how Odd Fellowship assumed the visible organization in which we find it? Grant that its birth was witnessed only by humble men — men, it may be, like the untaught savage who finds a gem of purest ray, yet lives and dies ignorant of its value, who had not even a remote suspicion of the benefit which, in the establishment of this Institution, they were conferring upon their race; or convert the high-wrought pictures of the warmest fancy into authentic history, and still I know you will answer that it matters to us *nothing*. The solicitude exhibited by some writers, whose imaginations have been heated to a glow by the contemplation of the good the Order has already done and seems capable of doing, to derive its descent from a long line of ancestry, is a weakness by which the great mass of our brotherhood are not affected. They believe that *the present* has a stronger claim upon us than *the past*, and that it is of infinitely more importance that we shall show, by the exercise of love and charity towards each other, and a benevolent concern for the welfare of all our fellow men, that we are capable of appreciating the heavenly principles which in its growth have been developed, than that we shall prove that it sprang at once (as did the fabled goddess of Greek mythology), perfect in wis-

dom and clad in impenetrable armor, from its parent's brain. They believe that our outward forms, let them have originated where they may, are valuable only so long as their soul is the eternal principle of Truth and Justice, which was not new when the first man trod the walks of Eden arrayed in the majesty of innocence, and which can never grow old. If we indeed have *this* principle, if it will abide with us, we need no guaranty for the perpetuity of our Institution; but, if we have it not, neither the choicest eloquence, the deepest learning, nor the united wealth of the world can preserve us. The God who spared not the angels who sinned, and who removed utterly the golden candlesticks from which the pure light of the religion of his Son was shed upon the cities of Asia, when that light became dimmed, is the Being whose all-seeing eye marks our actions and penetrates our hearts; and who shall hope to conceal from Him, by the "suits and trappings" of pride, or the hypocrisy of hollow and high-sounding professions, the absence of those virtues which we believe it is the mission of our Order to aid in diffusing, and by the exercise of which we can alone retain His favor!

After these remarks, I need scarcely add the express declaration that I am not a believer in the high antiquity of what is technically called "the work" of our Order. I have never seen the slightest evidence of a historical character to sustain the claim of the early English Odd Fellows to an origin in the first century of the Christian era; and less, if possible, is there to engraft Odd Fellowship upon the military fraternity mentioned by Cæsar. I need not insult your intelligence by attempting to refute the idea that there can be any connection between it and the society in which the licentious Antony and Cleopatra sought their pleasures, and I trust that, with us at least, such "*livers*" may ever be considered "*inimitable*." Where, then, are we to seek for the origin of the Order?

Had our antiquarian friends allowed their researches to have extended not far beyond the middle ages of Christianity, when its benign truths had exerted a softening and purifying influence upon the barbaric hordes who well nigh extinguished the flickering light of Roman civilization, and its great truth — that all men are brothers, the offspring of a common parent, and consequently are bound to display towards each other brotherly love and sympathy — began to be recognized, they might have found many associations, for mutual assistance and religious and charitable purposes, on which less ingenuity than has been expended on the theories to which I have alluded, would have yielded a more profitable return. Still later, when Industry began generally to claim a portion of the proceeds of its own toil, and to struggle against the oppressions of feudalism, the cities of Europe were filled with combinations of artisans, in some of which a resemblance to what our Order was might be traced, could pride and learning forego the gratification which they derive from contemplating imperial favors and classic models and condescend to acknowledge so humble a relationship. I will not, however, detain you in a tedious and minute search for these resemblances. It would be strange indeed, if, in a world where there is so little really new, and the inhabitants of which have always

been men of the same natures, passions and wants, there were not plenty of them to be found. But, when found, I fear that it would be to no good purpose, and that we should be as far as ever from any definite conclusion upon the main point under consideration — as little able to answer the question, "*Where did the society of Odd Fellows originate?*" Much easier do we find it to say where it did not originate than where it did. Mystery, deep as that which veils our proceedings from the eyes of the uninitiated, hides the beginning of our Order from us. We are left almost entirely to conjecture, and I have alluded to the associations of the working men of modern Europe, only because they in some degree form the basis of what seems to my mind a not unreasonable hypothesis. Among these societies — and almost every craft had one peculiar to itself — perhaps the most respectable were the corporations of the builders, or architects. They were respectable for the number and the talent of their members, who professed to be governed by written laws, modelled after the ancient constitutions of the Roman and Greek colleges, and it has been supposed that they possessed some secret signs or tokens, by which they were able to recognize each other. This much of their history we may safely receive while there is more claimed by some writers, in relation to the details of their organization and their secret mysteries, that might not be so readily allowed. As knowledge extended, the arts of civilization became diffused; the castes into which men were early divided by their occupations were broken, and throughout Europe the influence of this and other similar societies decreased. In England, in the process of time, its character was entirely changed: speculative masonry was substituted for practical, and many individuals who were in no way connected with the business of building were admitted to its privileges. The square, the rule, and the compass, were used but as emblems, and signs, pass-words, and grips multiplied. Degrees upon degrees were invented, for the gratification of persons of distinction and those whose ambition made them desirous of standing above the common level, while the lowest found a sufficient attraction in the honor of belonging to a society which numbered so many of the highest among its members; so that, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the society of *free and accepted masons*, by the perfection of its organization, the secret nature of its proceedings, and the multitude who were enrolled under its banners, began to attract universal attention. The institution speedily found its way into France, Germany, and other countries of Europe, and a Lodge was established in our own country as early as seventeen hundred and thirty. At this time, when masonry was making such rapid progress, it is not allowing too much for the imitative spirit of mankind to presume that imitations of the practises of the society were here and there attempted, as we now find our own Order occasionally burlesqued. In one of these imitations must we not recognize the "*Loyal Ancient Grand Lodge of Honor*," which the Manchester Unity tells us was in existence in the reign of George the Third? That we must, I am satisfied as well by the reasonableness of the supposition and the absence of all proof to the contrary, as by many things in the work and language of the Order

which it might prove tedious to recapitulate here. The very phrases, "work of the Order," and "working Lodge," indicate, such a derivation; for with what propriety, (unless metaphorically) can the term *work* be applied to the business transacted here? If we would follow the annals of our Order beyond that Grand Lodge, we come to the legend relative to the camp of Nero, to which reference has already been made. The Free-Masons had their stories of King Solomon and Hiram Abiff, and was there not imagination enough in the "Loyal Ancient Grand Lodge of Honor" to invent for itself a history? That there was the story itself proves, or we must resort to the more improbable supposition that its records preserved one scrap of ancient history which the rest of the world had lost. From this first Lodge others emanated, and about the beginning of the present century, we find a few Lodges working in Liverpool, Birmingham and London, subject to a common jurisdiction, and styling themselves the "Union Order of Odd Fellows." In eighteen hundred and nine, the Union instituted a Lodge at Manchester, and here it may be said the authentic history of the Order begins. For a time this Lodge worked under its original charter, paying allegiance to the authority by which it was created; but, for reasons of the most honorable nature, it finally declared itself independent of the Union, and its members assumed the name by which it is our pride to be known, of the "Independent Order of Odd Fellows." Other Lodges on the new plan immediately sprung up in Manchester and its vicinity, and then was formed the organization called the "Manchester Unity," to members of which Odd Fellowship in the United States owes its existence. What changes were made in the original work of the Order by the Manchester Lodge at the time of its secession from the Union it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine. That some alterations were made is extremely probable. The work, of course, was uniform in the various Lodges subject to the Unity, and was like that now used in this country until the year 1833, when the "Annual Movable Committee," the supreme legislative authority of the Order in England, saw fit to revise their lecture books, and such innovations were introduced as destroyed the useful uniformity which had previously existed between the two countries. Repeated attempts have since been made by the Grand Lodge of the United States to unite the Order throughout the world by a common work and language, but hitherto without success, and now Odd Fellowship in England and America finds its only bond of union (which is still a strong one) in the common objects and sympathies of the brethren. We must regret the separation that has taken place, and the evident widening of the breach that separates the two jurisdictions, yet it is satisfactory to feel that for the evils which may arise *we* are not responsible.

The mind goes back with deep interest to the early Lodges of the Order. We would fain pass the inner door which conceals their mysteries from us, but *Time* — the stern old guardian who keeps that portal — seems almost too faithful to his trust. We attempt to summon before us the venerable faces that met the gaze of thee young Odd Fellow when the mysteries of the Lodge dawned upon his wondering mind, or to re-install, in all their long-forgotten dignity the officers who

gave the first impressive lessons; — but in vain. Who they were, and what they were, are equally unknown. A little of their spirit, however, has come down to us in the lectures and the early lyrics of the Order, and although they were evidently men capable of feeling deeply and responding warmly to the claims of friendship — men who, in the language of Burns,

“ Keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,”

still, I think, we shall do no wrong to their memory if we admit that, like that poet, it was often their boast that they could “*be merry*.” That they could join with strong good will in the old chorus the burden of which was —

“ Then let us be social, be generous and kind,
And let each take *his glass*, and be *mellow*;
Then we ’ll join heart and hand, leave dissension behind,
And we ’ll each prove a hearty Odd Fellow.”

Conviviality was the error of the day; it was, too, an error of the institution after which, if my conjecture be true, our Order was modelled; and I fear that at the time of which I speak there were few associations of any description whose members all confined themselves to the kind of mirth which good old Izaak Walton loved — “Such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; nor men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the money they spend when they be warmed with drink.” The tribunal of *the present*, however, is not the one at which we can fairly arraign *the past*. Candor will judge the defects of every age in the light of the general sentiment by which they were extenuated, and although we might now doubt our senses did we hear such a song as the following sung in one of our lodge rooms, to the tune of “*The man at Mr. Grundy’s*,” there no doubt was a time when it was regarded as a harmless and happy outpouring of jovial feeling: —

“ Oh what pleasure for to meet
With friends so blythe and jolly,
Who all delight for to dispel
The gloom of melancholy!
Then let us throw all care aside,
Let ’s *merry* be, and *mellow*;
May Friendship, Love and Truth abide
With every true Odd Fellow.

True friendship is a treasure great,
As such may we regard it;
May discord ne’er our lodge intrude,
Nor any thing retard it:
But let the song and toast go round,
Let every heart be mellow;
And may our motto still be found
In every true Odd Fellow!”

It cannot be doubted, brothers, that at first Odd Fellowship was a

strange medley. The specimens I have quoted of its melodies may give a glimpse of one side of the picture ; but there is another which it is more pleasant to contemplate. Intermingled with much that was light and frivolous, and, we may say plainly, *immoral* in its tendency, there was more that was true and beautiful in sentiment, and most praiseworthy in practice. Much, in the language of another song, to

“Pluck narrow notions from the mind,
And plant the love of human kind;
Teach us to feel a brother's woe,
And (feeling) comfort to bestow.”

From the very outset there was visible in it a spirit by which it was to be thoroughly renovated and purified ; which was to enlarge the moral views and exalt the contemplations of all its members ; raising them gradually, almost imperceptibly, but surely, from the exercise and profession of simple fraternal love and good fellowship, to think on *all things* pure and lovely, and of good report ; to the full idea of their moral responsibilities, and to the practice of every duty enjoined in the unerring standard of Divine truth, the source from which radiated the scattered gleams of heavenly light that at first faintly illuminated their minds.

That some of the defects incident to the state of society at the date of its origin mingled with the pure principles of our Institution, we have no motive to conceal. They were, however, like weeds springing up in a garden, which are extirpated as soon as their growth attracts attention to their noxious qualities. On the other hand, there has probably been no period in the history of England more favorable to a rapid development of its best features than the time which has elapsed from its formation to the present day. Indeed, our Order has been found so exactly adapted to the necessities of the age, that it may be said not to have appeared until it became *a want*. Pauperism had been for years overrunning Great Britain with such giant strides as to appal the most courageous and profound among her statesmen. The pauper class were becoming too numerous to be reached by any practicable system of parish relief, and their numbers and miseries made their cry too powerful to be shut out from the most unwilling ears. “*Bread or blood!*” has more than once been the motto on the banners of English workingmen ; but, whether thus openly placarded or not, the alternative seemed equally inevitable to reflecting minds. Nor was this the whole extent of the evil. Half-starved, infuriated multitudes, (such as in the incipient stages of the French revolution made the inmost recesses of despotism resound with their cries), inflamed at once by their own calamities and the luxury of their rulers, are, heaven knows, a spectacle sufficiently pitiable and frightful, but there is a lower depth of degradation than this—in which poverty utterly defaces the image of God in its victims, and extinguishes every idea of moral and political right in their minds ; making them lick the hand that bestows a pittance, and starve, in the helplessness of idiocy, when it is withheld. Such was the condition to which the laboring population of England were perceptibly tending when the Deserted Village appeared

and Goldsmith's melancholy forebodings were expressed in the well known lines—

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where *wealth* accumulates and *men* decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

The uprightness and independence which had long characterized English workingmen were bending before the inexorable decrees of want, and only in the sturdiness of the old Saxon spirit was found the salvation of England. Men of that race make such bad beggars that their tongues can neither sue humbly nor thank gratefully, whatever may be the smothered emotions of their hearts. Crabbe, in his Parish Register, makes old Isaac Ashford speak for a large class, when they contemplated the poor-house as a retreat from want : —

“ Kind are your laws, ('tis not to be denied),
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide,
And they are just; — when young we give you all,
And for assistance in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread!
But yet I linger, loth with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend,
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die.”

It was sought to alleviate the evils incident to an excessive population and unequal laws by the encouragement of manufactures, and England became the workshop of the world; but this expedient afforded only temporary relief. The workingman (bound by the force of circumstances to a feudalism more unfeeling than that which ruled the middle ages) found himself crushed by every revolution in the political systems of Europe, and turned out in idleness to starve at every shock that affected the susceptible nerves of the money changers; and, when age or accident incapacitated him for labor, was thrown carelessly by, with less feeling than witnessed the dismissal of a broken spinning jenny!

The manufacturing system of England, however, in one way at least benefited its slaves. It brought them together in large masses, where their numbers gave them strength, and their idleness afforded them frequent opportunities to consult upon the miseries of their condition, and to devise schemes for their relief. Many little associations they formed for mutual benefit; the poor father of a family often deeming it worth his while to contribute a penny or a half penny a week from his small earnings, to some society that would, when occasion came, purchase a grave for himself, or his wife, or his child, that

he might not be compelled, by one great outlay, to starve the living to bury the dead! What bitter foresight was this! What a struggle to maintain that independence which would not see the object of its love entombed in a parish coffin!

It was in 1809, as has been already stated, that Odd Fellowship, even in its first imperfect garb, attracted the attention of these men and kindled hope in their bosoms. Then the first lodge was instituted in Manchester, the very heart of the manufacturing districts. The advantages which it conferred upon its members became speedily apparent, and multitudes flocked to its standard. Experience proved that the hope which it held out was not a delusion; that it was founded on sound principles, and not only had the merit of a beautiful theory, but worked well in practice. The management of its affairs was confided to able and honest hands — another proof the ability of the humblest classes, when left to themselves, to guard their own interests — its portals were so vigilantly watched that every accession of members brought to it additional purity, and its increasing purity attracted increased strength. So rapid was the growth of the institution, that the single lodge which was formed in 1809, at the beginning of 1838 had multiplied to 1,320, embracing 190,000 members; and in the six years that have since elapsed it has increased in the ratio of 400 lodges and 25,000 members per annum. Now, as official statements inform us, the number of its lodges in Great Britain is 3,840; the number of members, about 300,000; its annual income, £352,583 (more than a million and a half of dollars); its annual expenditure, £300,000; and the value of property in its possession, over three millions of dollars! Amongst its enrolled members are 130 members of Parliament, 629 ministers of religion of various denominations, and 9,000 honorary members who make no claim upon its funds. The truth is, that the institution has attracted the attention not only of the benevolent, but of the mere political economists. It is doing a work for them which their laws were powerless to effect; ameliorating an evil which they had to confess was but aggravated by their expedients: making labor provide in the hour of sunshine for the storm, and preserving a position for the laborer in the grade of thinking humanity — a position in which he is daily made to experience the benefits of a virtuous life, and to exult in the consciousness of independence. The limits allotted to me (and which I may be overstepping) will not allow me to give in detail the proofs of this assertion, but sufficient to sustain it is seen in the fact of the large number of members of Parliament and other eminent men who have joined the Order as honorary members, and in the concern manifested by some of the greatest landholders in the country that the lodges formed among their tenantry shall be founded on bases that will ensure their permanent existence. The purely benevolent purposes of the institution have become so well understood, that even fanaticism cannot create a bugbear out of its secrets, and in the same districts in which members of trades unions have been sentenced to transportation for life, in a country in which Orange lodges have been suppressed by law, and where Free Masonry has been regarded with suspicion, the very legislators of the land are found encouraging the

formation of Odd Fellows' Lodges as a remedy for its worst social evils, and ministers of the gospel by hundreds advocating them as useful auxiliaries in the cause of true religion.

Brothers, it is in this aspect that I love most to contemplate our Order: small in its commencement, and springing out of the necessities of humble men; but rapid and healthy in its growth, and now glorious and powerful even in its infancy! It shocks me not to be compelled to recognize it even in the little village club to which toiling laborers and humble artisans were wont to resort at every close of their weekly toils, and, by the interchange of friendly greetings and sympathies, impart fresh elasticity to the drooping heart, and high resolves, and cheering hopes, that inspired each with a firmer purpose and more manly resignation to endure the hardships of the common lot. Ere earthly pride can curl the lip of scorn at a spectacle so fit to move its contempt, we behold the institution rising majestically above every opposing prejudice, as the sun breaks through the misty exhalations that cloud his dawning, diffusing its blessings on every side; relieving the sick and distressed, visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, subduing old animosities, breaking down old prejudices, and, in the broad spirit of Christian philanthropy, recognizing in every man a brother's likeness and a brother's claim!

Still, brothers, even in our own country, is Odd Fellowship in the transition state; and still do the past and present indicate a brighter future. Let us esteem it among our highest privileges to aid in the great work which our Order is performing. Let us especially remember, that there is no peculiar virtue inherent in large masses; that the glory of a nation, or the high character of an institution, is but the aggregate of individual excellence; and that the only way in which we can any one of us do aught for the general welfare, is to give to the world, day by day, the example of a virtuous life — to act a true and honest part in the sphere in which it has pleased God to permit us to move. We must not content ourselves with a mere observance of external forms, however strict, if we would not merit the condemnation passed upon those who were exact in tithing mint and rue and all manner of herbs, yet neglected the weightier matters of the law; but may we ever live as if believing that *the weakest* of our obligations is our sacred pledge to preserve inviolate the secrets of the Order — *the strongest*, our duty, on all occasions and towards all men, to exercise every virtue expressed in our comprehensive motto, "*Friendship, Love, and Truth!*"

THE DANGER OF POWER. — Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is wise enough, nor good enough to be trusted with unlimited power; for whatever qualifications he may have evinced to entitle him to the possession of so dangerous a privilege, yet, when possessed, others can no longer answer for him, because he can no longer answer for himself. — *Lacon*.

Original.

WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

Books. Instruments chiefly used for the purpose of enforcing belief in the errors of preceding generations.

Bore. One who talks for his own amusement, instead of the amusement of others.

Beast. A temperate animal very unjustly identified with a drunkard.

Boasting. The solace of those whom others will not applaud.

Bombast. Fashionable modern literature.

Bowels. A very beautiful and delicate figure of speech often used to mean compassion.

Bullying. Making a *bugbear* of oneself for the purpose of frightening others.

Buffoon. A man of extreme politeness of *manner*.

Business. Borrowing and lending.

Benevolence. Tumbling down the staircase, and breaking your head, to avoid stepping on a kitten, that lies in your way.

Buttons. Appendages to a man's coat, used for the convenience of holding him, when you would compel him to listen to your conversation.

Calumniation. The means of reducing others to one's own level.

Cant. The hypocrisy of language.

Catechism. A Directory for Heaven.

Caviller. A blockhead turned amateur.

Cause. Any event which is inevitably followed by any other certain event.

Ceremony. A substitute for politeness.

Certainty. That state of mind in which a bigot regards his errors.

Cheerfulness. One of the principal ingredients of politeness; — a quality which, like its opposite, *melancholy*, is often acquired by the habit of affecting it.

Child. A living thing, used, like a monkey, to be dressed up, to chatter and to cut capers, for the gratification of parental vanity, and the amusement of the public.

Circumlocution. The art of saying much, upon a subject of which we know but little.

Circumstances. Our common apology for all our faults and errors.

Comb. An ornament worn by women and poultry.

Comet. A star of eccentric and original genius.

Common Law. A series of riddles invented by lawyers, that they may be paid by the public, for solving them.

Common-sense. Generally acknowledged to be the best kind of

sense, because every man believes it to be that which he possesses. It is, therefore, no kind of sense at all, and every kind of sense.

Compliments. Often the ebullitions of remorse, excited by the presence of an individual whom you have scandalized.

Compromise. The horror of those narrow minded men who always consider it their sacred duty to make no "sacrifice of principle" — that is, to yield no advantages to a rival or competitor.

Clergyman. A person of learning appointed by a people to teach them how to defend their religious opinions.

Courage. 1. Knowledge of security amidst apparent danger. 2. Ignorance of danger amidst real peril. 3. The state of being in a corner.

Coward. One who has not the art of concealing his fears.

Courtship. A space of time previous to marriage, in which a couple are agreeably employed in deceiving one another.

Cozcomb. One who despises others for qualities belonging only to himself, and who admires himself for qualities belonging only to others.

Civility. That degree of politeness which is due to every human being, without regard to his character or merits.

Cigar. The soother of over excited nerves. — A man is never angry or fidgety while smoking. A sea-captain never flogs his sailors while under the influence of a good cigar. Instead of abolishing the habit of smoking, it would be well to recommend it to some of our schoolmasters, during study hours.

THE POOR, GOD BLESS THEM.

BY MRS. MARY K. HEWITT.

OLD Winter hath come with a stealthy tread,
O'er the fallen autumn leaves,
And shrilly he whistleth over head,
And pipeth beneath the eaves.
Let him come ! We care not amid our mirth
For the driving snow or rain ;
For little we rock of the cold, dull hearth,
Or the broken window pane.

'Tis a stormy night, but our glee shall mock
At the winds that loudly prate,
As they echo the moan of the poor that knock
With their cold hands at our gate.
The poor ! We give them the half picked bone.
And the dry and mildewed bread ;
Ah ! they never, God help them ! know the pain
Of being over fed.

Fill round again with the cheering wine,
 While the fire grows warm and bright ;
 And sing me a song, sweet heart of mine,
 Ere you whisper the words " Good night !"
 You never will dream, 'neath the covering warm
 Of your soft and curtained bed,
 Of the scanty rug and the shivering form,
 And the yawning roof o'erhead.

The poor ! God pity them in their need !
 We 've a prayer for their every groan ;
 They ask us with outstretched hands for bread,
 And we give unto them a stone.
 God help them ! God help us ! for much we lack,
 Though lofty and rich we be,
 And open our hearts unto all that knock
 With the cry of CHARITY !

Knickerbocker.

I. O. O. F. INTELLIGENCE.

WITHIN the last quarter of a century the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States has risen from a very small beginning to the number of nearly Fifty Thousand members. Its annual revenue is now upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, nearly one-third of which is distributed in charitable reliefs. During the last year, the number of initiations has been nearly Fourteen Thousand. More than one-fourth of this rapid growth has taken place since the commencement of the year eighteen hundred and forty. Should the Order increase at the same rate for the next four years, its members will, at the expiration of that period, have amounted to the number of Two Hundred Thousand, and its annual revenue to the enormous sum of nearly One Million and a Half of Dollars, the grand purpose of which is the support of the sick, the widow, and the fatherless. — *Golden Rule.*

MAINE LODGE.

THE Portland Argus, speaking of the Maine Lodge of I. O. of O. F., located in that city, says : —

" We understand that this Lodge has expended for the sick, from April 1st, 1844, to Jan. 1st, 1845, a period of nine months, five hundred and eighty-five dollars. The amount of money invested in State and Town Stocks is three thousand one hundred dollars. The amount of cash on hand, together with dues, will make up the Lodge fund not far from four thousand dollars. The Lodge now numbers 430 contributing members."

ODD FELLOWSHIP AT METHUEN.

MR. EDITOR : — In company with several gentlemen of this city, we visited Methuen on the eve of the 1st inst. to attend the installation of officers in "Hope Lodge."

The installation took place — D. G. M. ANSON HUNTINGTON presided, assisted by P. G.'s HARGRAVES, LORD and A. ROLFE.

The zeal manifested by the members of "Hope Lodge," augurs well for the prosperity of our Order in Methuen. We were well pleased with the neatness of the "Odd Fellows' Hall" — the order and arrangement of the regalia, and the strict observance by the Brothers of the rites peculiar to our fraternity.

At the close of the installation services, we were invited to a sumptuous repast, given by the Odd Fellows, at the Methuen Hotel, and prepared by Brother Bacheldor — a "Good Fellow" — the like of whom we do not meet every day. His kind solicitude for the comfort of his Lowell brethren during their short sojourn with him, will not soon be forgotten.

On entering the supper hall, we discovered a marvelous change in the order of things. The gentlemen who were so very "odd" a few moments before, were suddenly made *even* by a simple rule in addition, and each conducted to the table a fair and smiling lady, or rather *sister* we should say. This was a pleasant surprise, and some of the bachelor guests were noticed to have a slight palpitation; but they recovered so as to enter fully into the spirit of social enjoyment which prevailed at the festive board.

After doing ample justice to the bounties provided by "mine host," an hour was spent in a free interchange of thought and sentiment — sentiments that would have done credit to greater pretensions. Short and pertinent speeches were made by Bro's. Curtis, Lord and others. The Ladies — God bless them — were not a whit behind-hand in the conviviality of the entertainment, and they gave some most excellent sentiments. Two or three only, we recollect; but it might be thought invidious and we will not repeat them; they were all good. We left the table, and after a few moments in social converse with the Brothers whose kind care anticipated all our wants — retired for the night, with sincere aspirations that the watchful care of the "All seeing Eye" would guard and protect our Brothers of "Hope Lodge," and strengthen in them the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth. — *Vox Populi*.

LECTURE ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER, Esq., delivered a lecture in Odd Fellow's Hall, on Thursday evening Dec. the 21, it being the anniversary of the institution of Sabattis Lodge, and the establishment of the Order in this town. Mr. Fuller's known talents, and the sympathy for the Fraternity in this and the neighboring villages, brought together a consider-

able concourse of gentlemen and ladies to learn the *mysteries* of this Order, which has spread so rapidly in this country within the last few years. It was an able discourse, and delivered in a smooth, calm and dispassionate manner, evincing great sincerity, and convincing his auditory of its truth. At times it was peculiarly eloquent and pathetic — leading captive those who have not heretofore taken an active part in the Order. He explained the precepts and teachings of the Institution, and its bearing upon the community in general — answered the charges, in a very candid manner, that have from time to time been made against it, justifying the Order against the alledged imputations. According to Mr. Fuller's statements, the Order have disbursed, in the form of "benefits," within the last year in the United States, about \$80,000; and by Sabattis Lodge, in the same time, \$168. — *Augusta (Me.) Farmer.*

DEDICATION OF ODD FELLOWS' HALL AT PORTSMOUTH.

ON Friday evening of last week a new and elegant Hall recently fitted up by the Odd Fellows of Portsmouth, was dedicated in ancient form. The dedicatory ceremonies were performed by D. G. M. Eben Francis, assisted by George W. Montgomery, as Grand Chaplain, and George W. Towle, N. G., James M. Carr, V. G., Elias Ayres, P. G., and Samuel Smith, W. An address was delivered on the occasion by Rev. Bro. George W. Montgomery, which was eloquent, impressive, calculated to advance the interests of the Order, and we believe was well received by the brethren generally. The Hall is beautifully fitted up and reflects great honor on those concerned in its arrangement. We learn that the Order in Portsmouth is in a very flourishing state, the Piscataqua Lodge now numbering about 175, and being constantly on the increase. — *Dover (N. H.) Gazette.*

ODD FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

THE funeral of Bro. A. G. WINSLOW, formerly of the firm of Geer & Co., was attended on Sunday the 29th of December, by about four hundred Odd Fellows. The Machigonne Encampment and Maine Lodge, of which institutions he was a valuable member — together with a large number of the Eastern Star Encampment and Ancient Brothers, and Ligonias Lodges — walked in the procession. Each one had crape on his left arm, and a sprig of evergreen in his bosom. The officers carried the usual insignia. It was an imposing and impressive spectacle.

The body was carried to the Episcopal Church, where the solemn burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Webb, the rector of the church being confined at home by ill health.

At the grave a circle was formed, and the immediate friends and

relatives of the deceased were admitted within it. The services prescribed by the Order were then read by Rev. Bro. Sadler, Chaplain of the Maine Lodge, with solemn effect. The procession then marched round the grave, casting into it their sprigs of evergreen.

A notice was read from Rev. Bro. Pratt, at the church, announcing that next Sabbath afternoon he should preach a sermon to the young men of the Order on the death of Bro. Winslow. — *Portland Advertiser*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF BETHESDA LODGE — BANNER-PRESENTATION.

ACCORDING to our notice in the last number of the Symbol, we give below the addresses delivered upon the presenting and receiving of the Banner, at the celebration of Bethesda Lodge (South Boston) on the evening of the 30th December last. We presume that by their publication we shall gratify not only ourselves but all our readers.

Address of Miss E. EATON, on presenting the Banner.

SIR :—I am authorized by the Ladies of South Boston to present this banner to the members of the Bethesda Lodge, as a token of their approbation of the benevolent principle upon which it is founded — a *principle* that is declared to be the crowning excellence of all the Christian virtues, *Charity*.

We are well aware that in thus publicly sanctioning this Institution, we subject ourselves to the severe censure of many, who look upon it not only as the worthless relic of a barbarous age, but denounce it in the harshest terms, as being immoral and mischievous in its tendency — as exerting an injurious influence upon society. Yea, it has even been stigmatized as the offspring of a parent stained with the odious crime of the homicide.

But we must acknowledge that we have never been able to discover any such appalling lineament in its features. True, no female eye has ever gazed into its secret Sanctum Sanctorum. Still, we have witnessed enough of its fruits to convince us that the charges preferred against this, and similar institutions, are made either through ignorance or malice. Besides, we have too much confidence in the honor, integrity, and virtue of our Fathers, Husbands, and Brothers, to suspect, even for a moment, that they would degrade themselves by uniting

with an association that would countenance aught but what the Christian philanthropist might approve.

We conscientiously believe the ostensible and *real* object of your institution is the same, viz. : to promote the interest and welfare of its members — to soften the asperities of religious and political strife — to carry out the great principles of Christian charity, by cementing more closely that bond of brotherhood that teaches man to recognize a brother in his fellow man.

Entertaining these sentiments, we most cordially tender you this humble offering, as a proof of our desire to encourage, and aid in your efforts to do good. We do not ask in return to be initiated into the mysteries of your Order. We do not wish to become acquainted with your forms and ceremonies. We do not seek to decipher your hieroglyphics and symbols. We would rather encourage you to keep inviolate your solemn pledge. It is an earnest of your fidelity to that most sacred of all pledges, — “the life-long tie.”

“Do right to the widow, judge for the fatherless, give to the poor, defend the orphan, clothe the naked.” This is the motto we have chosen. We deem it to be an appropriate one. We know your mission is, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction — to seek the bedside of the sick and suffering — to administer to their wants, and soothe their anguish. Amidst such scenes, how grateful to the sorrowing heart is the voice of sympathy! When the poor grief-stricken wife feels that the form dearer to her eyes than the sunlight of heaven, is soon to be removed from her sight — that the eyes which ever beamed upon her with tenderness and affection, are soon to be sealed in death — that the voice whose tones were sweeter than music to her ear, is soon to be hushed in that long dreamless sleep which knows no earthly waking — how acceptable, at such a time, is that active, heartfelt sympathy, which cheerfully relieves the burdened spirit of its accumulated cares, and strives to mitigate the anguish of that wound no earthly power can heal.

An association like this is worthy of our warmest support, our highest encouragement. It appeals to us in a language that finds a ready response in our own hearts, and which we cannot resist. We may now be surrounded by the sunshine of prosperity. The bright star of hope may illumine our pathway, and cheer us with many a fair vision of future bliss. The friends we so fondly love and cherish, may cluster around us, and reciprocate our affection. But even while our hearts are beating high with delight, the cup of joy may be suddenly dashed from our lips, and our bright prospects be shrouded in gloom and sorrow. Then we should truly appreciate that generous sympathy we know you are willing and ready to bestow. Cherishing these sentiments towards the institution you represent, we most cordially present you this *Banner*. Take it, and whenever its graceful folds are unfurled, may it wave over a *band of brothers*. Let its sacred motto inspire you to persevere in the noble cause you have espoused, and may the spirit of its significant emblem ever rest upon, and abide with you.

“Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove,

And let your heaven-taught conduct show"
Your seal is "Friendship, Truth, and Love."

Reply of BRO. D. N. PICKERING, P. G. of Bethesda Lodge.

MADAM : — This Banner, as a token of approbation and respect from yourself and the Ladies you represent, together with the kind sentiments with which it is presented, excites in our heart of hearts the warmest impulses of gratitude and affection. Coming as it does from the companions of our firesides and homes, it is doubly dear to us. We accept it ; and accepting it, would give you the assurance that it shall never (while in our hands) suffer tarnish or dishonor — that when its resplendent folds are borne on the breeze, it shall ever wave over a band of brothers, who would always keep in view that triple bond of union, Friendship, Love, and Truth — ever as a cheering and radiant light to the pathway of the Odd Fellow who is true to his sacred trust. We trust, by the uprightness of our conduct with our fellow-men, that we shall oppose a barrier of adamant through which the shafts of malice and detraction can never penetrate, to those who attempt to cast aspersions upon you, because of the kindness and sympathy you have thus publicly expressed for us. The ignorant may well ask, before passing censure upon you or us, Who so competent to judge correctly of our principles, and their operation, as the Mothers, Wives, Sisters and Daughters of the members of our Order ? We, as brothers, here pledge ourselves to prove worthy of your sympathy and support, by aiding the sons and daughters of affliction, wherever we may find them, as fully as we have the power to do. It is a truth which we have no wish to deny, that our duties, as Odd Fellows, are first to our brothers who are in distress (they being worthy) ; yet, by every true Odd Fellow, the principles of Benevolence and Charity to the whole family of man are ever inculcated and expressed.

Madam, the various devices of this splendid Banner — the device taken from the holy *Word*, the *Pool of Bethesda* — that symbolic bond of union, the three *links* which complete the chain of our Order, that of Love, Friendship and Truth — *Charity*, that noblest attribute of the human heart — the *Motto*, calling into exercise the purest affections of our nature — the *Dove*, that messenger of Peace and Hope, with outstretched wings, significant of the wide-spreading influence of our Order throughout the world, — they are all truthful and full of meaning, speaking a language to each heart more potent than words.

The device of the Pool of Bethesda or House of Mercy ; how forcibly are we reminded by it of our sacred duties, as members of the Bethesda Lodge, that we make it truly the house of mercy, in some respects like the ancient pool whose waters, when moved by the angel of Heaven, possessed the power of healing the infirmities of man ! We may in truth be said to be of the House of Mercy (in the words of the motto), by doing right to the widow, judging for the fatherless, giving to the poor, defending the orphan, and clothing the naked.

The Motto of this Banner calls the mind of each brother to serious reflection. As brothers, we have not been called upon to mourn a departed brother, sympathize with the widow in her affliction, or judge for the fatherless. It will be recollected that this day one short year has passed over us. We are admonished that the sands of life, in the glass of time, are fast running out, and, in the course of events, ere another year has passed away we may, as brothers, be called upon to fulfil those sacred injunctions contained in the words of the Motto.

If for a moment we may be allowed, we will lift the veil of the future, that we may contemplate a scene through which, as brothers, we may many of us have to pass. We will enter the sick chamber of our brother, at whose bedside may be seen the fond wife, ever attendant on his slightest wants, watching every change with anxious solicitude for returning reason — the fevered brain, in which reason is disenthroned — the parched tongue, oft calling the partner of his bosom by name. Each of his little ones are mingling in his dreaming visions — the smile, the half-uttered uttered words of "My Wife! my Children! I leave you with my brothers — ye are safe!" Who are his other attendants? They are his brothers, his constant watchers by night, by every kind office endeavoring to relieve the distress of a brother. That sick brother awakes calm, rational, composed: it is the precursor of approaching dissolution. He faintly calls his partner to his bedside. His little ones are presented to their kind and affectionate father. They receive the farewell, parting kiss — the wife, the last fond embrace. The husband and father, with deep composure, calls on his brothers, who have viewed the parting scene with manly tears of sympathy and high resolves. They approach. The dying brother gives them the parting charge, in the full belief that his brethren will "Do right to the widow, judge for the fatherless, give to the poor, defend the orphan, and clothe the naked." Now may we behold the departed brother, whose spirit has flown to the land of shadows, and whose long dreamless sleep (as has been so truly said) is "that sleep that knows no earthly waking."

The following were the Order of Exercises on the above occasion. :

Voluntary by the Masters Hollis.

Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Bro. J. H. Clinch.

HYMN — *Friendship.*

Oh! it is not while riches and splendor surrounds us
That friendship and friends can be put to the test;
'Tis but when afflictions cold presence has bound us,
We find which the hearts are that love us the best.
For friends will frown at fortune's dawn,
While the breeze and the tide wait us steadily on;
But if sorrow o'ertakes us each false one forsakes us,
And leaves us to sink, or to struggle alone.

And though on Love's altar the flame that is glowing,
Be brighter, still friendship's is steadier far;
One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blowing,
And is but a meteor — the other 's a star;
In youth Love's light burns warm and bright,
But it dies ere the winter of age be past;
While Friendship's flame burns ever the same,
Or glows but the brighter the nearer its last.

Address, by Rev. Bro. P. G. Master, E. H. Chapin.

ODE — By Montgomery — Music by Bro. T. Comer.

WHEN FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH, abound
Among a band of Brothers,
The smile of joy goes gaily round,
Each shows the bias of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
Along the vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are "holy FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH,"

From these delightful fountains flow,
Ambrosial rills of pleasure;
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendant treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are "holy FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH."

ORIGINAL ODE — By a Lady.

From Folly's dark and devious way,
We strive by emulation,
To lure the straying one away,
And point him to his station.
Enlisted in this friendly cause,
No foe our ranks encumbers;
And guided by her righteous laws,
We'll grow in strength and numbers.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are "holy FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH."

As falls the tear from sorrow's eye,
Revealing care and sadness;
The widow's wail, the orphan's cry,
Are chang'd to notes of gladness.
O by the light, of joys so bright,
Is found our highest pleasure;
For Friendship, Love and Truth unite,
To gild each sacred treasure.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are "holy FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH."

Presentation of Banner, by Miss ELIZABETH EATON, from the Ladies of South Boston, to P. G. DANIEL N. PICKERING, Jr., for Bethesda Lodge.

ORIGINAL SONG — By Bro. D. Russell of Oriental Lodge.

TUNE — *Pirate's Glee.*

BEMOLD! behold! upraised in splendor,
Our chosen banner gaily floats!
With grateful hearts we meet to render
Our thanks in music's softest notes.
We'll sing the song of joy and gladness,
The bluest notes of the brave and free!
The widow's plaint, the orphan's sadness,
We'll charm with soothing melody.

Around, around Bethesda's fountains,
The sick, the withered and the blind
Lay anxious there, their griefs recounting,
Appealing to each feeling mind.

Waiting the waters troubled motion,
To heal each dreaded malady;
Thus may we learn, with pure devotion,
To practise heavenly charity!

Float on! float on! we love those duties,
In every brother's heart enshrined;
They'll shine resplendant as the beauties,
Of mental grace in souls refined.
Then let us raise the tuneful chorus,
And sing of Love and Friendship true;
While Truth shall gild the way before us,
And Hope our path with flowers strew.

Prayer, by Rev. Bro. T. D. Cook.

OUR MOTTO — By Rev. Bro. J. H. Clinch.

FRIENDLY be, friendly be, O brothers kind,
For your motto calls to mind,
FRIENDSHIP to each other;
Where can flourish friendship sweet,
But where friends and brothers meet?
Friendship, friendship, bond of brothers,
Friendly be, O brothers kind.

Live in love, live in love, O brothers dear,
For your motto, true and clear,
Stands your guide for ever.

Love must be our boast and pride,
And in love we'll still abide
Firmly; who this bond shall sever?
Live in love, O brother dear!

Truly act, truly act, O brothers true,
As your motto bids you do;
Love and truth declaring,
Truth, our star of guidance clear,
Safely by its light we steer;
Safely to our haven bearing,
Truly act, O brothers true.

Benediction.

☞ Those of our Charlestown subscribers who wish to have the Symbol left at their place of residence, will please leave their address either with Bro. T. B. R. Edmands, our agent at Charlestown, or at this office. For such as may prefer, it will be left at the Lodge-room as usual.

R E F O R M S .

THERE are some who object to the Reform movements of our day, that they are superficial, because they do not reach to the heart of evil, but only aim at the removal of some of its *forms* or *aspects*. "We must do a deeper, a more radical work," say they, "we must make the individual better at least, we must implant in his soul a moral, a religious *principle*, and then these reforms will follow as matters of course." In this view of the case, they censure the zeal and labor which are devoted to these reform movements, "because," say they, "it is labor vainly spent — these will not accomplish the great work that is to be done, and your reliance upon those organized movements, your absorption in them, does wrong to those more vital principles which must precede and underlie your specific reforms, or it will avail but little — in relying upon your specific movement, you rely upon that which is ineffectual." For our part, we do not agree with these in their conclusion. The premiss is true enough — it is true that a moral, a religious principle, must underlie the form of temperance, or charity, or whatever the reform may be, or it will be only short-lived and partial. But the question is, how shall we erect that principle in the hearts of men — how shall we get it there in the first place? This is a kind of religious question, which says, "make men's hearts better, imbue them with the principles of the Gospel and the grand secret at which you aim in your reforms will be reached. Preach *truth* and *righteousness*, that is all that is necessary." Alas! we reply, if truth and righteousness were only once in the heart, we could feel the force of this counsel. We know what they can accomplish when they are there. But, we repeat, the great question is, how shall we get them there? We know that they are better for the poor than silver or gold. We know that they make the victim of appetite throw off his chains as he throws off the coil of all other sins. We know that they make the poor alone happy, opening for him, far beyond the field of his labor, the shining heaven where all are free. But this Truth and Righteousness, what are they? Cold *words* — that drop from the minister's lips on Sabbath-days, and trickle off from the hearer's heart if ever they enter his ears? Or are they living principles, best seen in *deeds*? We must remove the immediate wants of the vicious and the ignorant, before we can get at their hearts to implant therein higher and holier principles. Nay, in removing their immediate wants, we get at their hearts. The poor man comprehends your kindness in the sympathy and relief which you give to his *poverty* — when, perhaps, he would not understand your spiritual concern for him; and by relieving that want which he most feels, in which all his thoughts and capacities are absorbed, you have removed one great obstacle to his true moral culture, and have made him acquainted with the nature of *Love*, which is the vital element of all Religion, and which he could not understand from his experience with the world. Take, for another illustration, the intemperate man. He is in no condition to apply or to appreciate the whole truth of Morals, or Religion. He is blind with sensuality.

First of all, his very eyes need to be opened. Then you have what may be called a purchase — a point of support, upon which to ground your religious appeal. Removing the thick film of appetite, you have an opportunity to shed light upon other moral diseases, that may lie deeper in the recesses of his heart. Clothed, and in his right mind, he will listen to you.

Thus, then, the Reformers of our day do an important preliminary work. They receive from and give to true moral and religious culture. They are the van guard of Christianity, deriving life from its spirit, and power from its truth, while at the same time they prepare the way for its broader and deeper influences. Benevolence, that which removes the immediate want, is the most appreciable form of religion, and in this respect these reform movements do a great work. They win the hearts of men to the reception of higher principles. They remove the paralysis of the limb, the blindness of the eyes, without which all appeals to the heart are ineffectual, for the avenues to that heart are choked by the gross and sensual obstacles at which these reforms aim. More of this anon.

THE SIX MONTHS' TERM.

OUR readers will find in the present number an able article in opposition to the views which we have expressed in favor of the six months' term. Knowing that the Grand Lodge of the State had expressed itself in favor of this change, by instructing its representatives to bring a resolution to that effect before the Grand Lodge of the United States, we presumed that such was generally the opinion of our brethren in Massachusetts. We do not know now but such is the case. We have discovered, however, that all do not agree with the position which we have taken upon this subject; and we take this opportunity to say that our main object in upholding this measure was to lessen the number of acting members in the Grand Lodge. If this plan will not secure that end, or if some other plan will better secure it, we shall be satisfied. But one proposition we think is demonstrated, and it is a proposition in which we feel a much greater interest than in that of the six months' term; and it is this — that *the Grand Lodge must be a representative body*. If, as some contend, every Past Grand is to be, *ex-officio*, an acting, that is, a *speaking* and *voting* member of the Grand Lodge, then we say it will soon be impossible to transact the business of the Grand Lodge. The number of its members will be too large. Now if that body shall be made strictly a representative body, then our object will be answered, and we are ready to give up the scheme of the six months' term. But if not, then the proposed plan of our correspondent will be as impracticable as ours, and we must seek some new method of making the Grand Lodge compact and wieldy.

REVISION OF THE WORK OF THE ORDER.

WE presume our readers are anxious to know something in regard to that important matter, the Revision of the Work of the Order. We would say, then, that it is probable that the Committee appointed for that purpose will soon meet in the city of Baltimore for the purpose of comparing notes, plans, &c. An extra-session of the Grand Lodge will probably be called in April for the purpose of reviewing and acting upon the report of said Committee. How thorough the revision will be, we are unable to say. Whether a majority of the Committee will report in favor of a radical alteration, we cannot tell. There will probably be different opinions upon this matter among the members of the Committee. For our own part, we go for a *thorough revision*. We have nailed our flag to the mast upon this point. We believe that the sentiment of our brethren in Massachusetts is generally with us. But how far the alteration will extend, time will determine. We are aware that prejudice is powerful, but we have considerable trust in common-sense.

WARREN LODGE — ROXBURY.

THIS Lodge celebrated its first anniversary on Thursday evening, January 9th, by an Address, singing, and other appropriate exercises. The Universalist Church, in which the celebration was held, was most beautifully trimmed and ornamented with evergreens. We were pleased to notice the beautiful manner in which these evergreens were arranged into several mottoes around the house — one of which, in front of the speaker's desk, were the words "GOD IS LOVE," and another that extended along in front of the gallery, below the choir, bore the words, "PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN" — a sentiment that should be engraven on the heart and adhered to by every Odd Fellow. The Address was delivered by Rev. Bro. JAMES W. PRATT, of Portland, M. W. G. M. of Maine. It was eloquent and convincing, and showed that the speaker was fully acquainted with his subject. The house was crowded, and we were happy to notice that a very large portion of the audience were ladies; and from the attention given to the lecture, we feel assured that every one present was well satisfied. The speaker thought he might reveal some secrets of the Order which to many present would be both curious and interesting — particularly to the ladies; and he succeeded admirably. We have not learned, however, that any new "Expose" has as yet made its appearance, or that any clergyman intends giving a course of lectures in consequence, at "ninepence a ticket!"

The singing by the choir was excellent. We never heard the lines by Montgomery,

"When Friendship, Love and Truth abound," &c.,

and which have been so admirably set to music by Bro. Comer, sung

with better effect. The Opening and Departing Odes, also, in which the audience united, were well sung and produced a fine effect. The ladies, we are happy to state, lent their aid in this matter, and that to them in a great measure belongs the credit of having the celebration pass off so pleasantly and happy. As long as the brothers of Warren Lodge are blessed with such "guides" to "watch" over them; so long will they continue to grow in Friendship, Love and Truth. *

☞ Bros. CHARLES W. BRADLEY, R. W. Grand Secretary of Connecticut, and W. G. M. JOHN L. DEVOTION, will please accept our thanks for a full and correct list of Encampments and subordinate Lodges in that State, in connection with the names of the officers for the present term, and for the admirable manner in which their lists were prepared for the printer. It is too often the case that manuscript copy is not sufficiently prepared when put into the compositor's hands, and great difficulty is oftentimes occasioned thereby. But in the case before us, no difficulty was had in this respect.

We should regard it as a particular favor if the Grand Secretaries of the other new England States should forward us for publication a list of the Lodges and officers as reported to their State Grand Lodges, with such other information relative to the Order, as they may be pleased to communicate.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. Charles W. Bradley, R. W. G. Secretary of Connecticut, dated —

COLCHESTER, Jan. 10, 1845.

As it may be a matter of some interest to you, I annex a synopsis of the work of the Order in Connecticut, for the summer and autumnal terms, as reported to the late session of the Grand Lodge:—

Initiations, 325; admitted by card, 3; rejections, 45; withdrawn by card, 22; suspended, 31; expelled, 4; re-instated, 2; deceased, 3; Degrees conferred — White, 246; Pink, 246; R. Blue, 246; Green, 233; Scarlet, 232. Whole number in membership, 2,132. Amount of receipts, \$7,316 17; aggregate funds of subordinates, \$17,115 45; Grand Lodge fund, \$1,096 07. Number of brothers relieved, 178 — amount paid for the same, \$2,515 25. No. of widowed families relieved, 5 — amount paid for the same, \$65 75. No. of funeral benefits, 3 — amount paid for the same, \$75. Total reliefs, \$2,656.

☞ We ask the attention of our readers to the Address of Bro. English in the present number of the Symbol. It is clear, logical and convincing, and well compares with any address we have before read. What is said in relation to the antiquity of the Order, we think is what all will subscribe to. We hope Bro. English will favor us still further with productions from his pen.

PASSING OCCURRENCES, ETC.

Boston for the last few weeks (reckoning from Jan. 1) has been in the anomalous condition of a city without either Mayor or Common Council; thus furnishing a practical illustration of the no-government theory. So far as we have observed, the experiment works well. It would seem that the people of the modern Athens are 'a law unto themselves.' The only infraction of municipal regulations has been perpetrated by the boys, who, not having the fear of the 'city fathers' before their eyes, have done a brisk business in the way of 'coasting,' sometimes endangering the legs of those whose powers of locomotion were not of the quickest.

Jan. 19. — The history of the weather for the last fortnight may be given thus: — "It blew, it thew, it snew, and then it friz;" and these with daily and almost hourly alternations, with 'sposh' or ice under foot, and rain, sleet, drizzle or mist over head. This morning, however, "the sun wi' glorious light is glintin';" and as its rays dance upon the earth's pure shroud, millions of brilliants, outshining the diamond, sparkle in all directions. The trees upon the Common, the shade of whose thick and murmuring foliage was so grateful a few months since — the rich green of which, to the eyes of the numerous promenaders there during the delightful summer evenings, seemed so fantastically woven with the moon's silver — are now clothed in a complete suit of ice, from the trunk to the most attenuated twig, which looks magnificently in the sunshine, and is scarcely less beautiful than their emerald dresses.

Sleigh-riding has become a science. Besides the usual fleets of dainty little turn-outs, which in old-fashioned times were called 'cutters,' with handsomely trimmed buffalo-ropes and leopard-skins to muffle the hilarious inmates, we have noticed a magnificent affair cycled 'Cleopatra's Barge,' capable of containing twenty or thirty persons, and as gay as paint and gold-leaf could make it. In form it is an ornithological non-descript, a hybrid between a goose and a swan in head and body, and in stern resembling a boat.

Judge Haliburton, *alias* Sam Slick the Clock Pedlar, has extended his travels to 'foreign parts.' He makes some sharp hits at things in the 'fast-anchored Isle,' as his remarks on living and dead greatness will testify: — "Lord bless you! let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, 'light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch Peel's heart in a giffy. * * * But let some misfortunate devil of an author do — what only one man in a century can, to save his soul alive, write a book that will live — a thing that does show the perfection of the human mind, and what do they do here? Let his body live on the 'Pleasures of Hope,' all the days of his life, and his name live afterward on a cold white marble in Westminster Abbey." He has reference to the posthumous honors conferred upon the poet Campbell.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Hes'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer, MASSAHOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Albert A Guild, CP; Charles A Smith, HP; Louis Dennis, SW; Jas W Murray, JW; L D Mudge, Scribe; R M Baker, Treas.
- TET-MOOWT ENCAMPMENT.** No. 2.—Geo Norton, CP; Jos B Frost, jr, HP; Geo L Drinkwater, SW; J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.
- MENTOMY ENCAMPMENT.** No. 3.—Jesse P Fattce, CP; Duncan Macfarlane, HP; Woodman C Currier, SW; Charles Brooks, jr, JW; Ichabod Fessenden, Scribe; Wm L Clark, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT.** No. 4.—Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W' Beard, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgreen, J W; Abiel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT.** No. 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT.** No. 6.—Charles D Strong, CP; Charles H White, HP; Daniel Hall, SW; Samuel R Spinnay, JW; Joseph Winsor, Jr, Scribe; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.**—Tho's F Norris, MWGM; Newell A Thompson, RWDGM; Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r; Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Geo A Smith, DM; A P Richardson, DAM; Lewis Wentworth, DADM; W G Mickell, PG; E Goodwin, VG; Cha's Cobb, Sec; Wm B May, Treas.
- MARYBICK DEGREE LODGE.**—Wm H Calm'r, DM; Jacob Barker, ADM; Gilbert E Peirce, DADM; Geo W Merrill, PG; N W Allen, VG; Geo Butts, Sec; J Chadburn, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE.**—Roxbury.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- UNITED BROTHERS DEGREE LODGE.**—Daniel Pickering, Jr, DM; Cha's White, ADM; John A Harris DADM; Sam'l W Sloan, VG; Solon Jenkins, PG; E R Rich, Sec'y; Jos Thwing, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE.** No. 1.—L M Smith, NG; Richard Nutter, VG; Sylvester Trull, Rec Sec; Alfred B Ely, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas; A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
- SLOAN, No. 2.**—E. M. P. Wells, NG; Edwin Brown, VG; Thos C Porter, Rec Sec'y; John McLeish, Per Sec'y; A Stuart, Treas; G N Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—Elbridge G Brooks, NG; Edward W Gibson, VG; George H Davies, Sec'y; James C Nute, Treas; Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.**—Andrew Leighton, NG; Henry O. Bagley, VG; Charles Stone, Sec'y; Geo Ashworth, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—E F Follensbee, NG; Sam'l K Lothrop, VG; Gilman D Colburn, Rec Sec'y; A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y; C S Browne, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—Jos. Kelly, NG; W B Randolph, VG; B Coolidge, Rec Sec'y; E H Smith, Per Sec'y; Sumner Young, Treas; J M Durgin, Chaplain; S W Drew, Physician.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—Geo. Alexander Smith, NG; Harlos Whiting, Jr, VG; Jas R Gardiner, Rec Sec'y; Jacob H Hathorne, Per Sec; Nathl B Shaw, Treas.
- MESSENGER, No. 11.**—Wm H Clements, NG; Mortimer Lyon, VG; Frederick Parker, Rec Sec'y; Henry S Orange, Per Sec'y; George R Rowe, Treas; Edward A Rice, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.**—Josiah H Russell, NG; Woodman C Currier, VG; ohn B Hartwell, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Sec'y; Apdison Hill, Treas.
- NAZARENE, No. 13.**—Thomas C Day, NG; David Sherman, VG; George S Wylie, Sec'y; Sam'l H Phelps, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—John Wesson, NG; Jos Burrell, VG; Sam'l R Brintnall, Rec. Sec; J Carter Cutler, Per Sec'y; Henry A Rice, Treas.
- TREMONT, No. 15.**—Geo Kurtz, NG; Henry Colman, jr, VG; Jos L Halworth, Rec Sec'y; Stillman D Willis, Per Sec'y; Francis Gardiner, Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
- CONVENT, No. 16.**—R W Lord, NG; Jonathan Pierce, VG; James N Perry, Rec Sec'y; Wm Rogers Per Sec'y; C E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—Jona Kimball, NG.; Solomon Cruse, VG; George T Barney, Sec'y; Jesse Berry, Treas; Wm Tozer, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.**—Benj. F Campbell, NG; Joseph Bugbee, VG; A W Folsom, Sec'y; Daniel Leach, Treas.
- MOUNTAIN, No. 19.**—Loring S Pierce, NG; Abel E Bridge, VG; Horatio Wellington, Sec'y; John Beals, Treas.
- FAIRBURNHILL, No. 20.**—Stephen P Greenwood, NG; Chas H Morse, VG; John F Dyer, Rec. Sec'y; Tho's B G Messenger, Per Sec'y; Chas R Metcalf, Treas; L R Paige, Chaplain.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—J H Mills, NG; S G Vail, VG; James Bell, Sec'y; Stephen Dinsmore, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—H B Braman, NG; Geo H Childs, VG; Francis Sisson, Sec'y; J Caldwell, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—Jeremiah Martin, NG; bel B. Monroe, VG; Charles G Wells, Rec Sec; Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y; Nathan M Phillips, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain; A A Watson, Physician.
- WINNISISETT, No. 24.**—John R Duffee, NG; Wm R Pearmain, VG; E Endicott, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Clark, Per Sec'y; S Batchelder, Treas; G W Otis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—Geo C Rand NG; Ezra Mudge, VG; Tho's Green, Rec Sec'y; A Reid, Per Sec'y; Sam'l Vaughan, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—Warren O Bayner, NG; Joseph A Goldthwait, VG; Jona F Worcester, Rec Sec'y; Nath'l G. Symonds, Per. Sec'y; Thomas H Lefavour, Treas; D K Merrill, Chaplain.

- HAMPDEN, No. 27.**—Francis Cummins, NG; Homer M Forward, VG; Wm R Taylor, Sec; Luther encor, Treas.
- OBERLIN, No. 23.**—Josiah G Peabody, NG; Edward B Herrick VG; Lewis R Winslow, Rec Sec; Darius Forbes, Per. Sec'y; Joshua Merrill, Treas; J H. Jaques, Chaplain; Josiah Curtis, Physician
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—Jonathan Hay, NG; Samuel Tidd, VG; Daniel L Sprague, Sec'y; William Badger, Treas.
- BETHESDA, No. 30.**—John A Harris, NG; Theo. D Cook, VG; Joseph Winsor, Jr. Rec Sec'y; T S Strout, Per Sec'y; H W Fletcher, Treas; J H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAPAYETTE, No. 31.**—Elias B Armstrong, NG; Joseph Sanger, VG; Emmons Partridge, Sec'y; Andrew Cole, Treas; Emmons Partridge, Chaplain.
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- MONTZUMA, No. 33.**—J Wright Warren, Jr, NG; E U Doolittle, VG; G D Marsh, Sec; C F Bagley, Treas; — Lovejoy, Chaplain.
- HOPE, No. 34.**—James Maxfield, NG; Daniel Gleason, VG; John Low, Sec'y; Isaac Cross, Treas.
- PROSPECT, No. 35.**—A Whitney, NG; Geo F Adams, A M Garfield, Sec'y; O Sawtell, Treasurer.
- MAVERICK, 36.**—John P Pierce, NG; Jacob Barker, VG; Gilbert E Pierce, Rec Sec; E M Cunningham, Per Sec; Henry Sanger, Treas; J A Merrill, Chaplain.
- SHAWMUT, No. 37.**—Pelham Harlow, NG; Joel M Holden, VG; N D Tirrell, Rec Sec'y; David C Barnes, Per Sec'y; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
- SOUTHERN, No. 38.**—Eldw A Williams, NG; Geo W Dix, VG; Peter Wiley, Sec'y; L Fairbanks, Treas; Jno H Willis, Chaplain.
- QUASCACUNQUEN, No. 39.**—Alfred R Fiske, NG; G Watson, VG; Gilman Chamberlin, Sec'y; Moses Ross, Per Sec'y; Daniel N Johnson, Treas.
- BAY STATE, No. 40.**—Albion Oliver, NG; F Williams, VG; A T Newhall, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Keene, Per Sec'y; Edward Carroll, Treas; John Q Hammond, Chaplain.
- ACCUSHNET, No. 41.**—Isaac C Taber, NG; Elisha Thornton, Jr, VG; Stephen G. Driscoll, Sec'y; George A Bourne.
- PACIFIC, No. 42.**—Jos Barnard, NG; Oliver B Hill, VG; Henry A Fuller, Rec Sec'y; Geo P Richardson, Jr, Per Sec'y; Henry Davis, Treasurer; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Lodge Physicians; Chandler Robbins, Geo M Randall, Chaplains.
- QUINSIGAMOND, No. 43.**—Phineas W Wait, NG; D C Thurston, VG; Timothy S Stone, Rec Sec'y; Edward R Fiske, Per. Sec'y; Chas S Ellis, Treas.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.**—C C Sprague, NG; James W Earl, VG; E Dawes Tisdale, Rec Sec'y; F S Munroe, Per Sec'y; Elijah S Robinson, Treas; W G R Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.**—Otis Hoyt, NG; John A Angues, VG; John McInnis, Sec'y; A R Johnson, Treas.
- TISQUANTUM, No. 46.**—Aaron C Mayhew, NG; Orison Underwood, VG; J R Davis, Rec Sec'y; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec'y; John Corbett, Treas.
- MACEDONIAN, No. 47.**—Joseph Phelps, NG; S. Lawrence, VG; Wm H Cooper, Sec'y; Lorenzo Phelps, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No. 48.**—Tho's W. Capen, NG; E H Preston, VG; J T Lincoln, Sec'y; A D Puffer, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.**—Isthamar W Beard, NG; Seth W Hatch, VG; William L North, Sec; Milo Pearce, Treas.
- CONCORD, No. 50.**—James M Billings, NG; John J Scott, V G; Eben Wild Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Asa C Collier, Treas.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.**—Lewis Jaszynski, NG; Stephen Sibley, VG; J W H Rogers, Sec'y; J Toomy, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.**—Dexter Dana, NG; Samuel Davis, VG; Obed Adams, Sec'y; Jas Lang, Treas.
- HOBAN LODGE, No. 53.**—Sam'l W Sloan, NG; Sam'l R Spinney, VG; Warren Kimball, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.**—Joseph Cushman, NG; Sam'l H Doten, VG; Geo Gooding, Sec'y; Joseph P Brown, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.**—Jos. B Frost, Jr, NG; Emerson Ames, VG; Jas B Batchelder, Sec'y; Wm B Brown, Treas.

Maine.

- MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukesbury, Scribe; Joseph M. Kellog, Treas.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm E Kimball, SW; E P Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.
- SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No. 3.**—Wm R Smith, CP; Edward Fenno, HP; Frederick P Theobald, SW; Hiram Stearns, JW; Samuel L Harris, Sec'y; Eben Tudor, Treas.
- SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.**—Geo H Gardiner, CP; E S J Nealley, HP; Peleg Rush, SW; Elieha Clark, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; Wm Clifford, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.**—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.**—David Robinson, Jr, D.M, E R Banks, DDM, James N Winslow, ADDM, J D Kinsman, Sec'y.
- MAINE LODGE, No. 1.**—John H Williams, NG; Charles F Safford, VG; F W Nichols, Rec. Sec'y; Jas H Baker, Per. Sec'y; Geo C French, Treasurer; L L Saddle, Chaplain.
- SACO, No. 2.**—G W Quinby, NG, J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
- GEORGIAN, No. 3.**—Richard Woodhull, NG; B F Buxton, VG; O W Jordan, Rec Sec'y; G Prince, Per Sec; N. Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.**—Chas F Little, NG; Jas Todd, VG; Louis J D Crenney, Rec Sec'y; Wm S Dodge, Per Sec'y; Joseph R Brazier, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
- LIGONIA, No. 5.**—Wm P Fessenden, NG; Andrew T Dole, VG; N F Deering, Sec'y; Franklin Tinkam, Treas.

SABRETTIS, No. 6. — Benj A G Fuller NG; Wm Woart, VG; J E Ladd, Rec. Sec'y; J Snell, Jr, Per Sec'y; D C Stanwood, Treas.
PERSCOTT, No. 7. — B Plummer, Jr, NG; M L Appleton, VG; Jeremiah Fanno, Rec. Sec'y; L G McKenny, Per Sec'y; H A Wood, Treas; Thos Stone, Chaplain.
RELIER, No. 8. — Sylvester H Fuller, NG; Wm Battie, VG; Freeman Harden, Jr, Sec'y; Alfred B Kimball, Treas.
NATAHNS, No. 9. — H Stevens, NG; Benj Shaw, Jr VG; W P Norton, Rec. Sec'y; W Matthews Per. Sec'y; J Minett, Treas.
LAWCOLN, No. 10. — Elieha Clarke, NG; Ammi M White, VG; John Elliot, Rec. Sec'y; John E Brown, Per Sec'y; Arthur Brown, Treas.
SACCARAPPA, No. 11. — A S Harding, NG; J H Watson, VG; W W Pike, Sec; A Quimby, Treas.
KENDUSKEAG, No. 12. — D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenzo Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
PERSCOTT, No. 13. — J S Cushing, NG; Wm H Morse, VG; L P Merrill, Sec'y; Jos Lunt, 2d, Treas.
CUSHNOC, No. 14. — Wm B Hartwell, PG; John C Pickard, NG; Edw'd Fanno, VG; H U Fairbanks, Sec'y; T S Robinson, Treas.
PASSAGASSAWAKEAG, No. 15. — Sam'l G Thurlow, NG; A Lothrop, VG; Daniel Ring, Sec'y; Geo R Lancaster, Treas.
HOBOMOK, No. 16. — George Davis, NG; Thos Bowles, VG; E H Mitchell, Rec. & Per Sec'y; Wm Clifford, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No. 17. — Charles Sager, NG; Merritt Coolidge, VG; Wm H Clark, Rec Sec'y; N Gunnison, Per Sec; Albert Berry, Treas.
ORONO, No. 18. — E P. Rutler, NG; Wm. H. Allen, VG; C Buffum, Sec'y; N. H. Allen, Treas.
PASSAMAQUODDY, No. 19. — Edw'd Hsley, NG; Jas B Rickotts, VG; Lucius Bradbury, Rec Sec'y; J A Coolidge, Per Sec'y; John B Knight, Treas.
SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN, 21. — F W Moores, NG; L M Stillman, VG; J P Emerson, Sec'y; E D Johnson, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE. — David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silabee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
NASHOON ENCAMPMET, No. 1. — E P Emerson, CP; O D Murray, HP; Cha's T Ridgway, SW; A Mitchell, JW; C B Fletcher, Scribe; N P Kimball, Treas.
FRYACOCK ENCAMPMET, No. 3. — Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe, Wm Walker, jr, Treas.
GRANITE, No. 1. — O D Murray, NG; E P Emerson, VG; A Mitchell, Sec'y; P F Eaton, Treas, A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
HILLSBORO', No. 2, Manchester. — Isaiah Winch, NG, Isaac C Flanders, VG, Charles H Chase, Sec'y, John H Kidder, Treas.
WECOHAMET, No. 3. — Cha's W Woodman, NG; Elijah Wadleigh, VG; William Leach, Rec Sec'y; William S Gookin, Per Sec'y; Edward Luther, Treas; Charles G Chase, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No. 4. — Calvin Whitten, NG; Jacob Morrill, VG; David C Maybin, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Orange, Per Sec'y; Henry Hobbs, Treas.
WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5. — E W Buswell, NG, L Downing Jr, VG; A Fletcher, Sec'y; S Brown, Treasurer, J F Witherell, Chaplain.
PISCATAUA, No. 6. — Geo W Towle, NG; James M Carr, VG; Henry T Curtis, Rec Sec'y; Aaron P Mudge, Per Sec'y; William Downes, Treas.
WINNIPISIOGUE, No. 7. — T D Jones, NG; DE Somers, VG; J C Moulton, Sec'y; C Robinson, Treas.
SAGAMORE, No. 9. — Henry Jewell, NG; E H Valentine, VG; Geo Waters, Sec'y; T Newhall, Tr.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMET. — John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SASSACUS ENCAMPMET, No 1. — Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMET, No 2. — John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMET, No 3. — Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Ellis, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Tho's L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.
UNITY ENCAMPMET, No 4. — Orrin F Smith, CP; George W Brown, HP; C C Culver, SW; J A Smith, Scribe; N Bockwith, Treas; Chas E Howitt, JW.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMET, No 5. — M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James B Greenwood, JW.
SOHWEG ENCAMPMET, No 6. — Origen Utley, CP; T C Simpson, HP; J S Parmelee, S W; P Fagan, Scribe; Alfred Hall, Treas; S M Shaddick, JW.
MIDIAN ENCAMPMET, No 7. — A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, SW; E Fessenden, Scribe; W S Crane, Treas; Henry L Miller, JW.
GRAND LODGE. — John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Crosswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.
QUINNIPAC, No 1. — D H Moore, NG; Geo N Seagrave, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; William Jumper, Per Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.
CHARTER OAK, No 2. — Timothy Sheldon, NG; Mason Smith, VG; L M Stillman, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; S H Havens, Treas.
MIDDLESBX, No 3. — Henry Smith, NG; Daniel Cone, VG; Tho's C Boardman, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.
FRUAMOCK, No 4. — Benajah Mallory, NG; Jared B Collins, VG; Isaac L Young, Rec Sec; Wm L Watson, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.
HARMONY, No 5. — Lucius G Peck, NG; Wm H Stanley, VG; Azariah J Riggs, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

OUSATONIC, No 6.—Geo Bristol NG; Charles Smith, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Rec and Per Sec.
SAMARITAN, No 7.—Win F Hoyt, NG; Ethel T Farnum, VG; Joshua K Ingalls, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.
MERCANTILE, No 8.—Abel N Clark, NG; John W Danforth, VG; Cha's Spencer, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.
THAMES, No 9.—Henry Stayner, NG; Geo W Brown, VG; Andrew C Lippitt, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; Nathan Beckwith, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.
OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—Sam'l W Chamberlain, NG; S H Bailey, VG; Eli S Quinstard, Sec; Jas W Hyatt, Treas.
UNCAS, No 11.—Geo TBromley, NG; Walter Clapp, VG; Wm L Brewer, Rec Sec; Jno L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.
CENTRAL, No 12.—L C Hubbard, NG; James S Parmelee, VG; Samuel B Wetmore, Rec Sec; Jas E Bidwell, Per Sec; Theodore Bishop, Treas.
CHARITY, No 13.—A P Niles, NG; B F Lewis, VG; R Brown, Sec; F Rogers, Treas.
WOPOWAGE, No 14.—Geo Cornwall, NG; Ralph Argur, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; William Bush, Treasurer.
MONTAWESE, No 15.—Henry H Jewett, NG; Smith Collins, VG; Wm F Sanford, Sec.
WASHINGTON, No 16.—Loyd E Baldwin, NG; Joshua B Lord, VG; Asa W Illison, Sec; Wm H Osborne, Treas.
TRUMBULL, No 17.—Cyrel C Hughes, NG; W S Noyes, VG; Wm Mercer Sec; J. N Harris, Treas.
NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Henry F Gardner, NG; Solomon L Briggs, VG; Wm H Bruce, Sec'y; Edwin Kilbourn, Treas.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December: or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

The Encampment terms, in Connecticut, commence on the first regular session in July, and the first regular session in January.

Rhode Island.

NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Wm ERutter, CP; James Wood, HP; S Phillips, SW; H Webster, JW; O F Dutcher, Scribe; S H Thomas, Treas.
FRIENDLY UNION, No. —O F Dutcher, NG; H L Webster, VG; B T Yerrington, Rec Sec'y; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; L B Sheppard, Chaplain; Geo. Capron, Physician.
EAGLE, No. 2.—Ezra G Brown, NG; R H Barton, VG; Mark Graves, Rec Sec'y; J C Calder, Per Sec'y; W W Knight, Treas.
ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Eben'r B White, NG; Jared W Scovil, VG; Henry M Ambsbury, Sec; Walcott M Scott, Treas.
HOPK, No. 4.—Alex'r Lake, NG; Arnold C Hawes, VG; James Manchester, Rec Sec'y; William W Rathbun, Per Sec'y; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Wm H Cranston, NG; Dan'l T Swinburne, VG; George B Knowles, Sec'y; Sam'l A Parker, Treas.
AMITY, No. 6.—Wm P Eddy, NG; Wm H Driscoll, GG; Wm P Freeborn, Rec Sec'y; Jno F Driscoll, Per Sec'y; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN MASSACHUSETTS—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

Grand Encampment, semi-annually, Boston, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

Massachusetts Encampment, No. 1. Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st., semi-monthly, 1st and 3d Fridays.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, at Encampment Hall, 2d and 4th Fridays in each month.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Grand Lodge, Boston, quarterly, 1st Thursday in Feb. &c. at Encampment Hall, 339 Washington st.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, West Cambridge, semi-monthly, 2d and 4th Fridays.

Monomack Encampment, No. 4, at Mechanic's Hall, Lowell, semi-monthly—2d and 4th Thursdays.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, Charlestown, at Constitutional Hall, semi-monthly; 1st and 3d

Wednesdays.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, Winthrop Hall, Monday.

Shawmut, No. 37, do. do. Tuesday.

Montezuma, No. 33, do do Wednesday.

Pacific, 42, do do Thursday.

Franklin, 23, do do Friday.

Tremont No. 15, Encampment Hall, Wednesday.

Ancient Landmark, 32, do do Monday.

Suffolk, No. 8, Covenant Hall, cor. Wash'n & Essex., Tuesday.

Covenant, No. 16, do do Monday.

Siloam, No. 2, do do Thursday.

Oriental, No. 10, do do Wednesday.

Boston, 25, do do Friday.

Union Degree, 1, do do Saturday.

New England, 4, East Cambridge, Friday.

Bethel, No. 12, West Cambridge, Tuesday.

Nazarene, No. 13, Ware Village, Monday.

Chrystal Fount, No. 9, Woburn, Monday.
 Bunker Hill, No. 14, Charlestown, Constitutional Hall, cor Chelsea and Hendley sts.,
 Monday.
 Howard, No. 22, Charlestown, do. do. Friday.
 Merrimac, 7, Lowell, Monday.
 Mechanics, 11, " Friday.
 Oberlin, 23, " Tuesday.
 Middlesex Lodge, No. 17, Malden, Wednesday.
 Warren, No. 18, Roxbury, Warren Hall, nearly opposite the Post Office, Tuesday.
 Warren Deg. Lodge, do. " semi-monthly, 2d & 4th Fridays.
 Monument, No. 19, East Lexington, Monument Hall, Thursday.
 Friendship, No. 20, Cambridgeport, Main street, Monday.
 Fidelity, 21, Andover, Bank Hall, Thursday.
 Winnisimmet, 24, Gerrish Hall, Winnisimmet street, Chelsea, Tuesday.
 Mystic, 51, " " " " Monday.
 Essex Lodge, 26, Salem, Franklin Hall, Monday.
 Hampden, 27, Springfield, Thursday.
 Columbian, 29, Stoneham, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Bethesda, 30, South Boston, Brooks' Hall, Broadway, near E street, Monday.
 Hobah, 53, " " " " Friday.
 United Brothers' Degree, " " 1st and 3d Tues.
 Lafayette, 31, Watertown, Odd Fellow's Hall, Wednesday.
 Maverick, 36, Adelphi Hall, East Boston, Monday,
 Maverick Degree, do do do do Thursday.
 Hope, 34, Methuen, Eagle Hall, Wednesday.
 Prospect, 35, Waltham, Thursday.
 Souhegan, 38, South Reading, Monday.
 Quasacacquen, 39, Newburyport, Phoenix Hall, Thursday.
 Bay State, 40, Lynn, Odd Fellow's Hall, Tuesday.
 Acushnet, 41, New Bedford, Wednesday.
 Quinsigamond, 43, Worcester, Monday.
 King Philip Lodge, 44, Taunton, Tuesday.
 Framingham, 45, Saxonville, Wednesday.
 Tisquantum, 46, Milford.
 Macedonian, 47, Bedford.
 Norfolk, 48, Dorchester.
 Veritas, 49, Lowell.
 Concord, 50, Concord, Tuesday.
 Agawam, 52, Ipswich.
 May Flower, 54, Plymouth, Tuesday.
 Worcester, 56, Worcester

Maine.

Magichonne Encampment, 1, Portland, Middle st., 1st and 3d Tuesdays.
 Eastern Star Encampment, 2, Portland, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sagamore Encampment, 2, Augusta, 1st and 3d Thursdays of each month.
 Sagadahock Encampment, 6, Bath.
 Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland, quarterly.
 Union Degree, 1, do. Union st., Tuesday.
 Maine Lodge, 1, Portland, Middle st., Monday.
 Ancient Brothers 4, do. " " Thursday.
 Ligonis, 5, do. " " Saturday.
 Saco, 2, Central Hall, Main st., Tuesday.
 Georgian, 3, Thomaston, Monday.
 Sabbattis, 6, Augusta.
 Penobscot, 7, Bangor, Wednesday.
 Relief, 8, East Thomaston, Friday.
 Natahnis, 9, Gardiner.
 Lincoln, 10, Bath, Monday.
 Sacarappa, 11, Sacarappa.
 Kenduskeag, 12, " Monday.
 Pejepsot, 13, Brunswick, Thursday.
 Cushtnoc, 14, Augusta.
 Passagassawakeag, 15, Belfast, Wednesdays.
 Hobomok, 16, Bath.
 Washington, 17, Hallowell.
 Orono, 18, Orons, Odd Fellow's Hall, Mill st., Saturday.
 Passamaquoddy, 19, Eastport.
 Harrison, 20, Harrison, Friday.
 Somerset and Franklin, 21, Mercer.

Connecticut.

Grand Encampment, New Haven, semi-annually, on the Thursday next following the 2d Wednesday of July and January, at 2 o'clock P. M.
 Sassacus Encampment, No. 1, New Haven, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Oriental Encampment, No. 2, East Haddam, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, 1st and 3d Fridays.
 Unity Encampment, No. 4, New London, 2d and 4th Fridays.
 Sowheag Encampment, No. 5, Middletown, 1st & 3d Tues.
 Devotion Encampment, No. 6, Danbury, 1st & 3d Fri.
 Midian Encampment, No. 7, Hartford.
 Grand Lodge, New Haven, semi-annually, 2d Wednesday of July, at 8 o'clock P. M., and 2d Wednesday of January, at 7 o'clock P. M.
 Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday.
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday.
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday.
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday.
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, do.
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday.
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday.
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Friday.
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday.
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, "
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Monday.
 Central, 12, Middletown, Thurs.
 Charity, 13, Lower Mystic, Wednesday.
 Wopowage, 14, Milford, Wednesday.
 Montawese, 15, New Haven, Wednesday.
 Washington, 16, Windham (Williamantic village) Satur.
 Trumbull, 17, New London, Tues.
 Nathan Hale, 18, Tolland, Wednesday.

MARRIED,

In this city, Dec. 29th, at Richmond Street Church, by Rev. Z. A. Mudge, Bro. Charles W. Ham of Siloam Lodge, to Miss Susan A. Littlefield, both of this city.
 In Roxbury, Dec. 31st, by Rev. T. F. Caldicut, Bro. Abraham S. Parker of Warren Lodge, to Miss Salome Eaton. (With this notice was received a bountiful supply of cake, very nicely done up, and addressed "To Mr. & Mrs. T. Prince, with respects of Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Parker." Bro. Prince's compliments to Bro. Parker and lady, thanking them kindly for the token of friendship and their regards in his behalf. Mrs. T. Prince must speak for herself, for, strange as it may appear, she is a lady with whom Bro. P. has never had the pleasure of an acquaintance.)
 Dec. 31st, by Rev. J. B. Davis, Bro. Sylvester T. Lougee of Warren Lodge, to Miss Ruamah Burley, both of Roxbury.

DIED,

In this city, on the 14th inst., Bro. Wm. F. Harnden, of Suffolk Lodge, aged 31. We copy the following in relation to Bro. Harnden from the Boston Daily Times.
 Mr. Harnden has been universally known as the originator of the Expressbusiness in this country, and the high position which his excellent talents, and enterprising business habits had attained for him, is well known and appreciated by all who have had intercourse with his establishment. As a gentleman, he has ever enjoyed a high reputation, and his loss will be most deeply felt by a very large circle of personal friends. In all the most private associations of life, he has been justly esteemed as a valuable member of society, whose departure from among us (though it has been expected for some weeks) will leave a blank not readily to be filled.
 The name of the firm suffers no change in Mr. H.'s death, as we learn that his interests in the concern has been left to his legal heirs, and the house of Harnden & Co., will continue the same as heretofore. We learn also that he left a wife and family to mourn the unhappy bereavement.
 In Woburn, October 13th, Bro. E. C. Kimball, after an illness of eighteen months, aged 31 years. Bro. Kimball was a member of Crystal Fount Lodge.
 In Plymouth, Dec. 29th, Mrs. Abby D., wife of Bro. Samuel Samuel H. Doten, aged 31.

**Redding & Co. No. 8 State St., Boston, are Agents
for the Symbol.**

THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

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NO. III.

Original.

T H E R E I S A G O D .

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

T H E R E is a God! His voice is heard
In every whispering breeze —
In every leaf that 's gently stirred
Upon the forest trees.
The Whirlwind in its wrath and might,
O'ersweeping land and sea —
With desolation in its flight —
Tells of a Deity.

The blossoms that betray the Spring,
The little birds at play —
The golden birds a-twittering
Throughout the live-long day —
And skies that soft and mild appear,
Whence gentle dews descend —
Tell of a God in lines as clear
As with a sunbeam penned.

The leaves unfolding to the sun,
In summer's glorious reign —
Streams flashing diamonds as they run,
Slow winding through the plain,

Or tumbling from a craggy height,
 Through groves of Araby —
 So pure and musical and bright,
 Tell of a Deity.

The golden gifts, — brown Autumn's pride, —
 That crown the harvest field —
 The treasures that on every side
 The rain and sunshine yield —
 The bearded sheaves, the bended bough,
 All eloquent exclaim,
 There is a God — behold Him now! —
 Be thankful at his name!

The hoar-frost, and the feathery snow
 That falls so silently —
 The ice that stops the river's flow,
 Which lately dashed so free —
 Careering storms and howling winds —
 The cold and piercing air —
 To hearts devout, uplifted minds,
 A God! a God declare!

There is a God! — inscribed I read,
 Where 'er I turn my eyes;
 No less within the mustard-seed
 Than on the vaulted skies.
 I cannot look below — above —
 I cannot gaze abroad,
 But Wisdom shines and wondrous Love —
 There is — there is a God!

Portland, Maine.

MISERIES OF A HANDSOME MAN.

MISERIES of a handsome man! Young ladies will smile and old men look incredulous at this declaration, but let not either of those classes deem me an object of envy; — far from it. Little do they imagine how I am led to reproach my beautiful mouth, to look daggers at my brilliant eyes, to devote each particular feature to the most particularly unpleasant fate that ever unhappy beauty endured. How often do I envy the peaceful state of mind which they who are called "ordinary people," they who have every thing "in common," are destined to enjoy — they whose noses luxuriate in such an insignificance of snub as never to have excited the impertinent attacks either of admiration or of envy — whose eyes nobody knows the color of — whose

height is five feet something — in short, whose whole personal attributes are framed with such attention to the golden mean as never to have attracted attention. Perhaps my readers may smile at this — they will not understand the nature of my miseries — let them listen.

My infancy was my golden age ; mountains of sugar-plums, oceans of jellies, torrents of kisses, were the rewards I received for being born a beauty. Oh, that I could have always continued six years old ! But the scene soon changed. The first hint I received that life was in future to consist of something else than comfits and kisses, was from my father, who told my mother, in my presence, that the boy's pretty face was likely to make him a pretty fool. From that time my fate darkened. I was sent to school, where the boys called me Polly, and the master told me with a jeer, when his infernal cane was on my back, not to spoil my pretty face with crying. Some of the bigger ruffians would absolutely squirt ink on my face, and tell me they were beauty spots ; — a thousand indignities of this sort were my unfortunate lot. When I left school the prospect brightened a little ; I was yet too young to be an object of fear to mammas or curiosity to daughters. My prettiness was as yet thought amusing ; nay, so innocent was its nature at that time, that a maiden lady, verging towards what is emphatically called a certain age, who had taken a fancy to portrait painting, actually desired me to sit to her, my face was so like the Apollo's. I never sat but once, and after some time I learned that the old cat had remarked, that whatever likeness the rest of my face might bear to the Apollo, my eyes were unquestionably full of the devil ! That remark clung to me for years after. I never got the better of it. For a year or two, however, I may be said to have enjoyed my existence ; but " a change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

It was discovered that I was vain, — " all handsome people are vain, you know — and then to see how the creature walks, one can tell that he fancies all the world admire him." It was to no purpose changing my walk ; if I walked upright, it was pride — if negligently, it was affectation. I cut my chin unfortunately with a razor, and then — the criticisms that were showered on the unfortunate bit of court-plaister ; it was necessary to strip off the plaister twenty times a day to satisfy every aunt, and cousin, and female friend, that it was a real wound, and not intended as a beauty spot. Not a coat I could wear, but it was said to have employed half a dozen men in making, and as many more in altering. A report was spread abroad that a tailor was one whole night and day locked in my room, and myself with him, altering a coat in which I was to appear at a ball that evening. Then the observations — " It really was ridiculous for a good-looking young man to be so puppyish ; it would be excusable in an ugly one." Any thing to please. I changed my plan and appeared a sloven, — hat unbrushed, clothes awkwardly arranged, neckcloth vilely tied — worse and worse. The battery changed its fire, but was as murderous as ever — " cleanliness and attention to dress are the bounden duty of all young persons, no personal graces can excuse inattention to these essentials," — that was my old aunt. " Well now really, Henry, this is too bad ; toe, you know, have admired your face long enough, and are not so

afraid of its powerful influence as to desire you to disguise yourself in that horrid dress — it is really shocking," — that was my young cousin. "Have you seen that piece of vanity, Mr. M——, lately? He imagines because he has the handsomest face of any person we know, he is entitled to be the most vilely dressed — the brute!" — that was every body.

I grew up to man's estate. The plot against me thickened; the world seemed one great critic, who had nothing to do but to write articles upon beauty and vanity, and *garde-a-vous* young maidens. Mothers now began to gather together their daughters behind the folds of their gigot sleeves, whenever I made my appearance. The society of the young I was debarred from, and none but the old and ugly were left to me. Then — the scandalous reports that were circulated about my habits. One said he (or she, I forget which) had heard that I slept with my whiskers in curl papers; another that I was three hours and twenty-five minutes tying my cravat, and that I spoiled several dozen during the operation; another that I had been heard to say that I would make love to any ten women in one day, and make them promise to marry me the next; "he must be immoral, he is so handsome, and then the women do spoil these men creatures so, when they are at all good-looking; for my part, I detest men:" — that was Miss Julia Scragneck; and she certainly ought to have had good reason for her detestation, for no one ever looked at me more than herself. The worst of all this was, that the pretty creatures themselves believed all that was told them — "this was the unkindest cut of all," I could have borne all the criticisms and espionage of the antiquated Hecates, and gloried in the idea of revenging myself by making a conquest of some blooming young creature, but this was denied me; I was the object of universal fear. Elder sisters would tell their younger sisters to "keep close" to them when I entered a room, and would acquire a reputation for courage by venturing to answer my questions. I was peeped at over fans, and viewed through door chinks. I was treated, in fact, as a monster. I verily believe, to have been alone with me, would have ruined a girl's reputation; however, they gave me but little chance.

I grew melancholy, misanthropic; I likened myself to the wandering Jew, to the last man — life is a burthen to them, beauty to me. I lost my spirits and forsook society — more libels. "Ah, I knew it would come to this; I said he would repent of his sins at last; well, let him be miserable, it may be some consolation to the many whose hearts he has broken." This was said of me — of me, who never would have dreamed that women had any hearts at all, or if they had, I might have supposed them made of adamant, so little were they ever softened by words or deeds of mine. Have they any hearts? — the tigresses! But it was plain that whatever plan I might choose to adopt, I should be subject to the like attacks. It was the fable of the miller and his donkey; nothing would please: but, alas! the likeness reaches no farther, — the miller sold his donkey, my beauty could not be sold.

My friend George Singleton married. Now, thought I, there is a

retreat for me, in his domestic circle ; there I may be happy ; my friend will make one woman reasonable ; she will admit me, perhaps even she will induce others of her sex to take pity on me, Vain hopes, foolish anticipations ! The very first visit I paid them, George looked uneasy, shifted his chair, made signs to his wife (I saw it all, miserable wretch that I am, suffering has made my senses acute), while he was so confoundedly civil, that I made my retreat as soon as possible. I saw it all, but it was too good a chance to be given up. I called again — the dose was repeated, and the eternal head-ache again sent her off. I reproached him with want of confidence, and he replied with the most provoking candor, " Why, my dear fellow, I really am as proud of your acquaintance as ever, but you see I am married, and you are aware that you — you — " he began to stammer, but I cut him short. What was the good of listening to what I knew beforehand ? — he was afraid to trust me with his wife !

One trial more. I softened down all my obnoxious beauties, combed my hair straight, clipped my mustaches, muffled the face as much as possible, corrected every thing that I thought was prominent in my manners, exercised myself in all awkward attitudes ; in short, defaced and vulgarized myself as much as possible, to make myself as much like ordinary humanity as lay in my power, and then tried if society would look upon me in my altered shape. The trial partially succeeded, and I was permitted to pay my addresses to a beautiful girl. But here my pen fails me — never shall I have the courage to describe — how I was obliged to hold my handkerchief before my face when her confounded relations were about (she herself was not so particular) — how I was obliged to vary my position, so as to show myself in the worst light in their presence — how it was at last discovered in spite of my attempts at concealment — how my beauty clung to me in spite of all the abominably libellous insinuations from all quarters, that a handsome man admires nothing but himself — how the difficulties were at last got over, — ring bought, house furnished, — when every thing was overturned by myself. I unfortunately was discovered by my beauty gazing in a looking-glass ; and here I solemnly declare, that I was not admiring myself, but merely endeavoring to discover the cause of a violent titillation at the extremity of my nose. I was perceived, I say, by her, and there the affair ended. " She never would marry a man who looked at a looking-glass while she was in the room ; her friends had told her it would come to that."

Think of that ! — So now it was all over with me. I see that I am a marked man, and nothing that I can do will ever alter the current of my fate. I have had serious thoughts lately of disfiguring my face with a razor, or some such device, to bring myself down to the standard of ordinary perfection which these despots have established ; but after all it might be of little avail ; fate is against me. I have calmed myself down to something like content, and am waiting for the period when time shall have whitened my hair, pulled out my teeth, bent my body, and made me fit to be seen.

Original.

OUR DUTY, AS ODD FELLOWS,
TO SUSTAIN THE GREAT MORAL MOVEMENT, THE TEMPERANCE
REFORMATION.

—
BY BRO. CHARLES MARSH.
—

THE platform upon which our institution is based, and every distinctive feature in the constitution of our Order, enjoins upon us the importance of living soberly. And not only this, but it requires us to act in behalf of every cause which has for its object the good of humanity. We should be pioneers in every labor which is manifestly good. Well, then, at the present moment the Total Abstinence cause occupies a prominent station in the public mind — it is firmly based in the hearts of the people, and they will watch with Argus eyes the members of every Lodge in the community, and judge of the effects of the institution by the zeal which Odd Fellows manifest in the welfare of their fellow-men. That the success of the temperance movement is of vital importance to all, is undeniable. We all know, and many of us from painful experience, that intemperance is the worst enemy of the human race. It is indeed a fearful vice — so annihilating and desolating, that all other habits and vices sink into utter insignificance in comparison with it. The common petty vices of mankind are mere excrescences on the surface of the great public body — mere eruptions of the skin; but intemperance is a great cancer in the very heart of the community — a sore and dreadful plague-spot, horrible and terrific in itself, and communicating disease and death to every thing within its devouring and blighting influence. Other vices stain and blot, but intemperance devours and destroys; and even then its rapacious appetite is unsated, for after the destruction of its first willing victim, it leaves the prints of its deadly clutches on the abodes and in the hearts of the widow and fatherless, and grief and tears avail not — the poor widow dies in poverty, wretchedness, and misery, and the children, thrown upon the wide world, follow in the crooked path trodden by their father, or if not so, they are often deformed, diseased and sickly — their veins are filled with unhealthy blood, that blood which their own father polluted with burning poison; thus fulfilling the denunciation of the Scripture, that the sins of the parents shall be visited upon their offspring. Truly, then, should we say, that intoxicating drink is a fearful enemy; that Alcohol is a fiend who is no respecter of persons, rank, wealth, or station; a fiend in whose clutches talent is rent and torn to atoms — in whose fiery breath intellect is burned to ashes — in whose deadly grasp genius withers and lies all blackened and crushed — and before whose poisonous atmosphere *man*, with all his boasted strength and dignity, gasps and is suffocated like the Assyrian before the scorch-

ing sirocco of the desert. Intemperance plants its deadly fangs in the face of the day-laborer, and its mark, like the mark of the beast in Revelation, is upon the hand and forehead of the learned and enlightened: it places stumbling-blocks in the way of him who is untutored, and it sends the hoary-headed judge reeling and staggering into the forum: it makes religion the jeer and by-word of the vicious, and destroys its beauty and its purity in the heart of the preacher: it quickens the hand of the pickpocket in the metropolis, and it makes duelists and debauchees of our senators in the capitol. In the western wilderness, where the lone Indian ships his light canoe on the rippling wave of the gentle river, and all else is majestic silence, intemperance breaks that silence with the howl of the murderer, and in the sunlight glistens the scalping-knife of the drunken savage! Intemperance transforms the home of the rural laborer into the abode of poverty and rags and tears; and it mocks the splendid trappings and costly glitter of wealth with the desolation of a mother's heart, as before her, on the tasseled couch, reposes the drunken and disfigured form of her only son.

With this evidence of the evil intemperance is producing in our midst, is it not our duty to sustain the efforts of the active friends of the cause? Need we ask our brethren if they will give the subject the consideration it demands — so that we shall soon be able to say that we are Odd Fellows only when we think and act like temperance men?

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Upon this consecrated ground
The badge of brotherhood is found;
Here are the kindred ties
Which cheer our weary pilgrimage;
In manhood's prime, in hoary age.
O, let us learn to prize
The blessings which are ever found
Where Friendship, Love and Truth abound."

TIME in its ceaseless course has swept generations to their graves. The multiplied inventions and gigantic efforts of human power and of human genius have been dissipated in the course of ages, until barbarism and desolation have occupied the places once possessed by comparative civilization and refinement; and then by a gradual and slow transition the arts and milder manners which are the accompaniments of progression, in the long cycle of years would again take the place of barbarism. Until within a few ages past this state of things comprised the history of the human race. To what cause was this want of true, onward progress to be attributed? Did the fault lie in some

inherent imperfection of humanity itself? or in the neglect or ignorance of principles of action by which it should have been guided? The affirmative of this last inquiry gives the satisfactory answer.

Both the neglect and ignorance of those principles which should guide man in his intercourse with his fellow man, have produced retrogression at those points of latitude and in epochs of time when we should have expected progression, advancement. These principles have been but too little practised among Christian nations, and have been but too much neglected among the professed conservators of the principles of Christianity.

In the devastating and bloody wars through which the world passed in its growth and until the final consummation of the towering grandeur of the four great empires of ancient times; — the sanguinary conflicts, the unrelenting persecutions and fanatical crusades of the middle ages; — the ensanguined fields which have witnessed the exploits of more modern heroes; — the slavery to which man has subjected his fellow man, and the intolerable misery which has been heaped upon myriads of the human race in all ages and all climes to gratify the aspirations of ambition or the cupidity of avarice and selfishness, and which justified the censure passed upon mankind by one of nature's true poets, that

“ Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,” —

all these accumulated horrors have been standing witnesses against the great majority of mankind, “ both Christian and heathen,” to their ignorance or neglect of the divine principles of “ Friendship, Love and Truth,” — those principles inculcated by Him who trod the shores of Galilee, who “ spake as never man spake;” the humility and meekness of whose life and conduct must ever cast reproachful condemnation upon the lives and actions of those purple-robed and steel-clad Christian Shepherds who, on the field and in the council, have sanctioned the most atrocious outrages upon the inalienable rights of man.

But a new light has within a few centuries broken in upon the darkness of preceding ages. The mild and beneficent precepts of Christianity have become better understood. Its inculcations of justice, charity, brotherly love, kindness and generosity, are gradually taking the place of fraud, selfishness, duplicity and cruelty; and in the advent and rapid growth of the Institution of Odd Fellowship we have a still stronger earnest of the success of those divine principles, and in view of this success we may not vainly be led to anticipate the realization of what the great poet has sung, when, as he says, —

“ No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.”

MRS. PECK'S PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"THE disappointment will be dreadful," said Mrs. Peck, speaking to herself, and looking from the dingy floor, up the bare wall, at the black ceiling. "But how to get one Heaven only knows!"

It was the afternoon of the 24th of December. Christmas Day was at hand, for the first time in her existence Mrs. Peck was without a plum-pudding. For years past she had been reduced in life; but never so reduced as that! She was deeply in despair. Not that she particularly doted on the composition; but it was a sort of superstition with her that, if she failed to taste the dish in question on that festival, she should never again enjoy luck in this world, or perhaps in the next. It was a foolish notion: but many enlightened Christians cling religiously to similar opinions; for example, as to pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, or hot cross buns on a Good Friday. So with Mrs. Peck a plum-pudding on Christmas Day was an article of her faith.

Yes — she must have one, though it should prove but a dumpling of larger growth. But how? Buying was out of the question: she had not half a farthing in the house — a widow without a mite! — and stealing was not to be thought of — she must borrow or beg. Once arrived at this conclusion, she acted upon it without delay. There were plenty of little emissaries at hand, in the shape of her own children, for the necessary errands — namely, Careful Susan, Dirty Polly, Greedy Charley, Whistling Dick, Little Jack, and Ragged Peter, so called from a fragment of linen that usually dangled behind him, like a ship's ensign from its stern.

"Children!" said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to have a Christmas plum-pudding."

At such an unexpected announcement, the children shouted, jumped about, and clapped their skinny hands. But their mirth was of brief duration. Second thoughts, for once none of the best, soon reminded them that the cupboard was as bare as Mother Hubbard's; while the maternal pocket was equally empty. How the thing was to happen, therefore, they knew not — unless by some such fairy feat as sent black puddings tumbling down the chimney; or some such scriptural miracle as showered quails and manna in the Wilderness; or that one, which Greedy Charley remembered to have seen depicted in blue and white on a Dutch tile, of horned cattle and sheep coming down from heaven to St. Peter, in a monster bundle. But having vainly watched the hearth, the walls, and the ceiling, for a minute or so, they gave up all such extravagant expectations. The hope of ragged Peter were like his nether garment, in tatters; and the dingy face of Dirty Polly

looked darker than ever. There was a dead silence, at last broken by Little Jack.

"But, mammy, you have no plums."

"And no flour," said Careful Susan.

"And no suet," said Dirty Polly.

"Nor no sugar," said Ragged Peter.

"And no almonds and orange-peel," said Greedy Charley.

"No eggs," said Careful Susan.

"And never a sarcepan," said Whistling Dick.

"As to almonds and orange-peel," said Mrs. Peck, "we must do without. Our pudding will be a very plain one. That is to say, if we get it at all, for there is not one ingredient in the house. We must borrow and beg; so get ready, all of you, to run on my errands."

"Let me go for the plums, mother," said Greedy Charley; but knowing his failing, she assigned to him to plead to Mr. Crop, the butcher, for a morsel of suet. Dirty Polly was to extract a few currants and raisins and some sugar, if she could, out of Mr. Perry the grocer; Little Jack was to wheedle a trifle of flour from Mr. Stone, the baker; and Careful Susan was to get three eggs of Mrs. Saukins, who did mangling in her parlor and kept fowls in her cellar. Whistling Dick undertook to borrow a saucepan; and as Ragged Peter insisted also on a commission, he was sent to hunt about the streets, and pick up a little orange peel — candied, if possible.

As the children had no promenade dresses to put on, they were soon ready. Susan merely reduced the angles of her bonnet front to something of a semicircle; and Dirty Polly, with a single tug, made her short scanty garment look a little more like a frock, and less like a kilt. She might, indeed, have washed her face, as Ragged Peter might have tucked in some dingy linen, with personal advantage; but as they were not going to a juvenile party, they waived the ceremony. Little Jack clapped on his crownless hat; Greedy Charley took his Jew's harp, the gift of a generous charity-boy; Whistling Dick set up his natural pipe; and away they went, in search of a pudding by instalments.

As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Peck, having made up the fire, washed her hands and arms very clean, and then seating herself at the round deal table, with her elbows on the board, and her chin between her palms, began to calculate her chances of success. The flour, provided Mr. Stone, and not his wife, was in the shop, she made sure of. The fruit was certain — the suet was very possible — the eggs probable — the saucepan as good as in her own hand — in short, being of a sanguine temperament, she dreamed till she saw before her a smoking hot plum-pudding, of respectable size, and dappled with dark spots, big and little, like a Dalmatian dog.

In the mean time, Charley, twanging all the way on his jew's harp, arrived at the butcher's, who was standing before the shop with his back to the road, admiring, as only butchers can admire, the rows of fat carcasses and prime joints on the tender-hooks before him. Could that meat have known his sentiments concerning it, what proud flesh it would have been! Hearing a step behind him, and anticipating a customer, he turned round with the usual "What d'ye buy?"

"I haven't got no money to buy with," said Charley, "or else" — and looking round for the desired object, he pointed to it with his finger — "I'd buy that ere lump of suet."

"And what do you want with suet?" asked the butcher.

"If you please, sir," replied Charley, "it's for our pudding. But mother is out of money; so if you don't let her have that bit of suet, either on credit or for charity —"

"Well, what then?" said the butcher.

"Why then," said Charley, "it will be the first time in our lives that we've gone without plum-pudding on this blessed festival."

The butcher was a big florid man, bloated and reddened, as persons of his trade are said to be, by constantly imbibing invisible beef-tea and mutton-broth, or as it is called, the smell of the meat. But, although thus appropriating by minute particles the flesh and fat of sheep, oxen, and pigs, he was far from becoming a brute. He cast a kindly glance at the poor boy, who looked sickly and ill-fed, and then a triumphant one at his halves and quarters, glorious with nature's red and white, and gay with sprigs of holly, suggesting the opportune reflection that Christmas comes but once a year.

"There — take it, boy — you're welcome to it, gratis, by way of a Christmas box — and my compliments of the season to your mother."

So saying, he tossed the suet to Charley, who, forgetting in his joy to thank his benefactor, ran straight home with the treasure, as delighted as if he had just won the Prize Ox in a Beef-Union Lottery.

The success of Dirty Polly was less decisive. Before entering the grocer's shop, she took a long longing look through the window, unconsciously nibbling at her own fingers, instead of those delicious Jordan almonds, and that crisp candied citron and orange peel — and sucking in imagination at those beautiful Smyrna figs, and Damascus dates, and French plums, so temptingly displayed in round drums and fancy boxes, with frills of tinted paper round each compartment. And there, too, were the very articles she wanted — new currants from Zante — rich Malaga raisins, or of the sun, or sultanas — with samples of sugar of every shade and quality, from a fine light sand to a coarse dark gravel; but, alas! all ticketed at impracticable rates, in obtrusive figures! The owner had marked a price on every thing except the long twisted sticks of sugar-candy and the canes of cinnamon that leaned against the China figure. "Will he give any thing away for nothing, she asked herself, "if I beg ever so?" The China mandarin nodded his head, and she stepped in.

The grocer himself was in the shop, in his snow-white apron, busily dusting, with a clean cloth, some imaginary impurities from the polished counter. He was not a harsh man, but a particular one, scrupulously neat in his apparel, and cleanly in his person. The slovenly frock and grubby flesh of dirty Polly did not therefore prepossess him in her favor. He hastily took down a dazzling bright scale and asked her what she wanted. But Polly was silent. She was haunted by those large black numerals, no figures of fun, but formidable to penniless poverty, as giants with clubs. The grocer again inquired what she wanted.

"Why then, if you please, sir," said Polly, "it's raisins, and currants, and brown sugar."

"How much of each?"

"As much, sir," replied Polly, dropping a low curtsey, "as you'll please to give us."

"Pshaw!" said the grocer.

"It's for a Christmas pudding," said Polly, beginning to whimper: "and if you don't take pity on us, we shall have none at all."

The grocer was silent, and turned away from her towards his shelves and canisters.

"Do, sir—pray do," said Polly, wringing her hands and beginning to cry, not much to the advantage of her looks, as the tears washed away the dirt in stripes; and still less when she wiped her cheeks and eyes with the skirt of her frock that was dragged with mud. Luckily the grocer's back was still turned, so that he did not see the grimy drops which fell on his bright mahogany.

"Pray, pray, pray—only a few plums and currants, and a little, a very little sugar," said Polly between her sobs.

"There," said the grocer, turning suddenly round, and thrusting a square paper of something into her hand. "Take that, and tell your mother to make good use of it."

In the eagerness of her joy, for the thing felt like a money-box, Dirty Polly hurried out of the shop, and sure in the absence of sugar and plums of the means of buying them, she ran home to her mother with the speed of a young heifer.

The next subject for experiment was Mr. Stone, the baker; but unfortunately Mr. Stone was from home, and his help-mate was at the desk in the shop, in charge of the pecks, quarters, and half-quarters, the fancy twists, and the French rolls. She was a little pale woman, with quick grey eyes, and a sharp-pointed nose, so sharp and pointed, that she might have drilled with it the holes in the butter-biscuits. A glance at little Jack and the receptacle he carried informed her at once of his errand.

"Flour, eh? And in that odd thing!"

"Yes, ma'am," said little Jack. "When poor daddy was alive it was one of his double nightcaps; but mammy has turned into a flour bag by cutting off one end."

"A quartern, I suppose," said Mrs. Stone, going towards the large tin scale.

"If you please ma'am," said Jack, "and be as good as not to let it be seconds or middlins, but the best flour."

"There then, child," said Mrs. Stone, holding out one hand with the full bag, and the other for the money.

"There's no money, ma'am," said little Jack. "Mammy's not got any. The flour is n't to be paid for."

"No, no—that won't do," said Mrs. Stone, "I'm not going to book it."

"We do n't want you to," said little Jack.

"You do n't?" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

"No, ma'am," said little Jack. "I'm begging, ma'am,—it's for charity."

"In that case," said Mrs. Stone, deliberately turning the flour into the great tin scale, "charity begins at home." So saying, she tossed the empty nightcap into the blank face of the urchin, who beginning to cry, and having nothing else to wipe his eyes with, made use of the flour bag, which soon converted his woe into dough.

"It's for Christmas pud — pud — pudding," he blubbered. "We only had a very tiddy one last year, and now there won't be none at all."

"A Christmas fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone. "Here, come hither, you little wretch, and I will give you something worth all the creature comforts in the world."

"Is it good to eat?" asked little Jack.

"To eat!" cried Mrs. Stone, with upraised hands and eyes. "Oh, belly gods! belly gods! belly gods!" — a singular exclamation enough for a woman who sold fancy bread and took in bakings. "When will the poor leave off hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt?"

"I do n't know," said little Jack.

"No, but your mother might!" retorted Mrs. Stone. "A quartern of flour indeed! When will she ask for heavenly manna!"

"Perhaps she will," said Jack, "arter she's finished her pudding."

"There again!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, "nothing but gluttony. But come this way;" — and she led little Jack into the parlor, behind the shop, where she first unlocked her bureau, and then opened a private drawer. "There!" she said, thrusting a paper parcel into his tiny hand — "there's spiritual food — go home, and tell your mother to feed you well with it."

Little Jack took the gift with the best bow he could make. To be sure it was not flour, but the packet might contain Embden grotts, which was better than nothing, and he was fond of gruel; so he made the best of his way home, not quite so well pleased as Greedy Charley, or Dirty Polly, but better satisfied than Careful Susan.

She had picked her way through the dirt to Mrs. Saukins's, before whose door a spangled bantam, with a magnificent red comb and wattles, was strutting about, cocksure of possessing the handsomest feather-trousers in the whole parish; and responding at intervals with a screeching chuckle to a more distant cackle in the cellar. Accepting the hint of this bird of good omen, Susan at once ascended the steps, and walking into the mangling parlor, explained her wants to the proprietor.

"By all means," said Mrs. Saukins. "Three eggs — yes, certainly — I'll fetch 'em directly — warranted new-laid — hark! there's Polly Phemus."

"Polly who?" said Susan.

"Polly Phemus. I give female names to all my hens; and know every one by her voice. Yes, that's her — black with a white tuft — a Polish everlasting layer — she's in her nest, in the old candle-box up in the dark corner. Well — three eggs — I think you said three? — Yes, certainly — you shall have them warm, as I may say, from the hen."

"Thankee, ma'am," said Susan. "Mother can't pay for them now, but she will out of her very first money."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Saukins. "That alters the case. I'm very sorry to deny—but eggs is eggs now, and the new laid uns fetches tuppence apiece. Besides, it's not the season, and my poultry do n't lay."

"*Kuk-kuk-kuk-a-larcock!*" cried the hen in the cellar.

"*Larcock!*" echoed the spangled bantam.

"No, they do n't lay!" said the unblushing Mrs. Saukins. "And if they did, my fowls pay ready money for their barley, and can't afford to give credit."

"Then you won't let us have them?" said Susan.

"It's impossible," said Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry has suffered such bad debts already. If they once knew I booked, they'd turn pale in the combs, and leave off laying directly. They've done it afore—yes—often and often. I'm very sorry, I'm sure—and if it was any thing else—for example, a little mangling—"

"You're very kind," said Susan, "but we've got no linen. So you won't oblige us with the eggs?"

"Dear me, no—I said no," replied Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry is my partner, and would dissolve directly. Their terms for new-laid is tuppence apiece, cash down, or three for sixpence. That's the lowest; but to a friend I'd venture to go so far as to give one in—that one there, in the little moss basket in the window. To be sure the flies has spotted it a little, till it looks more like a thrush's, but it's a hen's—and as fresh a one as ever was broke in a basin."

"But I have n't got sixpence," said Susan.

"The more's the pity," said Mrs. Saukins, "for my hens is imperative. My mangle sometimes accommodates with credit, but my poultry won't. Birds is so cunning, and my fowls in particular. I do really believe they would know a bad shilling from a good one."

"But mother promises faithfully to pay," said Susan.

"No, no," said Mrs. Saukins. "My poultry won't take promises. They know pence from piecrust—you might offer them a bushel of promises, and promissory notes besides, without getting an egg out of them—but only show them the money, and they go off to their nests and lay like lambs."

"There goes our pudding then!" said Susan, in a tone of deep dejection.

"Do you mean a Christmas pudding—a plum one?" inquired Mrs. Saukins.

"I do," replied Susan. "It will be the first time that we have missed having one, and mother will feel it dreadfully. It's quite a religious point with her."

"Well, that's lucky!" exclaimed Mrs. Saukins, "for if I can't oblige with the eggs for a pudding, I can favor with a receipt for making one—rich, yet economical."

"I would rather have the eggs," thought Susan: but as the pudding promised to be any thing but a rich one, and the recipe professed to be a cheap one, she thought it prudent to take advantage of the offer. Accordingly, the document having been transcribed, she put the copy in her pocket, and returned home; the least satisfied of all the foraging party with the result of her expedition.

Ragged Peter, it is true, had failed equally in his search for orange peel. Whether some elderly lady or gentleman had stepped on a piece, at the cost of a compound fracture, and so had sharpened *pro tempore* the vigilance of the police, or whether it had become the fashion to eat the rind with the fruit, there was not a morsel of it to be picked up, candied or uncandied. But to make amends for this disappointment, in passing along a street at the West End, the ragged boy had the good luck to be espied by a personage who had before time noticed him, on account of some fancied resemblance to a deceased nephew. Peter's eyes twinkled with joy as he recognized his old acquaintance in his splendid livery; and the more from remembering that at their last meeting he had been presented with some of the requisites of a plum-pudding. He crossed the street, therefore, with alacrity, in compliance with the friendly signal from the powdered gentleman at the open street-door.

The porter was a very tall and a very portly man, with a very convex chest, and a very stiff frill projecting from it, from top to bottom, like a palisade to keep off all intruders on his heart or bosom. Nor was there any thing very promising to poor boys in general in his livery, blue turned up with red, and trimmed with gold lace, making him look merely a free translation of a parish beadle. Nevertheless the porter was a good-natured fellow; and his glance was genial, and his voice was kindly, as he accosted the ragged child.

"Well, young un! — Where now? — Do you remember me?"

"Yes, sir," said Peter, with a cheerful smile. "You give me once a pocket full of almonds and reasons."

"Ah, that was after our dinner party," said the porter. "I've none to-day."

Peter sighed, and was turning away from the steps, a movement that exhibited the dilapidations in his rear, when he was recalled by the same friendly voice. Peter stopped.

"Stay here till I come back." And the gentle giant went inwards, whence he presently returned with a bundle, which he placed in Peter's arms. "There, take that—it's good stuff—and tell your mother to do her best with it."

"We shall have a pudding, anyhow," thought Peter, not doubting that the bundle of good stuff had been made up by contributions from the cook and housekeeper; wherefore, spluttering some broken thanks to the porter, he ran home with his rags fluttering in the wind, as fast as he could scamper.

The last of the adventurers was Whistling Dick. To the tune of "O where, and O where," he had successively visited the whole of his mother's friends and acquaintance—no great number in all, as often happens to a widow with a limited income—but from nobody could he obtain a loan of the indispensable culinary utensil. One had lent her saucepan already; another had burnt a hole in it; a third had it on the fire with the family dinner; a fourth had pawned it, but his mother was welcome to take it out; and a fifth, an Irish woman, had never had any saucepan at all except the frying-pan.

"I do believe," said Dick, "if there is such things as saucepans in

kitchens, they have all asked for a holiday, like the servants, and gone out for a day's pleasure."

At last he gave up the search in despair, and was walking slowly homewards, when his attention was attracted by a tapping at a parlor window. He looked up, and recognized, over the Venetian blind, the three faces of the young Masters Britton, who had once called him into the house to whistle to them.

"Who knows," thought Dick, "if I am invited in again, but I may make friends with the cook, and so get the lend of a saucepan?"

But the hope was fallacious. He was indeed asked in; but the moment he mentioned the object of his expedition, and confessed his design on the kitchen, the youngsters, one and all, declared that the thing was impossible. Their mamma was out, and the cook was such a termagant, and, that morning particularly, in so fierce a temper, that he might as well confront a fiery dragon. But what did he want with a saucepan?

"To bile our puddin in," said Dick. "It's Christmas time, you know; and we don't like to miss keepin it."

At the mention of Christmas and keeping it, the young Brittons withdrew into a corner, and held a consultation, which seemed a long one, before they broke up, and clustered again round their *protege*.

"Do you ever play at a round game?" inquired Master John.

"Sometimes," answered Dick. "Only I harn't got a hoop."

The young Brittons looked in some perplexity at each other.

"You know what counters are, do n't you?" asked Master William.

"Yes," replied Dick; "they nail bad ha'pence to them."

The young Brittons were again disconcerted by this answer.

"He do n't understand us," observed Master William.

"Give it him at once," said Master Benjamin.

Thus instructed, Master John advanced close up to Dick, and poked something into his hand, which the receiver thoroughly looked at, and then in turn at each of the young gentlemen.

"It's to play with," said Master John.

"You'll find it very amusing," said Master William.

"But you must whistle us a tune for it," said Master Benjamin.

Dick immediately complied, and struck up "Sich a gettin up Stairs," but rather doleful; he would have preferred a good-sized, well-tinned saucepan to the thing in his hand, or all the toys in the world. However, a trifle is better than nothing; so, thrusting it into his pocket, he took leave of the young gentlemen, and returned home, whither we will follow him.

The widow Peck has been described as a woman of sanguine disposition. We left her sitting with her elbows on the table, and her chin between her hands, with a dreamy steamy plum-pudding in all its glory before her—a vision not at all dispelled by the arrival of Greedy Charley with a real substantial lump of suet. He was closely followed by Dirty Polly, but, alas! without those conical paper bags associated with sugar and spice, and all that is nice, in a grocery.

"What! no raisins—no currants—no sugar—no nothing!"

"Yes,—that!" said Dirty Polly, throwing her packet on the table; "and you're to make a good use of it."

The mother caught up the packet, and impatiently tearing off the envelope, in a faint voice proclaimed the contents.

"A square of yellow soap!"

"A square of yellow soap!" repeated both of the children.

"I should like to know of Heaven," said the widow, holding up the article towards the ceiling, "how am I to use *that* in a pudding!" But Heaven made no answer.

"It's for washing my face with!" cried Dirty Polly very indignantly.

"I saw him stare at me!"

"Well, there can't be a plum-pudding without plums," said the widow, looking the very picture of despair. But her lamentations were cut short by the entrance of Little Jack: he had brought the flour, of course.

"No, mammy," said Jack, "I've got no flour at all; but there's grits."

"Grits!" exclaimed the widow. "Who wants grits?" But the case, when opened, appeared even worse. "Grits, indeed! It's a parcel of religious tracks!"

"It an't my fault," said little Jack, blubbering, and again having recourse to the old nightcap for want of a handkerchief. "It was Mrs. Stone's. She said it was for spirituous food, and I thought she meant gruel, with rum in it."

"Well, well," said the widow, forgetting, mother-like, her own troubles in the grief of her little one. "Don't cry. We shall perhaps, have a pudding yet—who knows? Susan, may be, will have better luck."

As she spoke, Susan stepped into the room, and walking gravely up to the table, began to search under her frock.

"Why, in mercy's name!" exclaimed the alarmed widow, "what is the girl fumbling at! You surely have not brought the eggs in your pocket?"

"I haven't brought the eggs in anything," said Susan, still groping among her petticoats.

"No! Then what *have* you brought?"

"A receipt for a plum-pudding."

"A receipt!" screamed the excited widow,—"a receipt! Why, it's the only thing I don't want! I can write a receipt myself. Take a pound of suet, a pound of currants, a pound of plums—but how am I to take 'em? Where's my materials!"

"Here they are, mother," shouted the well-known voice of Ragged Peter, as he bounded into the room and threw a good-looking bundle on the table. "There's the materials!"

"Then we're in luck after all!" said the widow, nervously tugging at the knots of the old handkerchief, which suddenly gave way and allowed the materials to unfold themselves.

"O Lord! O cri! O criminy!" ejaculated Peter, and Charley, and little Jack, the girls using similar interjections of their own.

"Hold me!" cried the widow, "lay hold of me or I shall run away. I'm going off my head—I'm half crazy—take 'em out of my sight! A pair of old red plushes!"

"I thought," whined Peter, "they was things from the pantry. But that comes of turning my back to the porter and exposing my rags. I wish, I do, that I was all front!"

"There's Dick," exclaimed Susan; "I hear his whistle in the distance. I wonder if he has got the saucepan!"

"Oh, of course we shall have that," said the widow with great bitterness: repeated disappointments had brought her to the mood for what she called arranging Providence. — "Yes, we shall have the saucepan, no doubt, just because we've nothing to put in it." She was wrong. In another minute Dick was standing amongst his brothers and sisters, but empty-handed.

"Why, bless the boy! He has n't brought the saucepan after all!"

"No," said Dick, — "nor even a tin-pot. But I've brought this," and he chuckled his present on the table.

"As I live!" cried the widow, — "it's an ivory totum!"

"Yes," said Dick. "It was given me by the young Brittons. They seemed to think, as we had no pudding, we should like to divert our hungers."

"Divert a fool's head!" cried the poor widow, throwing herself back in her chair, and laughing hysterically. "The world's gone mad! — the world's gone mad, and every body is crazy! The more one wants anything, the more they give one something else, and the more one don't want anything, the more they force it upon you! Here am I, going to make a plum-pudding — or rather wanting to make one — and what have I got towards it!"

"A hump of suet!" muttered Charley.

"Yes, that's something," said the widow. "But what else — tell me what else have I got towards my pudding? Why, a square of yellow soap — a bundle of tracks — a written receipt — a pair of red plushes, — and a tetotum!"

The circle of children, down-hearted as they were, could not forbear a titter at the idea of the comical pudding to be made of such ingredients; but their mirth was speedily damped by the tears of their mother.

"It's all over," she said, "and Christmas must go by without its pudding! What will come of it, Lord knows! Once break through a religious rule, and who knows the consequence? There was your poor father and me: every wedding-day in our lives, as sure as it came round, we made a point to have pickled streaky pork and pea-pudding, the same as at our nuptials; but one year somehow or another we missed — and in less than a week after he was called away."

"And why, mammy," asked little Jack, "why didn't you die too, then?"

The widow, doubtless, would have answered this artless question; but unfortunately she was seized with such a violent fit of coughing as almost took away her breath. At last she recovered, rather suddenly, and assumed the attitude of a listener.

"Hush! there's somebody tapping at the door."

The children immediately rushed to the latch, and let in a tall thin man, in black clothes and green spectacles, with an umbrella in one hand, and a red book in the other. A glance at the breast of his coat

confirmed the widow's worst fears; an ink-horn with a pen in it was dangling from one of the button-holes.

"If it's rates or taxes," she said, "you must seize at once — for I haven't a farthing."

The man in black made no answer, but kept prying through his green glasses at the circle of young faces, and at length fixed upon Dick.

"Didn't I see you, my lad, looking in at the window of a cookshop?"

"Yes," answered Dick, "and you asked me about the family, and if we was n't in distress."

"Very good," said the man in black. "And you replied that you were in very deep distress indeed."

"Yes, for a sarcepan," said Dick.

"It was to boil our Christmas pudding in," said the widow. "But we haven't got one, sir, nor no hopes of one."

"Very good," said the man in black. "I am a Perambulating Member of the District Benevolent Visitation Society, and am come to relieve your wants."

"You are very good, I'm sure," said the widow, quite flustered by such moral plunges from hot to cold, and then to hot again. "As you say, sir, I have seen better days," — though how or when the gentleman said so was known only to herself. "Yes, for twenty years I have been a householder, and up to this time have never missed celebrating my Christmas in a respectable way. And I do own it would go nigh to break my heart."

"Very good, very good," said the man in black, busily writing in the red book, from which he eventually tore out a leaf, that he folded up and presented to the widow.

"There's an order, ma'am, for what you want."

"The Lord in heaven bless you!" cried the widow, starting up from her chair, with a first impulse to throw herself on the good man's neck; and a second one, to go down on her knees to him; but which she checked just as the genuflection arrived at the proper point for a very profound curtsy.

"Oh, sir! — but I'm too full to speak. Yet, if the prayers of a widow and six fatherless children —"

"Very good, very good, very good," said the man in black, waving off the six ragged, dirty, grateful, fatherless children, who wanted to hug and kiss him — and shuffling as fast as he could to the door, through which he bolted more like a detected swindler than a professed Samaritan.

"Well, that comes of trusting to Providence," said the widow, quite forgetting a recent lapse, the least in the world, towards atheism. "Come, children, sing 'O be joyful,' for we have got our pudding at last."

The children needed no further hint; but at once joined hands, and began dancing round the table, as if the grand object of their hopes had been already smoking in the middle — Dick whistling "Merrily danced the Quaker's wife," as loud and as fast as he could rattle it, whilst the mother ecstatically beat time with her head and foot. At last they were out of breath.

"There, that will do," said the widow. "Now then, some of you put on your hats and bonnets to fetch the things; for, of course, it's an order on the baker and the grocer."

"It's an order," said Careful Susan, reading very deliberately the paper which she had taken from her mother's passive hand, — "an order for six yards of flannel."

"Flannin'!"

"Yes, flannel."

The widow snatched the paper; glanced at it; threw it from her; and dropped into her chair; not as if for a temporary rest, but as though she would fain have sunk through the bottom of it, and right through the floor, and down through the foundation of the house, and six foot of earth beneath, for a quiet grave.

In a moment she had six comforters at her neck; not woollen ones, but quite as warm and more affectionate, though their loving assiduities were repelled.

"Don't hang on me—don't! And don't tell me to hope, for I won't I can't be consoled! So don't come nigh me—no, not even if you see me fainting away—for I'm grown desperate, like an overdriv beast, and don't know what I may commit!"

The panic-stricken children instinctively backed into a distant semicircle, and fixing their eyes on their parent, as if she had really been the enraged animal she had described, awaited in awful silence her next words. But last they came in a fierce harsh voice.

"Wipe Jackey's nose."

A brother and sister on either hand of the little one immediately performed the desired office; and then trembling waited the next command.

"Tear up that devilish paper."

Susan immediately picked up the unfortunate order, but as she hesitated, with her usual prudence, to destroy what was equivalent to six yards of flannel, Dirty Polly snatched the paper from her, and tore it up as small as she could mince it.

"I have hoped as long as I could," cried the widow, suddenly starting to her feet, "but now I give it up! When bad luck sets in that way, blow upon blow, it's for good. We shall never prosper again—never, never, never! We're a ruined family, root and branch—and if it was not for the sin, I'd wish nothing better at this blessed moment than to have you all six tied round my waist, enjoying a Serpentine death!"

At this horrible picture, which the speaker dramatized by frantically throwing up her arms, as at the fatal plunge, and then letting herself sink gradually, by a sort of curtsey, as if subsiding into the mud, the poor devoted children set up a general howl; and then broke into a series of sobbings and ejaculations, only checked by the opening of the door and the entrance of another stranger.

If the former visiter resembled a tax-gatherer, his successor hardly made a more favorable impression on the widow, from whom, had he asked the same question as the Baronet in the Poor Gentleman, "Do I look like a balliff?" he would probably have received the same an-

swer — "I do n't know but you do." He had no red book in his hand, and no inkhorn at his button-hole; but he carried a very formidable bludgeon, and wore a very odd wig, and a very broad-brimmed hat, as much on one side as a yacht in a squall. Altogether there was such an air of disguise about him, that if not a bailiff, he was certainly, as the next best guess, a policeman in plain clothes.

"I believe, ma'am," said the stranger, "you have just had a visit from an agent of a Benevolent Society?"

"Yes, and be hanged to him!" thought the widow; "and perhaps you're another!" but she held her tongue. The stranger, therefore, repeated his question to Susan, as the eldest of the children, and was answered in the affirmative.

"I knew it," said the stranger. "And he asked if you were not in distress; and you said that you were, and he told you he was come to relieve it."

"Yes, with six yards ——" burst from several voices.

"Hush — hold your little tongues! I know it all — with an order for six yards of flannel — was n't it so? Six yards of flannel for a Christmas pudding — ha! ha! ha!"

The children would have laughed too, but they were afraid. The stranger had suddenly turned into a conjurer, who knew their thoughts and wishes.

"You are right indeed, sir," said the widow. "He called himself by some hard name."

"Yes, an ambulating member," said the stranger, "of the District Visitation. I know them well. Six yards of flannel — just like them. That's their way. There was poor Biddy Hourigan, an Irish Catholic, ma'am — they visited her, too, and found her in deep distress, not about a pudding though, but because she had not a farthing in the world to get her husband out of purgatory. And how do you think, ma'am, they relieved a poor soul in purgatory? Why, with a bushel of coals!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the widow; adding, in the simplicity of her heart, "that perhaps it was in the winter?"

"No, ma'am, there's no winter *there*," said the stranger. "But to business. You have seen better days."

The poor widow cast a piteous glance at the bare walls and rickety furniture of her humble dwelling.

"You have been a housekeeper many years in this parish," continued the stranger, "and have been accustomed all your days to a plum-pudding at Christmas; and you cannot bear to go without it — hush! not a word! — I know it all by sympathy. I like myself to keep up old customs — better, most of them, than the new ones."

"They are, indeed," said the widow, shaking her head. "But if it is not a liberty, may I ask, sir, if you belong to any Society yourself?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," said the stranger. "In one sense, I do — namely, the Universal Society of Human Nature. But if you mean such as the District Visitation, I do not. I tread in their steps, it is true, but it is to do what they leave undone. Their ambulators serve me for pointers to find my birds."

"And a noble sort of sporting, if ever there was one!" exclaimed the widow, with enthusiasm. "It's a thousand pities more rich people do 'nt take out licenses, and follow the same game."

"It is, indeed, a thousand pities, ma'am," said the stranger; "and a thousand shames to boot. In this motley world of ours, some people have their happiness cut thick, and buttered on both sides; and some have it thin, and no butter at all. As one of the former class, it's my duty to bestow some of my greasy superfluity on my poorer fellow-creatures. But what are all those heterogeneous articles on the table, neither eatables nor drinkables — have you been visited, ma'am, by half a dozen Societies?"

The widow, with the help of her family, related their adventures in search of a pudding, at the end of which the stranger laughed so long and immoderately, and choked, and get so black in the face, that the children shrieked in chorus for fear he should go to heaven before his time. But ready-made angel as he was, heaven spared him a little longer by letting him come to; at which, however, instead of seeming overjoyed, he looked very grave, and shook his head, till the widow feared he had "bust a vessel."

"Too bad," he said, at last, "too bad of me to laugh at such distress. I must make amends on the spot — and the best way will be to make you all, if I can, as merry as myself. There, ma'am" — and he placed in the widow's hand a purse, through the green meshes of which was perceived the glitter of sovereigns, like gold fish among weeds. "Properly laid out, that money will purchase all the requisites of a Christmas plum-pudding, and some odd comforts and clothing besides. Hush — no words, I guess them all by sympathy! Only a shake of the hand all round, and a kiss from the little one. There! Be good boys and girls! God bless you all! Good-by!"

The children watched the exit of the generous stranger till the last bit of him had disappeared, and then, as if "drowned in a dream," still continued gazing at the door.

"He was a real gentleman!" cried Dick.

"A saint! a saint!" exclaimed Mrs. Peck, "a real saint upon earth — and I took him for a bailiff! but no matter. He do n't know it, that's one comfort; and if he did, such an angelical being would forgive it. But come, children, what are you all staring at? Why do n't you huzza now, as you did afore, and whistle, and take hands, and dance round the table? Vent yourselves as you like — only do n't pull the house down — for we've got a Christmas Pudding at last!"

HINT TO ORATORS.—Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature: she often gives us the lightning without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.—*Lacon.*

Original.

THE POETRY OF SNOW-STORMS.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

'Tis night; cold, dark, and cheerless night!
Heaven has no moon, no stars in sight;
One heavy, leaden-tinted cloud
Has veiled their lustre in its shroud.
Beneath our tread the frozen ground
Rings echoing back the foot-fall's sound.
The weary traveller wraps his cloak
More closely round his form,
And upward casts his dubious eye
As if he feared the storm.
The poor man in his thread-bare coat,
Cold shivering, homeward turns
To where, alas! the cheerful fire
For him but scantily burns.
Some gaily decked, to Fashion's halls
With eager haste repair,
Some gathering round the household hearth,
Find truest pleasure there;
Hold commune with the sages old,
Or bards of modern fame;
Or weary with their graver task,
Join in some cheerful game.
On happy forms the fire-light glows,
Or dances on the wall,
But out upon the silent air
How fast the snow-flakes fall!
And every loud and ringing sound
That echoes from the frozen ground,
Is muffled now and mute,
Save now and then a heavy stamp
To shake the snow so cold and damp,
That clogs the weary foot.
The slowly rolling carriage wheels
Break not the quiet deep,
The horses' dull and sullen tread
Disturbs no dreamer's sleep.
But over all the silent earth
The snow keeps falling on,

Till the shades of night have rolled away
Before the cold gray dawn.
And now the heralds of the Sun
His glad approach proclaim,
And all the portals of the East
Glow with a rosy flame,
Till riding on his radiant car
The day-god glows in light,
The earth outspread before him lies —
Heavens! what a glorious sight!
What magic hand hath changed the scene?
What robes of brilliant dazzling sheen
The leafless trees enfold!
Or where the beamy sunlight plays,
Bright darting its pellucid rays,
How wave the plumes of gold!
How plays a rich and crimson tinge
O'er all the light and feathery fringe
That decks earth's ermine dress!
How like a white-robed blushing bride
Is earth in all her beauty's pride,
The pride of loveliness!
Has winter come to wed the earth,
And this her bridal day,
That thus in glittering robes she shimes,
And in such fair array?
Like many a bride of fairer mould,
And gentler charms, I wot,
When beauty weds with age and wealth,
In heart she loves him not.
Yet beautiful it is to see
How every bush, and shrub, and tree,
The feathery garland twines,
Or how outspread in robes of light,
It glitters in the sunbeams bright,
Like sparkling crystal shines!
Upon that pure and virgin dress
No foot has cast a stain,
But every where the eye may rest
On one smooth gleaming plain,
Save where the lofty snow-clad hills
All still and silent stand
Like strong and giant sentinels
To watch and guard the land.
And all among the small green trees
That through the year are drest,
A hundred little winter birds
Are chirping o'er their feast,

Their winter feast of berries blue,
Which gem the scented trees,
And shake their sapphire clusters out
To every passing breeze.
But now, a faint blue spiral wreath,
Disporting in the wind's light breath,
Seems like a wavy banner's fold
O'er every dwelling fair, unrolled.
The laborer to his toil goes forth,
The merchant seeks the mart,
The statesman to the cares of state;
Each to his separate art:
And childish voices, ringing out
In tones of unchecked glee,
Are sending forth the merry shout
Of hearts untamed and free.
Some form the cold and glittering snow
In shapes grotesque and grim,
Some shake upon their comrades' heads
The overladen limb.
Some push the giant rolling ball
With joyous shouts, and loudly call
For merry playmates' aid,
And some to form the coasting bill
Are laboring with a right good will
With shovel and with spade.
Some in the snow-ball frolic join
With merry laugh and glee;
As the light missile hits its mark
Shout out full joyously.

The days wear on; and now there comes
A chilling sleet and rain,
That with a smooth and frozen crest
Glasses the snowy plain.
The sailor on the stormy coast
May well from danger quail,
For every mast is cased in ice,
Each rope, and shroud, and sail.
Perchance for weary days and nights
He's sailed the wintry sea,
And even now in sight of home,
His childhood's home, may be.
But his good barque an adverse wind
Is blowing off the coast,
And heart-sick, weary, sad, he stands,
Ice-clad, and tempest-tost.

Think of him, ye on beds of down
Who calm reposing lie,
And ere ye seek your easy rest
Give him one prayer, one sigh.
As snow and sleet, and stormy hail
Against your casement blow,
As ye enjoy the firelight's warmth
And feel its cheerful glow,
Send up to God your grateful hearts,
From whom these blessings flow.

The night again has passed away,
The day shines clear and bright,
And many a fair and youthful face
Is beaming with delight.
And see the noble steeds rush past
As if they spurned the rein,
As with their light, but precious freight,
They fly across the plain.
On youthful cheeks the bracing air
Has caused the rose to blossom fair,
And sparkling eyes grow bright,
In silvery tones the laughter swells,
And joyously the sound of bells
Makes music to their flight.
See yonder fair and gentle girl
A manly form beside,
Who gazes on her youthful grace
With mingled love and pride,
That seems to say ere many days
She 'll be a happy bride.
And now they pause on yonder height
Upon the lake to gaze,
Where the bold skater darting by
In mazy circles plays,
Or skims across the glassy ice
Like bird upon the wing,
While sharp upon the frosty air
His glittering steel-shoes ring.
And down the steep abrupt descent
The daring coasters fly,
With loud halloo and boyish shout
They dart like lightning by.
But now upon their onward way
The impatient horses speed,
To where yon narrow winding paths
Into the forest lead.

They 're passing 'neath the forest boughs,
Where every branch and twig
Seems of the purest crystal formed,
And every spray and sprig.
Like some enchanted forest old,
In Eastern magic story,
It bursts upon their dazzled sight
In most bewildering glory.
Myriads of brilliant sparkling gems
Are in the sunlight gleaming,
Long pendant crystals from each bough
In rainbow hues are beaming.
The trailing moss, in frost-work drest,
Festoons this winter bower,
And from the trees each wind that blows
Shakes down a diamond shower,
That makes upon the frozen snow
A most melodious singing,
Like thousand silver fairy bells
Through all the forest ringing.
Oh! Summer has no sight like this,
So gorgeous in its splendor,
Amid the fair and lovely scenes
That evermore attend her.
The artist might in vain attempt
To paint each varying tinge
That changes with the wind's light breath
Upon yon floating fringes.
Language has great and wondrous powers,
But yet it may not tell
The splendor and magnificence
Wrought out by Winter's spell.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE. — He has learned much, and has not lived in vain, who has practically discovered the most strict and necessary connection that does, and will ever exist between vice and misery, virtue and happiness. The greatest miracle that the Almighty could perform, would be, to make a bad man happy, even in heaven: he must unparadise that blessed place to accomplish it. In its primary signification, all vice, that is, all excess, brings on its own punishment even here. By certain fixed, settled, and established laws of Him who is the God of Nature, excess of every kind destroys that constitution which temperance would preserve. The debauchee offers up his body a "living sacrifice" to sin. — *Lacon*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION—MONTEZUMA LODGE.

THE anniversary celebration of Montezuma Lodge took place on the 27th January, in the Melodeon. So far as it is proper for us to speak, we would say that it was an admirable one. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers—the splendid banner hung in front of the organ, and the music was of superior order. The Poem, which we understand is published in pamphlet form with the Address, was capital. Our own share in the exercises of the evening we give below.

CHARITY.

An Address delivered before Montezuma Lodge, on its First Anniversary, January 27th, 1845.

BRETHREN:—In casting my thoughts around for a subject appropriate to the present occasion, nothing occurs to me that seems to suit the purpose so well, as the simple and somewhat trite topic of CHARITY. My excuse for calling your attention to it at this time, is that it means more than is commonly understood by it—it comprehends some noble principles and ends that it may be well for us to contemplate—and, moreover, it will furnish us with arguments to vindicate the Institution to which we belong, in its claims to be considered as a *charitable* institution. I hold, also, that it is one of those subjects which never wear out by repetition, with which it is our duty to hold frequent communion, which, whenever agitated, shed out a fragrance and virtue, and leave an impression, that does us good to carry with us into the sordid and selfish influences of our daily life.

Let me begin, then, by asking, in the first place, *upon what is true charity founded?* I do not know that I can give a more comprehensive answer to this question than by saying that *it is founded upon the unity of human nature.* Before we can have a true charity, we must have a clear perception of this great truth. The law is, that we shall love others as ourselves. There must be something in ourselves, then, as a criterion, which is identical with something that is in all men. The Christianity which utters this great law, goes below every conventionalism, and recognizes in all men a common element, and says to this one, and to this, and to this, “You are a *man*,” and yet

these may be wide apart in outward circumstances. One is a dweller of the distant North, one of the remote South, one of a region that lies between these extremes. One has the wealth of a prince, one has barely enough of this world's goods for a decent subsistence, one is a beggar. One has the intellect of a Newton, one has ordinary talents, one has barely mind enough to procure subsistence from day to day. And yet, notwithstanding this difference in physical, economical, and intellectual conditions, a Law is laid down that is not only binding upon each, but presumes an identity in all. What is this identity? Is it merely in form and physical organization? Is it because beneath each splendid or faded garment, there are chorded sinews, solid bone, and beating heart? No: it is because they have like faculties of soul — because between them there are spiritual association and likeness. We have feeling, and we cannot help it, for the brute — we would not see a dog starve upon our threshold; but the law of charity between man and man is founded upon a unity of nature — recognizes something more than mere physical suffering — flows from a sense of affinity within us, which responds to the voice of suffering, to the call of affection, and which we cannot wholly repress. The service of love is to be rendered to all according as they need — and the criterion is in every bosom — is in ours. As *we* feel when we suffer, or rejoice, or hope, or fear, so does every man — so do all men. The carefulness of each man for his own interests, is taken as the standard by which he is to regard the interests of others. This quick and jealous criterion, which vibrates so instinctively in his own bosom, in his own narrow sphere of action, is a living nerve running all through that body of humanity of which he is a member, reminding him of his encroachments upon others, as spontaneously as of their violation of his rights. While charity is not selfishness in its narrow sense — in another sense it is selfishness — it bids us identify humanity with ourselves, it bids us enter into others' sympathies and wants, as into our own. That sentiment of the Roman poet, so often repeated and so nobly expressed, "I am a man, and nothing pertaining to humanity is foreign to me," by a true charity is stated even more forcibly — I am a man, joined in inseparable membership to the great humanity — my nerves are lacerated by its wounds, my soul is shamed by its degradation — upon *me*, also, fall the bondsman's lash and the tyrant's heel — when poverty shivers I am cold, when it starves I am hungry — upon my spirit broods the gloom of the captive's dungeon, the blight of ignorance and sin. In blessing my neighbor, I enrich myself. My interests mingle and are mingled with the interests of the race! And this great fact is the foundation of charity.

I pass, in the next place, to consider *what are the true ends of charity?* What are the purposes at which it aims, and which it secures? And here, again, we derive aid in determining this question, from the form in which the great law of charity is expressed — "Love thy neighbor as thyself." What I would do for myself, then, charity requires me to do for my neighbor, my brother. Charity aims, then, at the securing of all things that advance the welfare of humanity — at the removal of all things that oppose that welfare. The great ques-

tion, therefore, which lies back of all other considerations, is, simply, this — “*Does this or that institution or system tend to the welfare of man — his whole, his highest welfare?*” Your rules of right and policy must be tested by this, must agree with this, or they are little worth. Your conventionalisms must bend or break before it — your precise constitutions, your ancient laws, if in the day of inquiry they be found opposed to its eternal statutes, must shrivel to ashes, like so much parchment. He who can build his argument, indisputably, upon the basis of human welfare, erects for himself a munition of rock — nothing can prevail against him — and, in the end of the conflict, he shall come off conqueror.

Charity, then, I repeat, aims at human welfare, and by the criterion of our own wants and capacities, makes each of us a judge of what will tend to that welfare. Now charity, in its narrow sense, is applied to the relief which we give to the unfortunate — the poor, the sick, the weak — without money and without price, as the spontaneous dictate of our humanity. In this sphere, undoubtedly, great good is accomplished, for the removal of physical suffering is the first step towards a higher melioration. They who pine in cold and starvation — upon whom the sunshine falls with a sickly light — who are chained to the oar of labor, without respite, slaves for their daily bread, or cannot even purchase their daily bread with all their toil — whose hearts are faint for very lack of blood, whose nerves are tortured by unmitigated pain; *they* cannot be elevated until those more immediate evils are removed, and the mind has a chance to recall itself from absorption in these outward ills to a consciousness of its deeper wants and its nobler capacities. Our means of education, our institutions of religion, potent as they are in their influences, cannot work well upon the souls of the degraded and the ignorant, until these swaddling bands of poverty are loosened somewhat — until they are somewhat cleansed from this leprosy of physical evil in which they are steeped to the lips. They need spiritual food, but they must first have bread. They have a destiny higher than the lilies of the field, but while they live in the blast and the sunshine they must have raiment. Here, then, is the noble office of charity, when it takes the form of *alms-giving*. It alleviates the more immediate evils of humanity, and opens an opportunity for the ministration of better than physical benefits. It is for this reason that I honor and defend the organized reforms of our day. They do not aim at the radical and complete regeneration of man, but at the removal of those *specific* evils which hinder that ultimate work. They would relieve man from secular evils that he may consider more the wants of his soul. They would make the intemperate man sober, as the first thing, for he cannot comprehend the least of his moral obligations until he is clothed and in his right mind.

But while I thus honor that charity which relieves poverty and physical suffering, I honor it not for the immediate relief which it gives merely, but for the *opportunities* that it opens. I honor it too because its spirit is greater than its work, and is laden with benedictions that reach beyond the occasion. The *spirit* of that Charity, that in this sordid world, and amid the clang of selfish labor, bends the ear to hear the low moans

of unregarded suffering. That *spirit*, that threads its way through the dark lanes of human life, entering homes of poverty, shrinking not from haunts of shame, but coming close in contact with the outcast and the sad, that watches over the pale-faced sleeper and ministers to the lips of the dying, that gives to the lean and outstretched hand the nourishing bread, and to the destitute the garment of comfort — that *spirit*, that trims the lamp of hope in the night of despair, that says to the disconsolate, "Cheer up, my brother man!" — that spirit, I say can, do greater things than feed the hungry, or clothe the naked. It is the most excellent thing in the universe. It hath affinity with the Highest. It manifests the glory of God. Giving the cup of cold water to the poor disciple, it waits upon the Master. In it is the germ of Omnipotence. In it is the promise of the Millennial day. It followeth afar the steps of human lust and human selfishness. It binds up the sheaves that they have scattered, and goes forth to right the wrongs that they have done. It is the spirit of the last and best dispensation. It can abolish enmity, and hate, and fraud. It can link together the discordant hearts of men. It shall stand in that day when the "the warrior's garments rolled in blood" shall pass away, when the sword becomes a ploughshare, and the spear a pruning-hook, when the lion lies down with the lamb, and earth shall smile in universal Love, and become harmonious in universal Law!

They, then, who limit Charity to mere *alms-giving*, to the relief of physical evils merely, deprive it of its highest significance, and forget that it is called greater than Faith or Hope. In one word, true Charity is *universal Love*, and seeks to secure the objects of universal love. Looking upon the poor and the miserable, it considers wants which they have that are more vital than cold or hunger. It considers their *highest* welfare, and labors for it. It bids society re-consider its position in reference to those whom it calls outcast and abandoned. It asks — "What have you done for these, the children of want and shame? You have *punished* them, have you ever sought to *heal* them? You have noticed their vices and their crimes — have you ever marked their poverty, the irresistible, emergent suffering which has driven them to crime — the ignorance which has lapped them in vice? They have asked for bread, and ye have given them a stone! They have cried for food, and ye have lashed them with scorpions! Go back of this work! Build institutions of Education. Shed upon these abject ones meliorating moral influences. Counterbalance this outward evil by the power of ideas that will enable them to bear it and to triumph over it. Give to the suffering body the consolations of a cultivated mind. *First* give food and clothing — but stop not with these. Labor for their highest welfare — for all their welfare. Neither consider the most degraded, the most hardened, as utterly dabanoned. Search, and you will find some spark of good even in them." Nobly hath an eloquent writer said — "Is there not something of sublimity, something of sacredness, borne down into the heart of every man? Where is the being so base and abandoned but he hath some traits of that sacredness left upon him — something so much in discordance, perhaps, with his general repute, that he hides it from all

around him — some sanctuary in his soul where no one may enter — some sacred enclosure where the memory of a dear child is, or the image of a venerated parent, or the echo of some sweet word of kindness that was once spoken to him — an echo that shall never die away.”* This is the spirit of true charity, which discerns this hope in darkness, and goes forth to labor and to build upon it.

But true Charity is not complete even in these highest labors for the melioration of the poor, the ignorant and the depraved. All this is but part of its work — a segment of the great circle upon which universal Love runs its round. It also aims to remove those obstacles which come between the hearts of man and man — to remove that isolation, that *selfishness*, which locks up our affections in our own souls, and which hath been so fruitful with issues of evil. Its high truths of human brotherhood, to which I have just alluded, how imperfectly have they been regarded! Earth has been made a market and a battle-field, not a common home, roofed by a common heaven, and rich with the beneficence of a common Father. It has been filled with the groans of the oppressed, the wretchedness of the poor. For blind passion, or petty honor, wars have convulsed the world. Crime has broken the ligaments of law and order, might has made right, “the main chance” has been the grand object of each man’s pursuit. These, and evils that need not be specified, that cannot be numbered, have issued from the heart of this all-pervading selfishness. Says the poet, speaking of Him who first taught the broad law of Charity —

“The suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with man and made
The fisher’s boat, the cavern’s floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head;
And he who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in his Father’s name,
The water which Samaria’s outcast drew —
Hath now his temples upon every shore.

* * * * *

Yet as of old, when, meekly ‘doing good,’
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of his lot
With their dim earthly vision knew him not,
How ill are his high teachings understood!
Where he hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At his own altar binds the chain anew;
Where he hath bidden to Life’s equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few;
Where he hath spoken Peace, his name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men;
Priests, pale with vigils, in his name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with the sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign.

* * * * *

Bear witness, oh! thou wronged and merciful One!
That earth’s worst crimes have in thy name been done.”†

* Orville Dewey.

† Whittier.

Thus doth the spirit of *selfishness*, the disregard of another's woes and wants, prevent the true spirit of charity. Perhaps, however, there is nothing that more strikingly illustrates this point than the slowness with which men comprehend a Principle — the many failures which they make in the carrying out of some broad and generous premiss. They will contend for Toleration, or Liberty, for instance, because they suffer for the lack of its application to *them*. But when it has reached them, and they, in turn, are called to apply it to others who are contending for it with their old zeal, they assume the defensive. The reformers of yesterday become the conservatives of to-day, and losing sight of the breadth of the principle, seek as anxiously to *limit* it to their case, as formerly to *extend* it to their case. Men will admit this self-same principle of charity to be a most glorious principle. They will feel the force of its generous law as it is set forth in burning speech, as it glows before them abstractly; but when they go out into their daily life and mingle with the world, get absorbed in hard dealings, have some pecuniary interest in view, how readily they forget all its applications, and for the law of love substitute the rule of self-interest, of fraud perhaps, or even violence! How little can they spare for the poor! How clamorous are these incessant cries of the distressed! How easily is the great principle sacrificed to some policy of the hour, and all the ties of human brotherhood forgotten and nufelt!

Let no one understand me as finding fault with the whole state of things in society. I dislike the fault-finding disposition which discerns nothing good or healthy, and keeps constantly probing the diseased parts of our economy. I look around me and rejoice and am grateful, to behold so many manifestations of a genuine and far-reaching charity. I feel that no age has been more enriched with its spirit or more blessed with its benefactions. I feel that in no land are its monuments more thickly planted than in this land — in this New England. Go, walk the crowded streets of Europe and see its paralytic beggars, its halt, and its blind, crushed by the chariot-wheels of the rich, dying for hunger in the sound of rustling corn-fields, lying blasted by the mildew of utter poverty, in heaps, along by the marble palaces of pomp; and then look through our own streets, so free from absolute destitution, from utter wretchedness, and, I repeat, there is reason to rejoice and be grateful. I rejoice that there are men among us, who have taken of their splendid wealth to endow homes and hospitals for the sick, the needy, and the helpless. These institutions are the true monuments of the age. We honor that granite shaft yonder, because it stands for a *principle*; but it rises from the ashes of the untimely slain, and its base is red with human blood. But *these* are the true monuments of the age — where knowledge comes through new channels to the souls of the blind — where communication with man is linked to the fingers of the dumb — where the music of sound is poured into the ears of the deaf — where the sick are healed, and the cripple is made whole. I feel that they are blessed by Him "who passed no sorrow by." I feel that His spirit, that wrought in miracles of healing, still walks among us in deeds of practical mercy!

But while I am disposed thus to render due tribute to the benevolence of the age, and to the charity that moves among us, let me recall your attention to the fact that it is not merely in deeds of relief that charity is manifested, but in sentiments of affection between man and man, in noble and kindly sympathies, in toleration and liberality, in Friendship, Love, and Truth. It appears to me that man needs more *acquaintance* with his fellow-man — that we need a closer communion one with the other. See how irritable our differences of opinion make us! See to what a pitch a political question will arouse the angry passions of the nation! See with what acrimony we carry on our religious disputes! Now much of this bitterness, I am disposed to think, is owing to a lack of acquaintanceship. We must expect to have differences, but their edges need not be so sharp. If men were not in reality such strangers one to another, we should discover points of agreement that are now hidden by a mist, and errors would grow less that now, through that mist, loom into enormous magnitude. A more intimate communion between man and man, would pour oil upon these troubled waters of passion, and our differences, if conscientious, would be firmly held, yet held in the spirit of Love. Here is what the spirit of Charity yet claims of us. A closer communion between man and man; and that we should meet not merely as sectarists, and partisans, and traders — as buyers and sellers — but as *men*, as *brethren*, and know more of each other's hearts — come together as we meet with those we love around the hearth of home.

But there is yet another thing that true Charity suggests. A system of *mutual relief*, by which we shall secure one another from falling into utter destitution. Contributing each our share to the mutual stock, that if we are called to take from it, we may not take as an *alms*, but as a *due* — as the result of a mutual obligation. We should endeavor to get rid of the idea that poverty is a reproach — that a man loses caste by it. But though *we* may be willing to cherish a right feeling in this respect, those who must fall upon public alms for support, cannot, as before, hold up the head or feel confident in heart. There is a kind of pride which we can hardly condemn, that urges many of the poor to conceal their real condition from the curiosity of a well-meaning benevolence. There are those who cannot bear poverty. They know the world well, or, at least, they suspect it. They have seen better days. They know, as things are, it is too often the case that poverty is accounted a stigma. It is hard, it wrings the spirit with bitterness, to say to those with whom we have met as friends and as equals — “I am poor — I am destitute, can you give me a little help?” Decently the growing poverty has been hidden from the most familiar friend. With an honest pride we have patched the garment, and eaten in secret the scanty meal. With an anxiety that no one knows but ourselves and God, we have husbanded the failing fuel, and deprived ourselves of all ordinary comforts. But it must be made known — we must declare it. Not for *ourselves*, perhaps. We had almost rather lie down, and let the white, kind snow be our winding-sheet, and bid adieu to the world with frozen tears! But we are bound to others by tender, yearning chords, and we cannot see *them* suffer!

And is it not, indeed, a dreary prospect to think of calling on *public* charity — to think of sharing our meal with a wide brotherhood of sufferers, who know us not, care not for us, and no one near to speak in kindness, to heal us with sympathy? In one word, it seems to me that were the great heart of society pervaded by a true Charity, it would establish a system of mutual relief, where each should give and take, and all be done in the spirit of a genial brotherhood, not as a mechanical alms-giving and alms-receiving. So far as certain Reformers who are laboring for a new social structure, contemplate this as one of their objects, so far it seems to me they contemplate a practical operation of the spirit of true Charity — of universal Love — the operation of that sentiment that acknowledges our common relationship, and moves us to labor for each other's welfare.

Thus have I endeavored to define and illustrate true Charity — Charity in its broad and eternal sense — Charity as a great *principle*, working in many forms. We see that it is not alms-giving merely, but the *spirit of Love*, acting for human welfare. And now, let me say in closing, that I vindicate the claims of Odd Fellowship, in the fact that it is a charitable institution. I am willing to grant that it is not an alms-giving institution — that it does not propose to relieve all the distress that exists in society. But if cherishing the feeling of human brotherhood, if bringing men together in kindly communion, if the establishment of a system of mutual relief, if *these* are agents of true Charity, then is Odd Fellowship a charitable institution. I am not playing with this word "*Charity*." I am not quibbling about it. I am using it in its legitimate, in its broadest sense — as Love — kindly sentiment, friendship, sympathy. And in this sense of the word, I say once more, Odd Fellowship is a charitable institution. In its narrower sphere, it effects that which every philanthropist and every Christian wishes to see effected throughout society. It puts aside all conventional distinctions, and brings men together as men — not as sectarians, or partisans, not as buyers and sellers, but as *brothers*. It is a great agent in removing misconceptions, in softening prejudices, and mingling human hearts as one. In its system of mutual relief, too, it obviates that feeling of wretchedness which stings those who are obliged to apply for public alms. It supplies watchers for the sick-bed, friends in affliction, cherishes the orphan, and comforts the widow. These are simply, and very briefly, its practical benefits, and these in their operation all tend to produce that spirit which is greater than the occasion, which is mightier than its forms — the spirit of Charity. And for this I value the institution, not for its regalia, or its ceremonies, or its secrets, they are only the peculiarities through which it acts, but for the spirit which it cherishes. Its system of mutual relief is one of great practical efficacy, but its brotherly principles are mightier, and reach infinitely farther in their benefits. Besides, we are to calculate not merely the influence of these principles within the circle of the Order. They are calculated to beget kindly sentiments towards all men. No one can come in contact with principles, without being more or less influenced by those principles. Coming in contact with great doctrines of benevolence and human brotherhood, the

Odd Fellow will naturally manifest them towards all men — his whole character and life will show their influence upon him. Although so far as the fund of the Lodge is concerned, it is limited to the relief of distressed Odd Fellows, yet many are the instances in which the poor and the distressed, who had no peculiar claims upon the institution, have been thought of in the Lodge-room and relief for them has been promptly contributed, showing, as I have just said, that the great principles of benevolence and human brotherhood of which Odd Fellowship makes so much, shed influences into the hearts of its members that manifest themselves in benefits that reach beyond the circle of the institution.

And now does some one say, "Why, all this is no more than your duty — what praise have you in it?" I answer, we do not pretend that it is more than our duty, nor do we set up a claim for any peculiar praise. No man can do more than his duty, let him go as far as he will in charitable action. Howard, bending over the home-sick captive, and ministering to the parched lips of the sick and dying, did no more than his duty. Martyn dying beneath the sultry sky of the East, a martyr to his love for man, did no more than his duty. As with men, so with institutions. However benevolent or brotherly in its principles an institution may be, it does no more than the great spirit of Charity, the great Law of Christianity requires. But, in this world of selfishness and neglect of duty, if men or institutions shed abroad that spirit of charity more broadly and deeply among men, their usefulness at least is demonstrated, and they have a claim upon our regard. Would that all through society there were the brotherly feeling and the mutual relief which flow from the principles of Odd Fellowship! There would be less suffering, less selfishness, less need for Odd Fellowship. As it is, it rests its claims not upon the ground that its members do more than their duty, but upon the ground that it aids, in its sphere, in supplying those deficiencies which exist because of the neglect of men, in society, to do their duty.

Thus, BRETHREN OF MONTEZUMA LODGE, have I endeavored to honor your anniversary, by discussing a topic which seems most appropriate to the occasion. The illustrations which I have given of that topic have been arguments in behalf of the Institution of which your Lodge is such a flourishing branch. You celebrate, Brothers, a year of rapid growth, of great prosperity. And if any are disposed to accuse us of transacting evil under our veil of secrecy, I would point to these, your members, as my orators and my arguments in refutation of that charge. But in you, is only illustrated the progress of the whole Order in a great part of New England. Three years ago, and there were but two or three Lodges in this Commonwealth, and these had suspended operations. Their doors were overgrown with moss. Their mottoes mouldered on the walls. And now there are about sixty Lodges in the State of Massachusetts, and the revival of Odd Fellowship has been the cause of its introduction into New Hampshire and Rhode Island and Maine, and in the latter State it has grown with a rapidity and flourishes with a vigor which is unsurpassed even here. And if we

look upon the condition of the Order throughout our country, we behold it established in every State in the Union save one, and still increasing. The white banner of Friendship, Love, and Truth, floats from the Gulf of Mexico to the waters of the Penobscot.

But it must be felt by you all, my Brothers, that this very prosperity and increase calls for the utmost carefulness on your part — calls for the utmost heed that you do not confound numerical with moral strength, and that you do not forget, in all, the real objects and the true spirit of the institution. Let it be truly a charitable institution, or else the mottoes that sparkle on its banners will wear only a tinsel light, and its great professions will assume an appearance of incongruity and bombast. This is an age that tries institutions. Those that do not stand on a true principle must fall. Those whose professions are greater than their real claims, will be exposed and must pass away. My friends, above all things, cherish the great spirit of human brotherhood which is the real life of this institution. The spirit of human brotherhood! This is the spirit that is abroad with such power in the noblest movements of our age. We see that it must triumph over social wrongs — that it must melt away the selfishness that has divided and alienated man from man — that by it wars shall cease, and fraud perish, and oppression die, and heart be linked to heart the wide world over by the golden chain of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and the high and low, the rich and poor, the strong and weak, meet upon the equal platform of one humanity. By it ours is the anticipation of the Poet.

We

“Hear the heavens filled with shouting, and there rains a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies, grappling in the central blue.

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm
With the standards of the people plunging through the thunder-storm.

*Till the war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”*

As much as Odd Fellowship cherishes of this spirit, so much will it aid in accomplishing its result. But if such claims seem too exaggerated for it, this at least we know, that this institution is fruitful with a practical, every-day good, which those who gainsay it may see proved in the orphans that it has educated, the widows that it has comforted, the sick that it has watched over, and the distressed that it has relieved. Every once in the while, a revelation of this practical benefit gleams out upon us in some form of peculiar interest. They tell us that a few days since, in one of our Southern cities, a man was murdered in his bed. He was a stranger there, from a distant State. He was snatched from life suddenly and violently. In the dark, in the silence, away from home, he felt the murderer’s hand at his throat. When they found him, there lay the poor stranger, dead. Who claimed him? Whose heart, in that great city, vibrated towards him as a kinsman’s heart? The friends that would have wept over him were far away. The wife, or the mother, that would have honored him with the sacred sorrow of affection, hardly knows, even now, of his

death. Must the poor victim be buried as a stranger? — be lowered into his bloody grave, and men say, "Well, it is a horrid thing!" and then forget him? No: in his trunk they found a certificate, showing that he was an Odd Fellow from the State of Georgia, and lo! immediately, there is something more for him than the hand of public charity. *Brothers* surround that couch of violent death. They take that marred body as a sacred trust — they prepare it for the grave. With the solemn procession, the tread of mournful feet, they lay him down to rest. And when the desolate mourner shall come to find his grave, it need not be sought from strangers. There will be those to tell that mourner that though they may not have wept over him with the heart-broken affection of one so nearly allied to him, though they may not have laid him down with tears such as none but the wife or the mother can shed, yet will they say, "We discharged for him the last office with a kindred feeling — we laid him down to rest tenderly — he was laid down by the hands of *Brothers*!"

Did they do any more than the duty which binds all men? No! But would all men have discharged that duty, if we consider not merely the thing done, but the *spirit* in which it was done? Again we answer No: and say that until all men feel as brethren, let us cherish every institution that aids in diffusing that sentiment of brotherhood — that, amid the strife and tears and dusty traffic of the world, sows abroad into human hearts the seeds of Friendship, Love, and Truth!

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Grand Lodge held its regular Quarterly Session at Encampment Hall, in this city, on Thursday, 6th February. On account of the bad travelling, but few of the country members were present. About sixty new Representatives were admitted.

Petitions for charters for Lodges at the following places were received: at Dedham, Harvard, Natick, Northampton, and Cabotville; all of which were granted, with the exception of the one from Dedham, the consideration of which was, on motion, postponed until the next Quarterly Session. Dispensations granted by the Grand Officers during the last quarter for Berkshire Lodge, at Pittsfield; Elliot Lodge, at Newton Upper Falls, and Worcester Lodge, at Worcester, were ratified.

The Grand Master having granted a dispensation for the institution of Worcester Lodge, when a majority of the Grand Lodge officers were opposed to it, it was

On motion of Bro. Lovell,

"Voted, That although this Grand Lodge has pronounced the act of the Grand Master, in granting a dispensation to Worcester Lodge, to be illegal, still, there is reason to believe that as he acted in good faith, according to the light he had, he is exonerated from all censure in the premises."

It was voted, as the opinion of the Grand Lodge,

"That no Lodge-room of any subordinate Lodge under the jurisdiction of this

Grand Lodge shall be established, and no meetings of any Lodge shall be holden in a tavern or hotel, under penalty of forfeiture of their charter."

Bro. Hilliard proposed the foregoing as an amendment to the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge.

Bro. Guild submitted the following :

"That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge it is expedient that this Grand Lodge celebrate the revival of Odd Fellowship in this State by a public procession in regalia, on Thursday, the 19th day of June next, and that an invitation be extended to all Lodges and Encampments in this State, and to the Order generally."

The vote upon the question was taken by representation, 48 Lodges voting in the affirmative, and 9 in the negative. The elected and appointed officers of the Grand Lodge, in connection with Bro. Guild, were appointed a Committee of Arrangements for the Celebration.

Bro. Burgess proposed the following amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge :

"That all Lodges in good and regular standing shall each be entitled to one regular Representative. That each Lodge having one hundred members shall be entitled to two Representatives; three hundred members, three Representatives; five hundred members, four Representatives; and for every additional two hundred members, one additional Representative."

The following motion, submitted by Bro. Smith, was adopted :

"That the Grand Lodge respectfully recommends to the subordinate Lodges established in Boston the formation of a Committee of Relief, consisting of one member from each Lodge, to which Committee said Lodges may refer all travelling brothers who may require assistance."

The following amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, proposed at the last session, was adopted :

"*Clause 5th.* Every matter of appeal or grievance from Lodges or members of Lodges shall be referred to a special committee, whose duty it shall be to investigate fully, and to report thereon such action as may be necessary in the Grand Lodge."

From the Quarterly Returns of Subordinates, ending January 1, 1845, we gather the following :

Initiations, 911; suspended, 19; expelled, 4; deaths, 9; number of degrees conferred, 2332; number contributing members, 5625; amount of receipts, \$15,546 69; paid for benefits to brothers, \$3236 21; paid for funeral benefits, \$380 40; paid for other charitable purposes, \$207 50. Number of Past Grands, 250.

THE GOLDEN RULE — REVISION OF THE WORK OF THE ORDER.

WE find the following article in the last number of the Golden Rule :

"REVISION OF THE WORK OF THE ORDER. — We are happy in being able to record that our remarks on this topic have met with general approval. We believe that nearly all who have examined the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of the United States coincide with us in opinion. The Covenant, the Symbol, the Gavel, the Ark, and the Independent Odd Fellow, all seem to have assumed that the committee have *full power for a thorough revision*. But let them again examine the instructions of the committee, and it will be perceived that their powers

are strictly limited and their duties accurately defined. The committee is instructed to revise the *Lectures and Charges only*, and not to revise, but solely to write out the language of the Order, *as it is*, in cipher. It has not as yet been our purpose to express our views of what is needed in a revision of the Work. We have aimed to correct an erroneous impression in regard to the power and duties of the committee of revision. The question of a thorough remodeling of the Work has not yet, as some have thought, been acted on by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

"The representatives to that body, in voting for the instructions to the committee, meant precisely what the plain words of their resolutions mean, and nothing more. We have then full confidence that the committee will report in accordance with the plain meaning of their instructions, and the undoubted intention of the Lodge whence they received their powers."

We do not know that we are at any variance with the writer of the above respecting the powers of the Revising Committee. If we are, the difference turns upon our definitions of the phrase "Work of the Order." We understood it to be distinctly said in the Grand Lodge of the United States, that with the Work of the Order, meaning thereby what we call the *language* of the Order, the Committee has no power to interfere, unless to construct a cypher. But with the *Lectures*, from the initiation up to the highest, we understand that the Committee *has* power to interfere.

One word here, which may not be unseasonable. The members of the Order throughout the country should recollect that the action of the Committee is not the *final* work in this matter. The Grand Lodge at an extra session, upon hearing the report or reports of the Committee, will decide upon the matter as it thinks best. Even then, if the Committee should transcend its authority, it would be corrected at the extra session. We think, however, that so far as a thorough revision of the Lectures is concerned, there will be no division of opinion among the members of that Committee, but that their unanimous report in favor of a thorough revision, with revised Lectures, will be brought in, and accepted and adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received from M. W. Grand Master NORRIS, for publication, his Report to the Grand Lodge relating to the granting of dispensations to institute new Lodges during the last quarter, and more particularly to that of Worcester Lodge, which we regret being unable to publish in our present number. It will appear in our next.

We have also received an account of the institution of Merrimack Encampment at Newburyport, which, for want of room, we are obliged to defer till our next.

MAY FLOWER LODGE.

WE visited this Lodge at Plymouth some two or three weeks since, and found it in a very flourishing condition. The Lodge has been instituted about three months, and numbers nearly sixty members. It afforded us much pleasure to notice the interest the brethren took in the Order, and the correct and faithful manner in which the officers performed their respective duties. From a personal acquaintance with many of the brethren, we feel assured that every precaution will be used to prevent unworthy characters being admitted. We look upon the institution of May Flower Lodge as well calculated to promote the interests of the Order; and under the supervision of such worthy, well qualified brothers as are now its members, it will do much to lessen the prejudices that have heretofore existed in the minds of our Old Colony friends relative to Odd Fellowship.—P.

MAVERICK LODGE—CELEBRATION.

THIS Lodge had a celebration in the Universalist Church, East Boston, on Friday evening, February 7th. We were not able to remain until the conclusion of the exercises, but so far as we may be permitted to speak, it was a very pleasant occasion, and we should judge that the Lodge was in a flourishing condition. At any rate, we know some first rate men that belong to it.

GRAND LODGE OF CONNECTICUT.

By the politeness of the R. W. G. Secretary C. W. Bradley, we have been favored with a printed copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, at its semi-annual session, Jan. 8th, 1845. From the Returns of the Subordinates, ending December, 1844, it appears there were initiated during the two quarters preceding, 325; rejected, 45; suspended, 31; deceased, 3; number of degrees conferred, 1203; number of contributing members, 2132; amount of receipts, \$7,361 17; dues to Grand Lodge, \$325. There are seventeen Lodges in the State.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, NO. 1.

THE chain of Odd Fellowship is now complete! We understand that "*Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1*," was instituted at Burlington, Vermont! Jan. 14, by D. D. G. M. Smith. We shall endeavor to give our readers a full account of its organization and progress in our next number. The opening of this Lodge is perhaps the most interesting circumstance that can be mentioned in the history of our Order since the formation of the first Lodge in Baltimore. T. D. Chapman was installed N. G., and James Shaffner, V. G. — *Gavel*.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN NEW YORK.

The following is a statement of the receipts, expenditures, &c., of the Order of Odd Fellows in the State of New York, for the year ending on the 30th September, 1844.

Amount of receipts for the year ending Sept., 1844, \$86,700 26.

Number of contributing members, 12,496.

Number of initiations during the year, 3,525.

Number of Past Grands in the State, 1,042.

Number of Lodges, 122.

Number of members who received benefits, 1,912.

Number of brothers buried, 108.

Amount paid for benefits, and relief of brothers, \$28,801 33.

Number of widowed families relieved, 128.

Amount paid for the relief of widowed families, \$2,195 54.

Amount paid for education of orphans, \$247 38.

Total amount paid for relief, &c., &c., \$35,274.85.

LECTURES ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.

REV. BRO. DARIUS FORBES, we understand, has in course of preparation a series of *private* Lodge lectures, upon the following topics:—

LECTURE I.—The duties of Odd Fellows to the Order.

LECTURE II.—Their duties to each other as brothers.

LECTURE III.—Their duties as subjects of state, and to mankind.

LECTURE IV.—Their duties to themselves and God.

A part of this course has been delivered before the Lodges in Lowell, Concord and Nashua, N. H. We hear them spoken of as peculiarly adapted to meet the present wants of the Order, and do good. Bro. Forbes would be pleased to visit and lecture before any Lodges who may desire his services. He should be addressed at Chelmsford, Mass.

KING PHILIP LODGE.

It is gratifying, as an evidence of the prosperity of our Order, to see the spirit and liberality which our brethren manifest in various quarters in the erection of buildings for their own accommodation. Bro. Tisdale, in his letter communicating the names of the officers of King Philip Lodge at Taunton, under date of Jan. 7, says:—“We have a new and spacious Hall now occupied by our Lodge. It was dedicated on Monday evening last with the customary exercises, and a lecture from Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells.”

☞ M. W. Grand Master J. L. DEVOTION will please accept our thanks for a printed copy of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut from July 1842 to July 1844.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 3d of February, Bro. JAMES L. POPE, of Shawmut Lodge, aged 26 years. This is the first instance since the institution of the Lodge in which its members have been called upon to mourn the loss of a brother. Their grief is the more deep and sincere, as Bro. Pope had, by his active zeal in the work of the Order, as well as by his courtesy of manners, endeared himself to all who had the honor of his acquaintance. But a short week before his death he was in the full flush of youth and health, and looked forward to a long life of usefulness and happiness with all the buoyant anticipations of early manhood. His remains were attended to their last resting-place by the members of the Lodge to which he belonged, and a number of brethren from other Lodges were present to witness the mournful ceremonies. When the body had been deposited in the tomb, each brother in passing threw in a sprig of evergreen, as an emblem of that immortal life to which the deceased had been so early and so suddenly called. Truly, our life is as a spark that fieth upward—not like it to be quenched, but to endure and brighten as the stars.

☞ THE Address of the Editor delivered before Montezuma Lodge, at the Odeon, on the 27th January, and which appears in the present number of the Symbol, has, together with the Poem of Bro. T. B. Read delivered on the same occasion, been published in pamphlet form, and can be had at the Symbol office, 32 Congress street, or of Redding & Co., No. 8 State street. Price 12 1-2 cents.

☞ THOSE of our subscribers who receive with the present number their bills for the Symbol, will confer a great obligation on us by immediately forwarding the amount of the same. The bills are made up to the end of the present volume—January, 1846. Postmasters will frank any letters containing money on account of the Magazine. We earnestly hope that this request addressed to our friends will not be made in vain.

Odd Fellow's Almanac for 1846.

THE subscriber proposes to publish an ODD FELLOW'S ALMANAC for the coming year, to contain, in addition to general statistics, a full list of all the Lodges and Encampments in the United States. It will also contain an account of the institution of each Lodge and Encampment in New England, by whom instituted, the names of the petitioners for the same, the number of contributing members up to July 1845, together with such incidents relating to the Order as will be of interest to the general reader. The Almanac will consist of about 125 pages. As the publication of this work will be attended with much expense and trouble, the publisher would most earnestly ask the assistance of the brethren in giving him such information relative to the Order as may be of interest either to its members or the public generally. He wishes to make it not only an Odd Fellow's Almanac, but one that will answer for ALL. Communications should be addressed to

THOMAS PRINCE,

Symbol Office, 32 Congress street, Boston.

"Alas! for every age there is a grave,
And youthful forms as oft as hoary heads
Are pillowed there."

That the old — they who through long years have ripened for the great Reaper like the golden grain for the sickle, whose work is done — should die, seems to be as natural, as much in the order of Providence, as that they should have been born; and when their lives have been wise and beneficent, we should no more regret this than we do the glorious setting of the sun. When the infant is snatched away from the deep yearnings of parental love, we know that it has escaped many painful experiences, the taint of earth which must have soiled its purity had long life been granted; that the infinite tenderness of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will far more than supply the place of our weak, sometimes selfish, affection; and that the bud of immortality which has fallen to the earth from a barren human stock, shall be engrafted into the Tree of Life, and expand and bloom to all eternity. We consider these things, and are comforted. But, to our limited apprehensions, there is a mystery not so easily solved. 'T was but the other day we went to the "house of mourning," and gazed for the last time upon the withered features of one who had just reached the boundary where youth and manhood meet — the season of boundless hopes, of ardent aspirations, of anticipated happiness. He was one, too, in whom the abundant seeds of goodness had found a genial soil, whose clear and cultivated intellect was but the reflected light of his goodness, and whose future career promised to be one of great usefulness to his fellow-men. Why was he cut off thus early? Alas! we know not. Day by day, and night by night, as he wasted by the insidious ravages of consumption, a mother hovered around his couch with all the fearful solicitude of maternal love. And another pale, anxious, but more youthful face, bent over him with the same sleepless vigilance. It was no wonder that a calm, hopeless sorrow was written there, for the light of her own life was going out as his faded — she was to have been his bride! Could their tears and prayers have availed, could their lives even have been offered up in exchange for his, he had not died. Who shall tell us why his full-blown faculties, yet fresh with the "dew of his youth," should have been blasted before the time of fruit had come — why the tenderest affections of the heart should have been thus left torn and bleeding?

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Hes'h Prince, G C P. Newell A Thompson, G H P. Tho's Barr, G S W. Nath'l Y Culbertson, G J W. Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe. Raymond Cole, G Treasurer.
MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Albert A Guild, CP; Charles A Smith, HP; Louis Dennis, SW, Jas W Murray, JW; L D Mudge, Scribe; B M Baker, Treas.
TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Geo Norton, CP; Jos B Frost, jr, HP; Geo L Drinkwater, SW; J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.
MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No 3.—Jesse P Pattee, CP; Duncan Macfarlane, HP; Woodman C Currier, SW; Charles Brooks, jr, JW; Ichabod Fessenden, Scribe; Wm L Clark, Treas.
MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT No 4. — Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W Beard, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgreens, J W; Abiel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.

- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT.** No 5.—Wm Caben, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT.** No. 6.—Charles D Strong, CP; Charles H White, HP; Daniel Hall, SW; Samuel R Spinney, JW; Joseph Winsor, Jr, Scribe; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT.** No. 7.—E S Stearns, CP; G Watson, HP; John Huse, SW; T K Hills, Scribe; Geo Emery, Treas; Thos H Lord, JW.
- GRAND LODGE.**—Thos F Norris, MWGM: Newell A Thompson, RWDGM: Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r: Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Geo A Smith, DM; A P Richardson, DAM; Lewis Wentworth, DADM; W G Mickell, PG; E Goodwin, VG; Cha's Cobb, Sec; Wm B May, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.**—Wm H Calrow, DM; Jacob Barker, ADM; Gilbert E Peirce, DADM; Geo W Morrill, PG; N W Allen, VG; Geo Butts, Sec; J Chadburn, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE.**—Roxbury.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.**—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Brewster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE.** No. 1.—L M Smith, NG; Richard Nutter, VG; Sylvester Trull, Rec Sec; Alfred B Ely, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas; A P Cleverly, Chaplain.
- SLOAN,** No. 2.—C. M. F. Wells, NG; Edwin Brown, VG; Thos C Porter, Rec Sec'y; John McLellan, Per Sec'y; A Stuart, Treas; G. N. Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND,** No. 4.—Elbridge G Brooks, NG; Edward W Gibson, VG; George H Davies, Sec'y; James C Nute, Treas; Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC,** No. 7.—Henry O. Bagley, NG; C Stone, VG; George Young, Sec'y; Geo Ashworth, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK,** No. 8.—Sam'l K Lothrop, NG; John R Dow, VG; R S Denny, Rec Sec'y; A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y; C S Browne, Treas.
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- BUNKER HILL,** No. 14.—John Wesson, NG; Jos Burrell, VG; Sam'l R Brintnall, Rec. Sec; J Carter Cutler, Per Sec'y; Henry A Rice, Treas.
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- MIDDLESEX LODGE,** No. 17.—Solomon Cruse, NG; Moses Sargent, VG; G P Cox, Sec; Elbridge Green, Treas; Rev John G Adams, Chaplain.
- WARREN,** No. 18.—Joseph Bugbee, NG; Daniel Leach, VG; Stephen Tucker, Sec'y; Asa Wyman, Treas.
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- FRIENDSHIP,** No. 20.—Stephen P Greenwood, NG; Chas H Morse, VG; John F Dyer, Rec. Sec'y; Tho's B G Messenger, Per Sec'y; Chas R Metcalf, Treas; L R Paige, Chaplain.
- FIDELITY,** No. 21.—J H Mills, NG; S G Valpy, VG; James Bell, Sec'y; Stephen Dinmore, Treas.
- HOWARD,** No. 22.—H B Brame, NG; Geo H Childs, VG; Francis Sisson, Sec'y; J Caldwell, Treas.
- FRANKLIN,** No. 23.—Jeremiah Martin, NG; Abel B. Monroe, VG; Charles G Wells, Rec Sec; Andrew M McPhail, Jr., Per Sec'y; Joseph Allen, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain; A A Watson, Physician.
- WINNIESMET,** No. 24.—John R Duffes, NG; Wm R Pearmain, VG; E Endicott, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Clark, Per Sec'y; S Batchelder, Treas; G W Otis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON,** No. 25.—Ezra Mudge, NG; D S King, VG; Wm B May, Rec Sec'y; A Reid, Per Sec'y; Sam'l Vaughan, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
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- OSWALD,** No. 28.—Josiah G Peabody, NG; Edward B Herrick VG; Lewis R Winslow, Rec Sec; Darius Forbes, Per Sec'y; Joshua Merrill, Treas; D H Jaques, Chaplain; Josiah Curtis, Physician.
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- HOPKINS,** No. 34.—James Maxfield, NG; Daniel Gleason, VG; John Low, Sec'y; Isaac Cross, Treas.
- PROSPECT,** No. 35.—A Whitney, NG; Geo F Adams, A M Garfield, Sec'y; O Sawtell, Treasurer.
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- SHAWMUT, No. 37.—Pelham Harlow, NG; Joel M Holden, VG; N D Tirrell, Rec Sec'y; David C Barnes, Per Sec'y; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
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- BAY STATE, No. 40.—Albion Oliver, NG; F Williams, VG; A T Newhall, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Keene, Per Sec'y; Edward Carroll, Treas; John Q Hammond, Chaplain.
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- PACIFIC, No. 42.—Jos Barnard, NG; Oliver B Hill, VG; Henry A Fuller, Rec Sec'y; Geo P Richardson, Jr, Per Sec'y; Henry Davis, Treasurer; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Lodge Physicians; Chandler Robbins, Geo M Randall, Chaplains.
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- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.—James W Earl, NG; Elijah S Robinson, VG; E Dawes Tisdale, Rec Sec, F S Monroe, Per Sec; Joseph Swasey, Treas; W G R Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.—John A Angues, NG; A R Johnson, VG; John Hoyt, Sec'y; Jesse Goodenough, Treas.
- TRISQUANUM, No. 46.—Aaron C Mayhew, NG; Orison Underwood, VG; J R Davis, Rec Sec'y; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec'y; John Corbett, Treas.
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- NORFOLK, No. 48.—Tho's W. Capen, NG; E H Preston, VG; J F Lincoln, Sec'y; A D Puffer, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.—Isthamar W Beard, NG; Seth W Hatch, VG; William L North, Rec Sec; Samuel C Baldwin, Per Sec; Milo Pearce, Treas.
- CONCORD, No. 50.—James M Billings, NG; John J Scott, V G; Eben Wild Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Asa C Collier, Treas.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.—Stephen Sibley, NG; John Toomy, VG; James A Dix, Sec'y; J W H Rogers, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.—Dexter Dana, NG; Samuel Davis, VG; Obed Adams, Sec'y; Jas Lang, Treas.
- HOBAB LODGE, No. 53.—Sam'l W Sloan, NG; Sam'l R Spinney, VG; Warren Kimball, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.—Joseph Cushman, NG; Sam'l H Doten, VG; Geo Gooding, Sec'y; Joseph P Brown, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.—Jos. B Frost, Jr, NG; Emerson Ames, VG; Jas B Batchelder, Sec'y; Wm B Brown, Treas.
- PAKENWASAIT, No. 59.—John Hoit, NG; T A Davis, VG; I D Morse, Sec; Durtin Lancy, Treas.

Maine.

- MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukesbury, Scribe; Joseph M. Kellog, Treas.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm E Kimball, SW; E P Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.
- SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No. 3.—Wm R Smith, CP; Edward Fenno, HP; Frederick P Theobald, SW; Hiram Stearns, JW; Samuel L Harris, Sec'y; Eben Tudor, Treas.
- KATADU ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—C Snell, CP; W S Warren, HP; — Gilpatrick, SW; E C Smart, Scribe.
- SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Geo H Gardiner, CP; E S J Nealley, HP; Peleg Rush, SW; Elisha Clark, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; Wm Clifford, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Claplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DADM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.
- MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—John H Williams, NG; Charles F Safford, VG; F W Nichols, Rec. Sec'y; Jas H Baker, Per. Sec'y; Geo C French, Treasurer; L L Saddler, Chaplain.
- SAGO, No. 2.—G W Quinby, NG, J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
- GEORGIAN, No. 3.—Richard Woodhull, NG; B F Buxton, VG; O W Jordan, Rec Sec'y; G Prince, Per Sec; N. Liscumb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.—Chas F Little, NG; Jas Todd, VG; Louis J D Crenney, Rec Sec'y; Wm S Dodge, Per Sec'y; Joseph R Brazier, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
- LIGONIA, No. 5.—Andrew T Dole, NG; Nath'l F Deering, VG; William Boyd, Sec; James Hall, Treas.
- SABBATTIS, No. 6.—Benj A G Fuller NG; Wm Woart, VG; J E Ladd, Rec. Sec'y; J Snell, Jr, Per Sec'y; D C Stanwood, Treas.
- PEROBACOT, No. 7.—B Plummer, Jr, NG; M L Appleton, VG; Jeremiah Fenno, Rec. Sec'y; L G McKenny, Per Sec; H A Wood, Treas; Thos Stone, Chaplain.
- RELIEF, No. 8.—Sylvester H Fuller, NG; Wm Battie, VG; Freeman Harden, Jr, Sec'y; Alfred H Kimball, Treas.
- NATAHNIS, No. 9.—R M Smiley, NG; J winnett, VG; W S Chadwell, Rec Sec; N Stone, Per Sec; N O Mitchell, Treas.
- LINCOLN, No. 10.—Elisha Clarke, NG; Ammi M White, VG; John Elliot, Rec. Sec'y; John E Brown, Per Sec'y; Arthur Brown, Treas.
- SACCARAPPA, No. 11.—A S Harding, NG; J H Watson, VG; W W Pike, Sec; A Quimby, Treas.
- KENDUSKEAG, No. 12.—D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenzo Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
- PEREPOCOT, 13.—L P Merrill, NG; John D Coburn, VG; C W Drew, Sec; James Hall, Treas.
- CUSHNOO, No. 14.—Wm B Hartwell, PG; John C Pickard, NG; Edw'd Fenno, VG; H U Fairbanks, Sec'y; T S Robinson, Treas.

PASSAGASSAWAKEAG, No. 15.—Ansel Lothrop, NG; Rev. F A Hodgson, VG; Levi R Wing, Sec; H E Forbes, Treas; Rev S G Sargent, Chaplain.
 HOBOMOK, No. 16.—George Davis, NG; Thos Bowles, VG; E H Mitchell, Rec. & Per Sec'y; Wm Clifford, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON No. 17.—Charles Sager, NG; Merritt Coolidge, VG; Wm H Clark, Rec Secy; N Gunnison, Per Sec; Albert Berry, Treas.
 ORONO No. 18.—Wm H Allen, NG; Jno Read, Jr, VG; Cha's Buffum, Rec Sec; Tho's McMillan, Per Sec; Nathan H Allen, Treas.
 PASSAMAQUODDY, No. 19.—Edwd Hsley, NG; Jas B Ricketts, VG; Lucius Bradbury, Rec Secy; J A Coolidge, Per Secy; John B Knight, Treas.
 SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN, 21.—F W Moores, NG; L M Stillman, VG; J P Emerson, Secy; E D Johnson, Treas.
 MEDOMAK LODGE, No. 22.—C W Atwill, NG; John H Kennedy, VG; Thomas Gentner, Sec'y; Wm S Cochran, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
 NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—E P Emerson, CP; O D Murray, HP; Cha's T Ridgway, SW; WOOLANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Charles H Chase, Treasurer.
 A Mitchell, JW; C B Fletcher, Scribe; N P Kimball, Treas.
 PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, Jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe, Wm Walker, Jr, Treas.
 QUOCHECHO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—S H Parker, CP; E O Laughton, HP; Jonathan Cutler, SW; Bethnel Keith, JW; Wm Fredick, Scribe; N Demeritt, Treas.
 GRANITE No. 1.—O D Murray, NG; E P Emerson, VG; A Mitchell, Secy; P F Eaton, Treas, A C L Arnold, Chaplain.
 HILLSBORO', No. 2.—John S Kidder, NG; John B Fish, VG; Daniel J Hoyt, Rec Sec; Charles H Chase, Per Sec; J T P Hunt, Treas.
 WECOMMET, No. 3.—Cha's W Woodman, NG; Elijah Wadleigh, VG; William Leach, Rec Sec'y; William S Gookin, Per Sec'y; Edward Luther, Treas; Charles G Chase, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Calvin Whitten, NG; Jacob Morrill, VG; David C Maybin, Rec Sec'y; Geo W Orange, Per Sec'y; Henry Hobbs, Treas.
 WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—Lewis Downing Jr, NG; Joseph G Wyatt, VG; Thomas Chase, Sec; Cyrus Hill, Treas; J F Witherell, Chaplain.
 PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—James M Carr, NG; David Moulton, VG; B C Somersby, Rec Sec'y; ——— Cobb, Per Sec'y; Nathaniel K Walker, Treas.
 WINNIPISSOGUE, No. 7.—D E Simes, NG; J C Moulton, VG; Charles W Parker, Sec'y; John M Pitman, Treas; E W Coffin, Chaplain.
 SAGAMORE, No. 9.—Henry Jewell, NG; E H Valentine, VG; Geo Waters, Secy; T Newhall, Tr.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—James Wood, MWGM; Jos G Chandley, RWDGM; John Hulley, RWGM; John Harper, RWGS; Wm E Rutter, RWGR; Matthew Taylor, RWGT.
 NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—James Wood, CP; H L Webster, HP; Robert Westall, SW; Robert H Barton, Scribe; Charles W Richards, Treas; Asa W Davis, JW.
 FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—H L Webster, NG; Wm G Percival, VG; Benj F Moors, Rec Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; L B Sheppard, Chaplain; Geo. Capron, Physician.
 EAOLE, No. 2.—Ezra G Brown, NG; R H Barton, VG; Mark Graves, Rec Sec'y; J C Calder, Per Sec'y; W W Knight, Treas.
 ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Eben'r B White, NG; Jared W Scovil, VG; Henry M Amsbury, Rec Sec; Wm M Morgan, Per Sec; Walcott M Scott, Treas.
 HOPE, No. 4.—Alex'r Lake, NG; Arnold C Hawes, VG; James Manchester, Rec Sec'y; William W Rathbun, Per Sec'y; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
 OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Dan'l T Swinburne, NG; Sam'l A Parker, VG; G B Knowles, Sec; Wm Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.
 AMITY, No. 6.—Wm H Driscoll, NG; Wm P Freeborn, VG; T G Turner, Rec Secy; Jno F Driscoll, Per Secy; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Almond Gushee, Physician

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
 SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
 ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
 PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Eells, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Tho's L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.
 UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Orrin F Smith, CP; George W Brown, HP; C C Culver, SW; J A Smith, Scribe; N Beckwith, Treas; Chas E Hewitt, JW.
 DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.
 SOWHEAG ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Origen Utley, CP; T C Simpson, HP; J S Parmelee, S W; P F Fagan, Scribe; Alfred Hall, Treas; S M Shaddick, JW.
 MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, SW; E Fessenden, Scribe; W S Crane, Treas; Henry L Miller, JW.

GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Win Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Crosswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.

QUINNIPAC, No 1.—D H Moore, NG; Geo N Seagrave, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; William Junper, Per Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Timothy Shelden, NG; Mason Smith, VG; L M Stillman, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; S H Havens, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Henry Smith, NG; Daniel Cone, VG; Tho's C Boardman, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PEQUANOCK, No 4.—Benajah Mallory, NG; Jared B Collins, VG; Isaac L Young, Rec Sec; Wm L Watson, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No 5.—Lucius G Peck, NG; Wm H Stanley, VG; Azariah J Riggs, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F Bradley, Treas.

OSWATONIC, No 6.—Geo. Bristol, NG; Charles Smith, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Rec and Per Sec.

SAMARITAN, No 7.—Wm F Hoyt, NG; Ethel T Farnum, VG; Joshua K Ingalls, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—Abel N Clark, NG; John W Danforth, VG; Cha's Spencer, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.

THAMES, No 9.—Henry Stayner, NG; Geo W Brown, VG; Andrew C Lippitt, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; Nathan Beckwith, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—Sam'l W Chamberlain, NG; S H Bailey, VG; Eli S Quinstard, Sec; Jas W Hyatt, Treas.

UNCAS, No 11.—Geo T Bromley, NG; Walter Clapp, VG; Wm L Brewer, Rec Sec; Jno L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.

CENTRAL, No 12.—L C Hubbard, NG; James S Parmelee, VG; Samuel B Wetmore, Rec Sec; Jas E Bidwell, Per Sec; Theodore Bishop, Treas.

CHARITY, No 13.—A P Niles, NG; B F Lewis, VG; R Brown, Sec; F Rogers, Treas.

WOPWAGE, No 14.—Geo Cornwall, NG; Ralph Argur, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; William Bush, Treasurer.

MONTAUBAN, No 15.—Henry H Jewett, NG; Smith Collins, VG; Wm E Sanford, Sec.

WASHINGTON, No 16.—Loyd E Baldwin, NG; Joshua B Lord, VG; Asa W Illison, Sec; Wm H Osborne, Treas.

TRUMBULL, No 17.—Cyrel C Hughes, NG; W S Noyes, VG; Wm Mercer Sec; J. N Harris, Treas.

NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Henry F Gardner, NG; Solomon L Briggs, VG; Wm H Bruce, Sec'y; Edwin Kilbourn, Treas.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

The Encampment terms, in Connecticut, commence on the first regular session in July, and the first regular session in January.

MARRIED,

[An apology is due from us to Bro. Ham and lady for the omission to make a proper acknowledgment, in our last number, of the receipt of a generous share of the nice "fixins" which graced their marriage feast. It arose altogether from the multiplicity of such toothsome favors, which have of late showered upon us like heavenly manna. But better late than never. We say now as the types testify we said then—

Friend Ham has but one Little-FIELD,
Yet still, with proper tillage,
He need not fear but it will yield
A crop to stock a village.]

In this city, by Rev. Bro. Skinner, Bro. Francis Morandi, of Massachusetts Lodge, to Miss Sophia J. Ballou, of Royalston.

[Another sprinkle of manna—rich, luscious, plentiful, and, we will believe, symbolic of pure and ever-increasing joys through many sunny years to come.]

In this city, Feb. 2d, by Rev. Mr. Stowe, Bro. Daniel Hobbs, of Massachusetts Lodge, to Miss Mary N. Longley, both of this city.

In Milford, Feb. 4th, by Rev. Bro. B. H. Davis, Bro. Nicholas Pastrovich, of Tiquantum Lodge, to Miss Ann Maria Hunt, of Milford.

In Marblehead, Feb. 9th, by Rev. Bro. M. M. Dean, Bro. Simon Lamprell, of Shawmut Lodge, to Miss Sarah J. Phillips, of Marblehead.

[If the "spoils" which fell to our share in this case formed only a "quarter section," as a western land speculator would say, the cake from which it was cut must have been a whopper. We can only say, May all sorts of connubial felicities be dealt out to the happy pair in a manner correspondingly bountiful.]

DIED,

In this city, Feb. 16th, George Harris, son of Bro. George R. and Mary Ann Dill, aged 2 years and 2 months.

In Weymouth, on the 21st ult., of consumption, Bro. Danforth G. Newcomb, of Shawmut Lodge, aged 23.

THE SYMBOL,
AND
ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

APRIL, 1845.

NO. IV.

LETTER FROM GRAND MASTER NORRIS.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 20th, 1845.

To the Editor of the Symbol :

Will you insert in your magazine my Report on the granting of Dispensations for new Lodges, particularly that at Worcester, which was deemed illegal by the M.W. Grand Lodge, though that body almost unanimously gave a charter for said Lodge.

Yours, in Friendship, Love and Truth,

THOS. F. NORRIS.

REPORT OF M. W. GRAND MASTER NORRIS,

At the Quarterly Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. of Massachusetts, February 6th, 1845.

Most Worthy Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

BROTHERS : — In addition to my report of the doings of the District Deputies and the general state of the Order, it becomes my duty, in accordance with our laws and ancient usage, to report, for your consideration and final action, such Dispensations as have been granted by me, for opening new Lodges, during the recess of your Most Worthy and Honorable Body; which are as follows : — Worcester Lodge, No. 56, at Worcester; Berkshire Lodge, No. 57, at Pittsfield; and Elliot Lodge, No. 58, at Newton Upper Falls; besides petitions for Lodges at the following places will be passed to you for your action, viz. : from brothers in Dedham for a Lodge in that town; also from brothers in Northampton for a Lodge in that town.

In the case of the several Dispensations for new Lodges, with the exception of No. 56 at Worcester, I acted in concurrence with the ad-

vice of a majority of the elective officers of the Grand Lodge, and in those cases there was no doubt as to the propriety of granting such Dispensations.

In the case of the Worcester Lodge, I had the misfortune to differ in opinion with three of the Grand Officers, viz., our worthy Secretary, Treasurer, and Warden. But thinking a strong emergency existed, under the special advice of the Worthy Deputy Grand Master I gave a Dispensation for the opening of said Lodge. Though with great reluctance, the act was done with a most conscientious conviction of its being an imperative duty, believing the petitioners and the Order would suffer should such Dispensation be withheld.

The petitioners called on me as Grand Master and notified me of their intention to make such application. After due and careful inquiry and some weeks' delay, I told the petitioners to notify the Quinsigamond Lodge that they wished to draw their cards of clearance for the purpose of forming a new Lodge in that town, telling them, that should their cards be granted under such circumstances, it would be considered an acquiescence of said Lodge in the plan. Under such circumstances, *nine brothers* drew their cards, and some of their number conversed with at least some of the officers of Quinsigamond Lodge about obtaining the loan of their hall and regalia for institution and installation, which was apparently conceded, at least not denied. All was harmony. But behold! a change came over the brothers of Quinsigamond. They were visited by a brother or brothers from Boston, non-residents, but members and their representatives. What those brothers said we do not know; but before another meeting of Quinsigamond Lodge, they took upon themselves the responsibility to say that there would be a protest from Quinsigamond Lodge against giving a Dispensation or Charter to the petitioners. The granting of the Dispensation was postponed to receive the Protest, with accompanying reasons. In one week after taking their cards a Protest was gotten up against giving those brothers a Dispensation or Charter, and the main reason urged was, that the petitioners *were unworthy men* — men whom they had just given clear and good cards; also those brothers who had just taken their cards were cruelly denied the admission to this Lodge of which they had been members but one week before, and whose strongest legal recommendation they held. The Protest manufactured by the non-resident brothers, and the strange attack on the characters of the petitioners, astonished the officers of the Grand Lodge. The second meeting was adjourned to hear petitioners and remonstrants face to face. At the second adjourned meeting the petitioners triumphantly cleared themselves from the aspersions thrown upon their characters, and the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Master were convinced that the Dispensation should be granted at once; but as the other officers named demurred, owing to the Protest, the matter was postponed another week, and the demurrer still being sustained, thinking as before stated, by and with the advice as before named, the Dispensation was granted. The Lodge was opened, and like other Lodges has worked until now, having increased from *nine* to *forty-three* members, many of them our best citizens, besides others proposed and balloted for.

We still think the great hardships of the petitioners under the strong feeling manifested, required the action taken in the premises; and doubt not for a moment the confirmation of what has been done by your Honorable and Right Worthy Body.

A detail of all the facts would be tedious, but the foregoing I think will put the subject in a just light, and without further remark I submit the matter for action, assuring your Honorable Body that I am fully prepared to subject myself to your official direction in similar future emergencies, trusting, should you differ in judgment with the undersigned in the action he has taken, you will believe nevertheless that he has acted as he thought his duty in view of his obligations as an Odd Fellow and your representative in the office of Grand Master.

In F., L. and Truth, I am very respectfully your brother,

THOS. F. NORRIS,

Grand Master of Mass. I. O. O. F.

Original.

OPPRESSION.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

"WHAT a very industrious neighbor you have," said Lucy Harwood to her cousin Fanny Mason. "He has been at work in his garden the whole of this fine moon-light evening, and as far as I can see, I should judge, he labored hard all day."

He does so indeed, and I am pleased that you have chanced to observe him, for his remarkable industry is well worthy of note. He is a workman in the employ of one of our rich neighbors, and goes early in the morning to his labor, and returns late. He takes pride and pleasure in two things — his children and his garden. In the latter he works from about three in the morning, till between five and six, and as you see, improves even the moon-light. He raises enough vegetables for his own use, and has the pleasure of presenting some fine productions to such of his friends or neighbors as he feels indebted to, besides. His children are his chief delight. Together with his wife he manages to keep them always neat, clean, and regular at school, and what is even more important, regular at church. His fraternal love is gratified to the utmost by an admiring look cast at his pretty girls and boys, as they walk quietly to church in their best attire. — On such an occasion he is loquacious, addressing them always in endearing terms."

"His industry is really a rebuke to us who have so many advantages," said Lucy, thoughtfully.

"And he has much self-denial," continued her cousin. "He has one Sunday suit that he has worn for years, and his common clothes are of the coarsest material, and thoroughly well worn and mended. His children appear very fond of him, and quite well behaved. They are not permitted to associate with the rude and noisy boys in the street, but go directly to and from school, and play in the yard at home by themselves. I hope he will always live here, he is such an excellent neighbor."

"I do not wonder you are pleased with him, for I feel that I have learned a lesson from him, even in this evening, which so far as I have done any thing useful, has been an unprofitable one."

"Not unprofitable, my cousin, if this lesson is improved."

Towards the close of the summer, Lucy Harwood again visited her cousin, and after a while enquired if her industrious neighbor still prospered.

"It grieves me to say that he has been obliged to remove from this place, that he is so much attached to. He is busy moving now, I see."

They both looked out and saw the last load of furniture moving away. In a short time the poor man returned, and walking all round the garden, and looking at all which he had labored so hard to cultivate, a tear stole down his bronzed cheek, he wiped it hastily away with his hard hand, and then taking up some tools, left a place very dear to him.

The cousins presently went out to walk, and after a while came to a part of the place where there were some little inconvenient houses, with the briefest possible yard room, part of which was occupied by pigs and hens, and all of which was dirty, the houses themselves principally occupied by Irish, and abounding in children and noise. Into one of these, much to their astonishment, they saw their industrious neighbor moving his goods. He looked very sorrowful, so much so, that Fanny stopped a moment and spoke a few words kindly to him. She had been in to see one of the children that was sick a few days before, and she inquired if it were yet well.

He replied that the little girl was about recovered, but said he was afraid she would not remain so long, in that unhealthy house.

In a very delicate manner Fanny succeeded in drawing from him the reason of his removal.

"Indeed, Miss, I would not have moved from that house, as long as I could have honestly paid my rent, for I loved the old house, and the bit of garden, that was such a nice place for the children; but I must either leave that, or lose the means of getting a living for us all, for my employer built these houses for his workmen; and says he will not give me anything to do unless I live in one of them. I must have work to do, and I suppose I shall get used to living here after a while, but I mind it most for the children."

"How cruel and unjust!" exclaimed Lucy, indignantly, as they turned away; "How mean to force the poor man into that miserable

hut, unhealthy, noisy and dirty." Lucy stopped suddenly, and stepped back, as a handsome barouche, with a span of spirited horses, dashed by, and drove up to a large and elegant house, where it stopped and two young ladies splendidly dressed, alighted, and were accompanied into the house by a large, stout and rather coarse looking man. A young boy also galloped up, mounted on a fine horse. Flinging the reins to the servant, he sauntered leisurely about the grounds, and gathered some of the rich fruit that grew in abundance on the premises.

"Who are those?" said Lucy, turning enquiringly to her cousin. "They seem to live in some style?"

"They are Mr. Walliston and his children," was Fanny's reply.

"They are quite wealthy I presume, from appearances."

"They are reputed to be so, and I suppose they are, indeed."

"Oh how I wish I were rich! I would, in the very first place, build a number of good convenient houses to let at a moderate rent, to poor tenants. How good is it to be rich!"

Fanny smiled, as she replied to her enthusiastic young friend, but it was a grave, serious smile, nevertheless.

What would you say, Lucy, if I told you that Mr. Walliston was the very one who built those wretched houses, and forces his workmen to live in them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Nevertheless it is true, and is not a solitary instance, either."

"Then I would not be rich, if it were in my power."

"Not so Lucy, wealth is a responsible gift from God, and one for which the possessors may well feel anxious; yet it is a good gift, as enabling us to dispense many blessings. If we acquire it in a proper manner, we shall be likely to use it well; but oppression surely cannot prosper. When 'the spoil of the poor' fills the houses of the rich, judgment will surely follow, as it has from the days of old. 'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' Surely then, whoever takes unjustly from their little store, is guilty of a grievous sin."

ODD FELLOWSHIP. — Societies bearing this name, in this vicinity have become quite popular. In this town the society numbers over 200 — in Dover about 175, and they are fast increasing. These Lodges are a sort of mutual insurance companies, where each member who pays in twenty dollars and his annual assessment of two dollars, is assured of receiving five dollars per week during his confinement by sickness — to be bestowed alike upon every member without regard to his circumstances, whether rich or poor. This should be classed rather as a *provident* than a strictly charitable institution, although some of its features have charity blended in them; and as a whole we must regard its operation in a favorable light. — *Portsmouth Journal*.

ELEGY.

*Suggested by witnessing the funeral procession of BRO. A. G. WINSLOW,
of Maine Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F.*

THE tears I'd check so gladly,
Gushed at my heart's command,
As I gazed long and sadly
Upon that funeral band.
Of late I saw them prancing,
In very glee along,*
With hearts to music dancing,
And voices light as song.
Now, arm in arm, that holy band
Move forth with solemn tread—
A loved one's sought the spirit-land—
Is numbered with the dead.

Their eyes are bent in sadness
Upon the earth beneath,
And those bright hues of gladness,
Their brows no longer wreath.
They've lain him down forever
Yet not forgot I ween,
See—from their breasts they sever
The mystic evergreen;
This pledge of love undying,
Into his tomb they cast;
It says—"though Time is flying,
Yet Love shall ever last."

Of late I saw him twining,
Flowers for the festive board,
But soon, in sickness pining,
His spirit homeward soared.
There hung o'er him no mother,
No sister's tears were shed,
Yet many a loved brother
Watched kindly round his bed:
Yes, BROTHERS—whom the holy tie
Had gathered to his side:
They watched his gentle spirit fly,
Their tears fell when he died.

Strangers, perchance, on sadness
May gaze with tearful eyes,
But brothers bid in gladness,
The drooping spirits rise.
Their kind hands soothe the pillow,
Their fingers point above,
And "harps hung on the willow,"
Vibrate again to Love.
Oh, sweet the tie—and holy—
That binds hearts to our own,
When loved ones dear, though lowly,
Far from our sides are flown.

Oh! when the heart is weary,
And hope has hushed her song,
When clouds are gathering dreary,
And o'er our pathway throng,
When the sweet flowers have perished
That blossomed at our side,
And friends we loved and cherished
Like them, have drooped and died—
Oh! then the spirit's shaken,
And friendship's voice is sweet;
Oh! then the heart forsaken
Bounds kindred hearts to meet.

Thrice blest is he who numbers
Himself with friends like these;
No fears disturb his slumbers,
His dreams are all of peace.
If sad—~~they~~ they share his sadness,
Yet bid him not despair,
If glad partake his gladness,
For envy comes not there.
Oh, let all hearts but overflow
With FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH and LOVE,
And we shall know the truth below
That angels feel above.

CARO.

Portland Transcript.

* Odd Fellows' Celebration, September, 1844.

HYMN.

Sung before Essex Lodge, at the Dedication of Lynde Hall, Jan. 20th, 1845.

Our God is "Love:" can sorrow's tear
E'er fall unheeded by His eye,
Who weaves the robes the lilies wear,
And lists the ravens when they cry?
Brothers—to Love, unfeign'd sincere,
We dedicate a Temple here.

Our God is "Truth:" the Bow that decks
The summer cloud a Cov'nant seals;
The Rod that lives, when Moses speaks,
Again a faithful God reveals.
Brothers, this night, we come to rear,
To sacred Truth, an Altar here.

His Word—a chart! a beacon light
Undimm'd mid calm or troubled seas!
Our fragile barks, by day and night,
Are safe, while we "direct by these."
Brothers—this Holy Word reverse;
And be it ever welcome here.

"In God we trust:" His guardian care
Hath watch'd around our natal year,
And cluster'd fondest mem'ries where
'Twas ours a hearthstone first to rear.
Brothers—His Love and Truth abide,
Then here, as there, in Him confide.

Original.

THE PATRICIAN GONDOLIER.
A TALE OF VENICE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

It was evening, and Venice slept in the light of an Italian moon, her clear waters throwing back in reflected beauty the noble palaces and columned bridges that towered above them. At times, from the illuminated halls, would float a strain of joyful music to wake the thousand echoes in the isles of the Adriatic, and the song of the gondolier, as he rocked lightly upon the wave, was answered by the notes of some far guitar, or the breathings of a distant flageolet.

On the square of San Marco, against the Lion's Mouth, where the secret death-warrants of so many were wont to be thrust, leaned a figure. His gaze wandered restlessly from the red windows of the Ducal palace to the dark shades of the lower town, and then back to fall upon the sluggish stream at his feet. He feared not to rest on the dread monument of the Lion, for its secret missiles were hurled at the proud and the patrician, and he was a gondolier.

"And shall it ever be thus!" he cried — "to toil, and sweat, and wear my life away, in the garb of the slave and the bondsman? Oh for a field, that I might win a name or perish! God, how I would pour my heart's best blood to win renown! And shall I not?" — he continued, starting up, and throwing his right arm towards heaven — "shall I not? Inez! Inez! I will possess thee or die!"

He stood in the white light of the moonbeams, his pale lip compressed, and his eye flashing, like a youthful deity in the conception of some godlike thought.

A cloud swept over the face of the bright moon, and the light fled from the eye of the young enthusiast. Once more he sank sadly against the sculptured stone.

"Fool!" he muttered bitterly — "what art thou? — will the lovely Inez wed — a gondolier?" And he buried his face in his hands, and pondered with a despairing heart.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the shadow of the column against which the gondolier leaned, emerged a figure. It approached, and the voice of a female struck his ear. "Juan, look up!"

"Ha! who art thou?" he cried — "I know thee not."

"Thou dost not — but thou shalt. Listen! Thou lovest Inez Val-verdi."

"Away! — who told thee that?"

"Is it not true, Juan?" spoke the soft tones of his questioner.

"Who art thou, mysterious woman? Sure, I never breathed my love to mortal ear. Speak!" The gondolier gazed with intense earnestness upon the face of his companion, but strange eyes met his, though they were bright and beautiful.

"Thou wearest a locket," continued the stranger. "Knowest thou from whom it came?"

"My father," murmured Juan.

"Thou sayest well — it was — but knowest thou thy father?"

"Alas! he is dead."

"Thy father lives!"

"Ha! what sayest thou? — my father!"

The form of the woman bent towards him, and her low voice thrilled strangely on the ear of the young gondolier.

"He lives, and he whom thou hast mourned was not thy father. In that dreadful storm when the slight bark of the fisherman was shivered, thou didst mourn a father lost, but 't was not so."

"Mysterious being, must I believe thee?"

"Listen. Some eighteen years ago, 't was on San Marco's night, a storm raged fearfully — the rushing wind swept o'er the Adriatic — the loud, dread thunder roared above, and the lightnings flashed through the murky sky."

"I have heard my elder comrades oft describe that scene, and pray our Lady they might never again behold so terrible a tempest.

"The storm raged wildly — the mighty waves beat over the island reefs. A single ship careened upon the boiling waters; her masts bent before the gale, her sails were rent, and bowing to the tempest, she rushed to meet her fate. Oh, God! — upon the inmost of the hidden reefs she struck. A wailing cry — the doomed mariners sank —"

"Great Heaven! did none survive?"

With a gasp, the stranger recovered herself, for she had sunk against the marble column for support; and drawing her mantle closer around her, she continued: —

"The morning, bright and beaming in sunlight, broke over the Adriatic. A fisherman, preparing for his daily toil, approached the shore. A box, cast upward by the waves, attracted his attention, and he bore it to his hut. Within it, wrapped in the unconscious sleep of innocence, reposed a child. Around its little neck was wound a locket. Juan, look up. That child was thyself!"

"Ha! — how knowest thou?"

"The fisherman reared the child. Anselmo sheltered thee, and taught thee all his art."

"But tell me, speak! who art thou? what am I?"

"Juan, the time is not arrived. Farewell! Ere long thou shalt know more."

"Stay — hold! Oh! leave me not. Is my birth noble?"

"'T is not disgraceful. But now farewell. Go not from Venice. Mayhap the lady Inez may demand thy aid. Farewell, and may the Virgin guard thee!"

The bright moonbeams fell where the strange visitor had stood, and Juan was alone. But a hope was in his heart — a joy, a lightness, and his dark eye flashed as he cried, "The Lady Inez may demand my aid — oh, Heaven grant it!"

CHAPTER III.

THE clouds swept over the moon's face swiftly, and the streets were darkening in shadow. At times a low gust stole along and ruffled the waters, and from afar there came a moaning sound, as if a storm was waking on the sea. And then big drops fell from the gathering clouds and pattered upon the marble pavements. Yet the form of Juan the gondolier still leaned against the column of St. Mark. Perhaps he pondered deeply on his past life; but thoughts of the future swept across the mind's vision, for at times his eye flashed, and a smile crept over his lip.

Suddenly a sound as of approaching footsteps startled the gondolier, and drawing into the deepest shadow of the balcony, he listened. Two figures, muffled and masked, turned the corner of the Palace, and drew near the spot which he had quitted. Juan held his breath, and bent his ear to their discourse.

"Hist!" murmured one — "heard you nothing?"

"No, Balthazar, we will wait here, and when he approaches, spring upon him."

"Ay, Matteo — I'll warrant thee my dagger will make sure work." And cowering down in the broad shadow of the monument, the bodies of the bravos almost touched that of the gondolier, as he shrank instinctively away from them.

Another step echoes along the pavement — a firm, buoyant step, like the tread of a happy man; and singing, in a careless tone, snatches of a barcarole, a cavalier came sauntering along the square.

He drew nearer, and the heart of Juan beat quick and painfully. He longed to rush forth and warn the stranger of his peril, but he knew that death would follow his slightest movement, hemmed in as he was by the villains at his side.

The cavalier advanced — he was before the monument.

"Now, Matteo, now!"

Swiftly the ruffians sprang upon the unconscious stranger, and the next instant his quick, short cry for help, as he saw himself beset, was answered by the gondolier. Grasping his knife, Juan leaped upon the foremost villain and bore him to the earth. The cavalier had already drawn his sword, and defended himself against the other. He was a fierce, determined bravo, and pressed hard upon the stranger, who sank upon his knee. Juan beheld, and leaving his fallen

antagonist, sprang to his assistance. Matteo regained his feet and fled, and Balthazar, seeing himself attacked by Juan, quitted his grasp of the stranger, and followed his terror-stricken comrade.

"Thanks, noble sir," said the stranger, as Juan raised him from the ground. "You have saved my life."

"The knaves were bold," said the gondolier. "A stranger in our Venice needs a strong arm. But they will not again venture. Farewell."

"Stay!" cried the other. "By the mass, would you leave me, signor? How can I reward you for your timely aid?"

"My arm is never bought," said Juan. "My heart receives ample reward in having aided you."

"Young sir, your words are nobler than your garb betokens. Forgive me if I pained you by my offer. But may I know your name?"

"I boast no title," said the gondolier. "I am called Juan. Yonder gondola is my subsistence and my whole estate."

"Your soul would dignify the meanest station," exclaimed the stranger, grasping his hand. "But since you will have no thanks of mine, I will ask of you a favor. Lead me to the Tusco palace."

"Aye — this way, signor."

CHAPTER IV.

THE Tusco palace was illuminated for a festival. Through the crimson curtains flashed on the marble balconies a blaze of light, and lit the silent waters beneath as with the glow of high noon. Along the noble gardens, pendant from the trees, and glittering in the hands of the sculptured naiads and wood-nymphs, shone a thousand lamps of brilliant forms and colors, clothing the terraces and walks with a mantle of light. And soft music floated upon the mild breeze, — flutes in the distant groves, and harps ringing merrily around the banquet-table.

Light fairy forms flitted along the green avenues, and under the trees walked beautiful ladies, and stately knights, laughing girls, and grave senators. And in her boudoir sat Inez, the lovely ward of the proud Senator Valverdi. She leaned back listlessly on her couch, and her little foot kept time to the breathing of a far-off flute. Her attendant, Bertha, stood beside her, placing on her jetty ringlets a brilliant jewel.

"I will not wear that, Bertha."

"But it will contrast so finely, my lady."

"Nay, nay, I like not these diamonds."

"But, my lady, Signor Mordaunt will be here to-night, and —"

"You seem quite in love with Signor Mordaunt, Bertha."

"Oh, he is a noble gentleman, my lady. But, for all that, I do 'nt think him so handsome as that young gondolier who saved the boy that fell from the pier. Ah, my lady, he was a noble young man. What a pity he is *only* a gondolier!"

"And why only a gondolier, Bertha?" said Inez. And then she murmured to herself very softly — "It is a pity!"

"Oh, my lady, he is so handsome, and — Holy Virgin! here he is, and the Signor Mordaunt, and my lord himself."

At the same instant the stately form of Valverdi, accompanied by the gondolier and the stranger whom he had rescued, entered the apartment.

"Inez," said the senator, "join with me in thanks to this brave man. Our guest were slain but for his timely aid. His arm beat back the knaves who beset the Signor Mordaunt."

"He surely has my thanks," said the lady, stealing a look at the face of the young man — "the brave can ever claim the thanks of all."

"Brave gondolier," said Valverdi, "have you no wish which we can gratify? Though you have refused reward, will you not receive some token of our gratitude?"

"My lord, I may be bold, but for a greater service than my poor arm might render, it were reward enough to receive one look from the fair Lady Inez. I have her thanks — enough!"

It might have been that Juan laid some emphasis upon the word "*her*," for Donna Inez blushed, and something like a tear glittered upon the fringe of her eyelid. But the gondolier's glance was upon the ground.

"I will not urge you, noble gondolier," said Mordaunt. But we will away. I will return soon, my lord."

Juan cast one look at the face of her whom he adored — it was but *one* look, but he lived an existence in it — and then he turned and followed, as it was meet he should, the noble Mordaunt.

Inez gazed after him, and the thoughts that passed through her young mind the proud Valverdi knew not. The tones of the plebeian's voice were yet echoing in the chambers of the maiden's soul, when her uncle spoke.

"Inez, my love, how likest thou our guest? He is a noble-hearted gentleman, and his sire has done me many fair services. In England once he saved my life. I may have told thee, Inez."

"He does seem a noble gentleman — but —"

"But what, my child?"

"I do not feel quite well, my uncle."

"Well, take a ramble in the garden. It will revive thee. Thou art the queen of the revel, thou knowest, and must not be ill to-night."

Valverdi turned and joined his guests. He knew not of the look of the gondolier, nor of the thoughts of his lovely ward.

"Bertha," said Inez, "did you note him?"

"The Signor Mordaunt? — yes; is he not —"

"Nay, nay — I mean — Juan — I mean the gondolier."

"Yes, my lady. Oh, what a sweet young man! Sancta Maria! how prettily he talked! I really thought he was in love with you."

"Oh, Bertha, you must not talk so," said the Lady Inez; but a bright light in her eye told that she was well pleased nevertheless. "You know I am betrothed to the Signor Mordaunt, and if my uncle —"

"Ah, my dear lady, Signor Mordaunt is not half so pretty as Juan, and I am sure —"

"You must say no more, Bertha. Come, put in my pearls. He is but a gondolier."

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the lights were gleaming and the music sounding in the halls and gardens of the palace, the offices and kitchens were alive with the busy cooks and waiters, bustling in their respective vocations. Here, with the speed of a race-horse, ran a scullion with a steaming dish of butter to baste a capon. There staggered a porter from the cellars with a basket of the Levant wine. Around the mighty fires were turnspits, and cooks, and scullions, and runners, all hurrying hither and thither, at the voice of the head cook, who, with his wand of office brandished in his hand, guided and managed the vast machinery of gastronomy. And such an unceasing noise they made with their many glib tongues, as the French cooks shouted in bad Italian, never was heard since the days of Babel."

In one of the passages that led to the court-yard a strange figure was seated, clad in a leather jerkin and high steeple hat, his ruffe stiff and perpendicular, as if it threatened the dismemberment of his ears, and peeping out of it a round, jolly, red face, that seemed to have been formed to bid defiance to everything that savored of sorrow or starvation.

But at present this round red face bore rather a lachrymose expression, and ever and anon, as its owner glanced towards the crowd of cooks and lackeys, a sigh would come from his well filled stomach. Over his arm was thrown a Spanish roquelaure, as the gentlemen were used to wear, and his great endeavor seemed to keep watch of this garment, that it should come to no harm.

"Well, what can have become of my master?" soliloquized this individual to himself. What a situation for me, sure enough. Oh, a terrible place this Venice is! Where can my master be? Here I've been dragging this cloak along for this three hours, and I can't find the master of it. Oh, Launcelot Tompkins, thou hast brought thy eggs to a fine market. If it was n't for Miss Bertha, there would be no rationalish person but myself in this blessed town. Oh, Harry, what a place! where the people go along the streets in boats, and put masks on their faces. But here comes Miss Bertha."

And saying this, the disconsolate Launcelot arose to greet the smiling lady's maid, who now approached.

"What are you doing here, Launcelot, and where is your master?"

"That is what I want to find out myself. Oh, I shall never find him again; and then how am I to get back to England?"

"Why do you wish to go back, Launcelot?" said Bertha, with a smile. "I have heard it is a horrible place?"

"I know it."

- "And a barbarous place?"
"They have a great many barbers there."
"And a fog all the time?"
"Truly, it is rather foggy."
"And people hang themselves in November?"
"Marry, it is very true."
"Well, if it's horrible, and barbarous, and foggy, and killing, what can take you back again?"
"Oh, Bertha, I am a patriot; every true Englishman is a patriot."
"Well, what is that — is it good to eat?"
"Oh, it is — it is —"
"What, Launcelot?"
"Roast beef and plum-pudding."
"Well, Launcelot, patriotism *is* a good thing; but don't think of going to England for all that. Stay here, Launcelot, and — and —"
"What, Miss Bertha?"
"You'll be rewarded."
"Miss Bertha, if I was in England —"
"Well?"
"I'd get married."
"And can't you do that here?" said Bertha, throwing into her laughing black eyes the most captivating tenderness.
The eyes of Launcelot Tompkins opened widely, and stared upon the pretty Italian.
"You — you — Miss Bertha — eh!"
"Perhaps!" said the lady's maid.

CHAPTER VI.

JUAN followed the Signor Mordaunt, as he retired to divest himself of the clothes which had been slightly rent in the conflict; and upon reaching the street, a voice cried out, "Oh, my master, I have been looking for you — here are letters."

"Give them to me, thou knave. Zounds! why broughtest thou not these before?"

"Marry, I could not find you," said Launcelot.

"Aha, thou rascal! thou hast been at thy old trade. I warrant thee, thou hast swallowed a butt of wine, at the least. But haste thee to the Lord Valverdi. Tell him that I must straight to Genoa, and have not time to see him. Lose no time, and say I will return in four days at the farthest. Get thee gone."

Launcelot vanished, for his master's words had made him forget to deliver his cloak, and Mordaunt, turning to Juan, said hastily —

"Here, take this chain and dagger — nay, refuse it not. By the rood! would you insult me by declining it?"

"I take your gift, noble signor," said the gondolier — "not as reward, but as a token of the generous giver."

"Who gives to the deserving, Juan, is honored by the giving. But now farewell. When I return I will have more to say with thee."

"Adieu, my lord. I will remember. May Heaven guard you!" And hurrying swiftly from the spot, Juan directed his steps homeward.

"Can he be but a gondolier?" murmured the patrician to himself. "Sure, such a noble soul must loathe the herd that surrounds him."

Alas! how many a brave heart and golden spirit is bound by the fetters of poverty in the world, rusting and corroding in slavery, for the lack of a cause, an opportunity! God grant an enfranchisement to the heart that beats against the barred window of fortune!

Mordaunt turned toward his quarters, and as he turned, a dagger glittered above him, and a hand grasped his throat. A pair of fierce bright eyes looked down into his own, and a voice which he remembered cried, "Yield thee!"

"Away, Warland, I know thee!" cried Mordaunt, struggling with a mighty effort to free himself from the grasp of his assailant. But at once his arms were seized from behind and pinioned to his side, and Warland, loosing his grasp of his victim's throat, laughed wildly.

"Ha! Mordaunt. Meddler! did I not tell thee I would recompense thee? Seven days have I dogged thee through the streets of Venice. Thou hast escaped me once to-night, but I have thee now! Aha! I will be revenged. Bear him away to the retreat. I will be there before you."

Another vain effort did the prisoner make to free himself. But a dagger was thrust into his mouth, and, muffling him in his mantle, they bore him away.

To be continued.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

A late number of the Bath (Me.) Telegraph contained an able article on Odd Fellowship, from which we make the following extract. We should be glad to copy the article entire, but for want of room are unable to do so. The Editor takes a liberal and enlarged view of the subject, and in replying to some of the objections urged against our Order, he feels himself compelled to apply those charges back upon those who make them. He says—

"It has been said that the laws of Odd Fellowship are made one with the selfishness of those members who are induced to acknowledge them from personal consideration alone. This is a very one-sided and unfair view of the subject. We might with equal justice say that the doctrines of the church are selfish and bad, because selfish and bad men outwardly acknowledge them: or say that all civil laws are selfish and should not be tolerated because many sustain them from no other consideration than self-protection. The fundamental principles acknowledged in Odd Fellowship are designed to teach all those who submit

themselves to their influence, the practical importance of the broad and comprehensive command above cited, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.*" Thus it contemplates and enjoins the strictest care and watchfulness over its members, both physically and morally: — the body must be cared for as well as the mind, and it is this caring for the body, and that some men take it upon themselves to care for another man's body, for the purpose of having their bodies cared for in return, that the institution is denounced as selfish. The great laws of Odd Fellowship comprehend the all of civil and moral law, brought down into a form where they are made more immediately effective on those who require law to prevent them from doing evil, and prompt them to do good. Thus they absolutely forbid the doing of all outward forms of evil, and are more immediately applicable to some forms of evil which are not usually reached by general civil law, — such for example as *slander, drunkenness and gambling*. These evils particularly, with every other form, are absolutely forbidden, and he who violates the laws respecting them, must suffer the penalty. The above enumerated forms of evil, we know, are not usually reached by the general civil laws of our country, or civil law is not made to bear upon them, except that of slander when it occurs in so called "high places," and this is not designed for the benefit of the offender, but to redress the wounded pride of some self-constituted lord of creation. Now if these evils can be corrected, if at first only by external restraints, is there not something gained? If man can be kept from wicked acts, is he not more likely to come into a state to see that the desire to do evil, from which the outward acts are derived, are equally sinful, and are as necessary to be shunned? We believe that no difference of opinion can exist on this point. But we have said that the laws of Odd Fellowship not only forbid the doing of all outward evil acts — thus caring for the mind, but require, also, that all who acknowledge them should do positive good — thus caring for both body and mind. These laws require that every member in his turn should watch over the sick and afflicted, and contribute daily to their support. But it is said, that this is done because like favors are expected in return, under like circumstances. Is the selfishness of the man who expects all this, to do away with the justice and utility of a law which requires that man shall be in the exercise of these offices of good to the neighbor? Is it not good for a man to compel himself, or if he will not, to be compelled, by certain laws, to come into an association with the sick and afflicted — watch over them and contribute to their support, if he will not do it willingly? Who believes that he is not in a more favorable position to become better by constantly doing these good offices, even if he come under obligations to do them from selfish considerations? or who believes he is made worse? Many who have become Odd Fellows, had never before given the wants of their fellow beings hardly a passing thought, until compelled to watch by the bed-side of a suffering — perhaps a dying brother. Think you not that this is a position to draw out the sympathies of the soul, though we consented to do it at first from personal consideration alone? In what position would a man be more likely to be affected than in this? But says an-

other, 'it is giving up one's freedom to bind one's self to do these things.' Does the law respecting theft infringe upon the freedom of him who has no desire to steal? But if he has, the law is for him, and not for him who has no such desire. And, further, would it take away the freedom of the inhabitants of a country or kingdom, if such inhabitants were to pass laws against murder, theft and adultery, because some of the inhabitants have a love for those evils? No one would pretend to say that this would destroy liberty, but would rather promote true freedom. The same thing holds good in Odd Fellowship, for truths there are the same as everywhere else; only in Odd Fellowship they are made more immediately effective in certain cases than they are anywhere else. Odd Fellowship is calculated to make men more observant of moral and civil laws, because they are led to see their more immediate effects in restraining the disorderly conduct of brothers of the Order; and thus men are made better husbands — better citizens and better friends."

Original.

THE MILLER.

BY T. B. READ.

At burning noon a cloud of dust
 Comes sweeping up the vale,
 Now at the shaded dwelling falls
 And turns the green-sward pale,
 While at the door the stageman casts
 The bag of scanty mail.

One comely youthful passenger
 Is all that rides to-day;
 How leaps his heart when he beholds
 The cottage maiden gay!
 One flash of love! the stage is gone
 Far down its dusty way.

A little knot of villagers
 Are at the office door —
 The wealthy miller crowds aside
 The pale expectant poor;
 The tottering dame upon her staff
 Stands back with look demure: —

But still her eye is on him with
 A glare he would resist;

It tells him of extorted tolls
From out the widow's griet!
But conscience will grow calm again
'Mid noisy wheels and mist!

And now he's gone — the widow's eye
Is filling with a tear;
"I had a son," she said, "ah me,
Of whom I fain would hear,
He hath been gone to sea, poor boy,
This many a weary year."

Nay, go thy ways, thou wailing one —
The miller hath his script;
It may not glad his heart since all
Is lost so lately shipped: —
Hear how he raves at poverty,
At wealth untimely nipt!

A very demon grim and white
The dusty miller stalks,
Now red with rage, now pale with fright,
How frantically he talks!
And clutches with convulsive grasp
The letter as he walks!

The widow's chiding eye, he deems,
Is gazing on him still;
A pale, pale eye is glaring from
Each dark nook of the mill;
He needs must think unrighteous tolls
Had wrought the cargo ill!

How dark the night that fills the place
Of faded sinful joys!
The scorpion in his bosom nursed
Stings, poisons and destroys;
For conscience is not stilled again
'Mid rising mist and noise!

The big wheel turning solemnly
Complaineth long and loud;
The bands, the whirling stones are all
With fearful speech endowed;
The whit'ning mist is standing there
A spectre in a shroud!

All night with throbbing, burning eyes
He sees, but may not shun

The searching gaze of phantom forms
That gather one by one;
And from a beam there beck'ning hangs
A grinning skeleton!

'T is morn, and pressing at the gate
The stream is swelling high;
And now the burning summer sun
Is far up in the sky;
But wherefore hangs the miller's wheel
So listlessly and dry?

The neighbors wonder why it hangs
So idle o'er the stream,
They burst the door — oh fearful sight!
Suspended from a beam
The miller swings, where lately swung
The phantom of his dream!

The widow on her trembling knees
Her morning prayer hath said,
And she, good dame, did pray for him
Who robbed the poor of bread;
But little deemed her prayer was made
For one among the dead.

When hope (long intermixed with fear
And bitter grief's alloy)
Is realized, the full heart aches
With ecstasy of joy —
Your tears had fall'n could you have seen
The dame weep o'er her boy!

Her long lost son, he hath returned,
'T was he who yesterday
A solitary passenger
Rode down the dusty way;
And still he sees that maiden's face
So beautiful and gay.

Young Edwin hath a marvelous store
Of gold and silver bright,
That to the pious widow's eyes
Seems an enchanted sight —
All day she plans to aid the poor
And dreams of it all night!

Her son may yet espouse the maid,
He yet may take the mill;

The neighbors fear some wicked thing
 May work his fortune ill—
 They deem an evil soul may not
 E'en after death be still.

A troubled conscience unforgiven,
 They say may not resist
 Fierce burning pangs; and they must think
 'Mid darkness, noise and mist,
 The miller's restless ghost will be
 Beside the widow's grist!

But Edwin hath no fears to mar
 His spirit always gay,
 His mind is pure; and he hath heard
 His pious mother say,
 A righteous course will ever drive
 The foulest fiends away.

Original.

WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

Damned. A vulgar epithet, used as a sign of the superlative degree of comparison.

Dedication. A preliminary essay, intended to make known to the public one's acquaintance with the distinguished personage to whom it is inscribed, or to recommend a worthless book to public notice.

Defiance. The means of frightening one whom we fear.

Degeneracy — modern. Any departure from the customs and habits of our ancestors.

Denunciation. The art of checking the progress of a doctrine which, on account of its truth, is unassailable by reason and argument.

Democracy. That portion of the community who, on account of their position, are personally interested in the establishment of equal laws.

Devil. A word used in comparison, as a climax for every extreme.

Disgrace. The condition of one who, on endeavoring to make an extraordinary leap, has fallen into a ditch! A man's disgrace is always in proportion as he has fallen short of the work at which it is known he was aiming.

Diffidence. The effect of one's over-estimate of other people.

Dignity of Human Nature. See the "Newgate Calendar," "History of Witchcraft," and "Proceedings of Congress."

Dirk. A deadly weapon worn by coxcombs and cowards, for the purpose of quieting their fears and of proving their courage.

Disinterestedness. *The Philosopher's stone*, in morals.

Dieting. The art of bothering oneself and others about one's eating and drinking.

Display. The vulgar art of *pleasing* the public by exciting their envy.

Distinction. The state of those who stand on eminences in a crowd.

Double-dealing. Borrowing of Peter to pay Paul.

Doubt. The incipient state of the mind in every candid investigation.

Dress. The art of concealing personal deformity.

Economy—domestic. The art of living comfortably and happily, and practising all the benevolent and hospitable virtues, without exceeding one's pecuniary means:—in opposition to *Parsimony*, which is the art of turning one's own comfort and happiness into misery.

Edification. That peculiar sort of instruction which one derives from listening to a dull sermon that contains no ideas.

Editors. The literary representatives of the people.

Education. The art by which children are rendered subservient to the gratification of parental vanity.

Effeminacy. Physical weakness joined with mental imbecility.

Egotist. One who dissects himself for the amusement of his acquaintance.

Egoist. One who thinks only of himself, while he is talking upon other subjects.

Eloquence. Vocal, gesticulatory and physiognomical influence.

Energy. Strength of motive. Men are always energetic in proportion to the strength of their desires.

Enterprise. A modern substitute for sober and plodding industry.

Enthusiasm. Forgetfulness of self, in one's zeal for the furtherance of an undertaking.

Envy. That state of mind which causes the prosperity of one's neighbors to afflict one more than his own adversity.

Enough. A little more.

Epicure. One who eats for the gratification of his fancy instead of his appetite.

Epic. A form of poetical composition, which is *theoretically* admired in the same proportion as it is *practically* despised.

Episodes. Green spots in a desert of literature.

Equivocation. The art of gaining the advantage, without suffering the disgrace or imputation of lying. Stabbing the truth in the dark.

Errors. Those matters of opinion, in our own creed, which we defend with the most jealousy and zeal.

Example. The living precept. Were a writing-master to give his pupils an illegible scrawl for a copy, and then place in their hands some good rules of penmanship, he would imitate the generality of parents in the moral education of their children.

Exclamations!! The *safety-valves* of sudden passion or emotion.

Expediency. That which is the rule of right when it embraces all society, and the rule of selfishness when narrowed down to the point on which one stands.

Exaggeration. The natural consequence of the narration of a matter of fact, which the narrator is interested in believing.

Extenuation. The natural consequence of the narration of a matter of fact, which the narrator is interested in disbelieving.

Explanation. A satisfactory misrepresentation of facts.

Exception. A logical illusion. Something which *apparently* contradicts a natural law, which has truly no exceptions.

Expurgated Editions. Editions in which all the peculiar wit and most original sayings of the author are omitted.

Extortion. Legal swindling.

Eulogy. Using the character of the dead to flatter the living.

Experience. "The fool's teacher," according to an old saying. The truth is, it is every body's teacher, and fools are those who do not learn by it.

Eyes. The windows of the soul.

Face. The thermometer of the passions.

Facts. Lies well established by testimony.

Fainting. The consummation of affectation.

Faith. The cardinal virtue of sectarian bigots. The sheep's clothing of the heart.

Fame. A blessing enjoyed, in common, by great heroes, great geniuses, great villains, and great fools.

Fanatic. A zealot, whose conscience approves and sanctifies all the promptings of his malignant passions.

Farce. A tragedy.

Fashion. The idol of vulgar minds.

Fasts. In the United States — feast-days.

Communicated for the Symbol.

MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.

Boston, 28th February, 1845.

BRO. PRINCE : — On the 14th inst., in company with a delegation from the Grand Encampment of Odd Fellows of this State, we proceeded to Newburyport, in conformity with a notice of seven petitioners for an Encampment to be established, under the name of Merrimack Encampment, No. 7, which was granted them by the Grand Encampment on the evening of the 5th inst.

On our arrival at the depot, we were heartily greeted by several Patriarchs (the petitioners), who conducted us to the Sanctum Sanctorum of Odd Fellowship (Phoenix Hall). Then followed the institution and presentation of Magna Charta (the Grand Patriarch of the State in the

chair); after which succeeded the installation of the following Patriarchs into their respective offices, viz. : — Eben. S. Stearns, C. P.; Gilbert Watson, M. E. H. P.; John Huse, S. W.; Tho's H. Lord, J. W.; P. K. Hills, Scibe; Geo. Emery, Treasurer.

Chef d'œuvre having been accomplished at half past 6 o'clock, the Encampment adjourned till half past 7 o'clock, to partake of supper, which was furnished for us by order of the petitioners at Merrimack Hotel. The wit and "flow of soul" over coffee and tea vivified our spirits and animated us for the further duties of the evening. We arose from the table in thankfulness for all the good things provided, and at the appointed time returned to the Hall. By the desire of the C. P. and the officers of Merrimack Encampment, the Grand Officers resumed their several chairs, and installed and conferred the different degrees upon seven brothers, making now members of the Encampment fourteen. Others have been balloted for, and at their next meeting many propositions for membership will be handed in.

The zeal and earnestness manifested by them augur well for the future success and prosperity of this branch of the Order in Newburyport. The writer never has had the pleasure of visiting the subordinate Lodge, but has been informed that it is in a highly prosperous condition, and composed of members of sterling worth and high integrity of character.

A part of the deputation departed in the early train of the next morning. A few remained until the late train, which time was occupied in visiting the cotton factories and viewing the place. By special invitation, we visited the Female School. The Superintendent is a brother of the Order, P. G. of Quascacunquen Lodge, and the present C. P. of Merrimack Encampment. We were highly pleased with the general appearance of the school, and the decorum which prevailed. It was closed by singing a hymn, to the tune of Auld Lang Syne, which was beautifully executed. The pupils are much attached to their instructor. On the occasion of an exhibition not long since, having decorated the room with evergreen, they were debating about the choice of a motto, when some one suggested *Friendship, Love and Truth*, which was adopted by acclamation. Their teacher objected to this, on the ground that it was the motto of a particular institution. Said they, "We know it; and the reason that we have selected it is, that we are *Odd Fellows* too!" He could not resist such an argument as this, and accordingly gave a verdict in their favor.

The brothers of the Encampment extended to us every attention that could render our visit comfortable and pleasant.

Yours, &c.,

Essex.

Boston, 19th February, 1845.

BRO. PRINCE : — Yesterday a Representative from the Grand Lodge visited Natick to institute and install the officers of Pakewambait Lodge, No. 57, I. O. of O. F., a charter for which was granted at the last session of the Grand Lodge, the number of petitioners being seven.

Having, at a previous meeting, solicited five of their townsmen to become members, they were accordingly balloted for and duly elected, three of whom presented themselves and were initiated, the Grand Officers being in their chairs. The Lodge was then instituted; after which the following brothers were installed and inducted into office, viz: — John Hoit, N. G.; Thomas A. Davis, V. G.; Isaac D. Morse, Secretary; Durtin Lancy, Treasurer.

The Lodge now numbers 10. They are in no haste to increase for the sake of numbering largely; and from their knowledge and decision in the affairs of Odd Fellowship, we anticipate they will have one of the finest Lodges in the State. May the friendly sentiments of Odd Fellowship attend them, and guide them in all their deliberations.

In faith,

ESSEX.

Original.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Shawmut Lodge, No. 37, I. O. O. F., February 11, 1845.

BY BRO. W. E. P. HASKELL.

No one who has witnessed the events of the last twelve years, can deny that a great change has been going onward in the social relations of humanity. Beneath the surface of society, far down in the hearts of men, the revolution is ceaselessly at work. Sometimes accelerated by fortuitous circumstances, sometimes retarded by unwise developments, its progress is ever onward, its motto is ever "Excelsior!" In the broad mass of humanity, it forces heart to act upon heart, like the cogs and springs of some grand machine. Aroused by its influence, the degraded serf of Russia, and the oppressed and suffering peasant of Ireland, feel the divinity that stirs within them, and go forth with lofty purpose and with stern resolve. Weary and jaded, in the bowels of the earth, the miner hears its whispers, and inspired by its soul-stirring strains, he casts aside the implements of his toil, comes forth in the dignity of his manhood, and by virtue of a title deed from the Almighty, asserts his right to wood and water, field and flood — God's glorious sunshine and refreshing rain! It reaches the sultry plantation, and the toil-worn slave, gathering new vigor from its echo, clanks his chains and calls himself a MAN! Outstripping in its passage the beautiful theories of *prevention*, which, emanating from minds above temptation, resounded from the pulpit and the press, it stretches forth its arm to seek and to save that which was lost. It touches the hearts of a little band of four or five victims of a depraved appetite, and bursting from a thralldom almost as binding as the sleep

of death, they go forth, with songs of deliverance upon their lips, upon their truly Washingtonian errand of love and mercy to their erring fellow men. They see the image of God, besotted and degraded as they themselves had been, and while the Priest and Levite pass by on the other side, like the Good Samaritan they raise him from the gutter, exclaiming, "Stand up, *our* BROTHER! We ourselves, also, are but MEN. It enters the study of the Philanthropist, and as he views the present Ishmaelitic state of society, every man's hand against his neighbor's, and his neighbor's against him, he endeavors to develop a plan for the improvement of the social relations, by a system of attractive industry, and communities of property, and forthwith *Fourier* and similar associations spring into being.

Forced onward and upward by this glorious harbinger of a better era, man, instead of being wrapped up in his own little self, or willing to assist none but some petty feudal tyrant, gives his hand to his brother man, and his heart goes with it. If oppression grinds his iron heel *too* hardly upon the suffering poor, and pampered luxury, in the shape of cowardly taxation, wrenches *too* earnestly at the widow's mite, forthwith hand joins to hand — heart leaps to heart — and up, up, up, far above the petty topics of the day, comes the still, small voice of groaning, suffering, agonizing humanity, calling for Bread or Blood — *Bread or Blood* — BREAD or BLOOD! — until it reaches the inmost recesses of the palace, and, like the hand-writing upon the wall, spreads dismay and consternation among its inmates.

And is it any matter of surprise, brothers, that this spirit of reform, call it by what name you will, the Mission of Humanity or the Spirit of the Age, WILL express its opinions and stamp its impress upon every cause with which it becomes associated? That, entering the bosom of Odd Fellowship, it finds there much to admire, much that is in accordance with its high and holy mission? By no means. For it is to this Spirit of the Age that Odd Fellowship, and particularly *American* Odd Fellowship, is indebted for all that is most valuable in its nature and objects — for its hundred thousand faithful adherents, and, over and above all, *for the contemplated reform* in the work of the Order. You are aware brothers, that an intelligent, judicious, and dispassionate Committee, have been selected to conduct the revision of the work. Whether such revision, if accepted, will be for better or worse, time only can determine. One truth, however, is self-evident; that such revision is *deeply needed* and *loudly called for*. From my soul, I am glad this reform has commenced. No feelings of regret arise in my bosom at the idea of the Order's being shorn of its antiquarian honors. Valuing the institution for its intrinsic worth *alone*, it matters not a straw with me whether it took its rise among the hoary mysteries of Isis, in the shadowy chambers of the Egyptian Pyramids, or amid the social meetings of a noble-hearted set of fellows in an English club-room, I say *noble-hearted*, because the eternal principles that compose its base would never have found an abiding place in the bosoms of a band of depraved spirits; and whenever or wherever it arose, the seeds of Friendship, Love and Truth must have been planted in the hearts of its founders,

or the noble building, rough-hewn and uncouth as it is, would long since have passed away.

With institutions, as with men, a long line of titled ancestry confers no real honor. And often, as we pore over their histories, we gaze with a sigh at the bold bas-reliefs of injustice, cruelty and oppression, which the corroding finger of Time has only rendered more distinct and prominent, while it has crumbled away the modest inscriptions of virtuous actions.

But some brother exclaims, whose veneration has become excited, "Remove not the ancient landmarks which our fathers have set." What if they are ancient? Do the rusty, moth-eaten covers of some old black letter manuscript betoken any rare excellence in its pages? Are the dust and cobwebs that enshroud some old family chest, some heir-loom of a century, respected when it becomes necessary to examine its contents? On the contrary, does not the towering monument on yonder hill, though but the work of yesterday, tell its glorious story as faithfully and as proudly as it would if the moss of ages encrusted its base, and the storms of centuries had beaten upon its summit? In a word, when it is difficult to find the ancient landmarks at all, is it not better to order a new survey, lest, peradventure, we be found encroaching upon the lines of our three principal duties? It has been well remarked by an eminent brother of the Order, that the *good* and *true* in an institution can never die. It is only the *error* that needs uprooting:

"TRUTH, crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

* * * * *

Before closing, I wish to converse familiarly upon a few matters relating to our Lodge meetings. It is a melancholy fact that brothers may be found whose whole creed in Odd Fellowship consists of three rules — to pay their dues when well, receive their benefits when sick, and retire from the hall as soon as the initiation service is over. Such may be Odd Fellows in name, but they are as ignorant of the true principles of our institution as a child can be of the nature of a steam engine. They see the movement of the machine, and so long as it moves at all, they care but little by what power it is kept in motion, or whither it is tending. Their knowledge of the Order is a knowledge of its forms and ceremonies alone, and that Lodge stands the highest in their estimation which can infuse into those ceremonies the most spirit. Nor is this at all surprising; for the institution discovers its choicest beauties when they are absent; or, in other words, when the Lodge is open upon the good and welfare of the Order. The ceremonies are then over, the pageantry is forgotten. Hand joins hand in social union, and heart responds to heart in the expression of friendly opinion. It is in truth a family meeting, where the diffident and retiring brother, warmed into confidence by the social feeling which reigns pre-eminent, unconsciously finds himself for the first time addressing a public as-

sembly. By untiring attendance, he becomes acquainted with business matters and parliamentary rules. The claims of the sick and distressed, of the widow and the orphan, are brought home to his heart with a ten-fold power. The deviations of brothers from the paths of rectitude become as beacon lights in his paths; and he goes forth to the world a more true and faithful Odd Fellow, a better citizen, and a nobler man. Unconsciously he has discovered the *pearl* of Odd Fellowship, and, placing it in the inmost recesses of his heart, he appoints for its guardians Wisdom and Virtue, and in his eyes the ceremonies, tinsel and trappings become as valueless as the rough granite that encases the crystal.

A CLUSTER OF PARAGRAPHS.

ART thou so untravelled, reader, so unlearned in country matters, as never to have been present at a "sugaring-off?" Then thy inexperience indeed deserves commiseration. The other day we enjoyed that luxury upon the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. Figure to yourself a rude stone house with tall maples and other trees rising majestically all around it, and within, set into a furnace, a huge kettle containing the concentrated essence of we know not how many barrels of the sweet liquor of nature's own distillation, now about to undergo the last stage of the process of converting it into sugar. The golden, foaming mass is getting rebellious, curling up the sides of the kettle and threatening every moment to "jump out of the frying-pan into the fire." "Now's the time, lads and lasses!" cries the master of ceremonies, and forthwith a merry group of us, each with a lump of snow in one hand and a spoon in the other, invest the aforesaid kettle on all sides, bend over it to inhale the delicious fragrance, and dip in *ad libitum*. Jokes practical and vocal fly around. "See, cries Ned, a finical lad from the city, "I am smeared from top to toe." At that instant a half-malicious little damsel, her sweet lips made sweeter, if possible, by the sugar adhering to them, gives him a smack, and his young mustache is glued close to the skin. Ned looks a little vexed, but his friend consoles him with the remark that a short course of hydropathy will set all to rights and make him "as good as new." Presently we are surfeited with sweets, and take our way home through the forest, which we make ring again with unrestrained hilarity.

The poor little prisoner in his gilded cage, hung up in the luxurious parlor and fed upon dainties, may sing ever so merrily, but to us his music has the plaintive, despairing tone of the captive. Like Sterne's starling, he seems constantly saying, "I can't get out! I can't get out!" This thought recurred to us not long since with peculiar force as we

rambled through woods and fields and listened to the "song of earliest birds," fresh from the "sunny south." With a genuine gush of nature's melody they come, untrammelled as the element which is their home, joyous as angels, their tiny hearts beating with the quickened pulse of all-pervading love — fit harbingers of a re-awakened earth, clad in the manifold beauty of verdant fields, of bursting foliage, of many-tinted flowers, overarched by a sky so clear, so soft, so delicately colored, that it seems the all-blessing smile of the Infinite Father! Give us the "wood notes wild" of the "free denizens of the air."

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,"

said the gentle, noble-hearted poet; and all who respond to this sentiment will be ready to say, —

I would not shut a bird within a cage.

Genius and Talent — who shall draw the line of demarcation between them, infinitely varied and blended as they are? But still, though so difficult to define, the wide difference between them is manifest to all. Genius possesses both the wings and the sight of an eagle; Talent, but the industry and skill of a beaver. The one bathes in the perennial and exhaustless fountains of thought, feeling, emotion; the other is refreshed with only an occasional and stinted draught from the rills which flow thence. To the one, the inductions of reason are a chain complete, which stretches as vividly before him as the forked lightning upon the cloud; the other must forge its successive links by persevering and painful effort. The ear of the former is attuned to universal harmonies; that of the latter catches only now and then a note of the "music of the spheres." Individuals of the former class have, in the language of Jean Paul, left "every possible future behind them;" while those of the latter are chiefly occupied with the present.

"Society at the present time," remarks Mrs. Child, "is obviously an orchestra without a leader, where each man's ambition is to make his own part most prominent, without any reference to the whole." And we may add to this happily illustrated and much-to-be-lamented truth, that the more execrable the music of the individual performer, the more does he seem to be bent on "splitting the ears" of all lovers of harmony by his discordant "scrannel-piping."

Love and selfishness, the positive and negative poles of the moral world, unlike those of the natural, mutually repel each other. All loving and peaceful creatures, "by a law divine," are attracted towards each other and dwell in harmonious groups; while those of a fierce, destructive kind, live in selfish isolation. Witness the various tribes of gentle animals, both wild and tame, that walk the earth, the harmless birds of the air, and among insects, the industrious ants and bees, all drawn near each other for help and sympathy. Witness, on the other hand, the lion or the tiger in his lair, the vulture or the eagle upon his crag, and the spider in his web. There is a seeming exception to this law. Ferocious beasts sometimes hunt in packs, and more ferocious men combine in devising crafty schemes for the plunder of their fellows, or carry on the bolder robbery of war and piracy in concert, but both men and beasts quarrel in the division of their prey.

"No man," it has been well said, "ever knew himself, or was himself, until he was loved." As certain tender flowers fold up their petals at the approach of darkness, unclosing only in the warmth and light of the following day, so human powers and affections flow back in chilling currents upon the heart when greeted by coldness and neglect, for it is in the sunshine of love alone that they can attain to full development and beauty.

There are certain great elementary truths which only need to be fairly presented to the mind to receive its immediate assent, and they can never be made clearer by passing through the alembic of metaphysics or polemics. It is a beautiful idea of a profound faith, that the angels of the highest heaven do not reason concerning truths, but answer "Yea" or "Nay" to all things from intuitive perception. So it is even here with those who possess true spiritual discernment.

The London Punch is full of all sorts of oddities and comicalities, mingled with a good deal of sound sense. Take a scrap from the "Comic Blackstone" — subject, "Alienation by Devise": — "Having run through every species of alienation, we now come to mental alienation, which is often the accompaniment of law, or, at least, the characteristic of those who rush blindly into it." Touching the law of wills in this connection, Punch remarks, that "the law loves to encourage the transmission of property from hand to hand, because, as valuables are never moved without risk of breakage, so, in the transfer of property, bits may fall to the lawyers." Here are also two or three "cute" things from "Punch's Almanack for 1845": — "Thorwaldsen's executors claim £30,000 for the statue of Lord Byron. We did n't know a poet went at *so much per stone*." — "The Queen and Prince Albert subscribe £300 to the public wash-houses. A nice bit of '*Windsor soap*' for the people." — "The freedom of Edinburgh presented to Liebig, the cock of chemistry, who, like the cock in the fable, has found pearls in dunghills." — "Freak of nature. A child born in Pennsylvania, in the iris of whose eye may be traced the following words — 'NO EFFECTS.'"

In the way of machine poetry, here is something not bad. The measure of the last line is admirably adapted to the long-drawn suspirations of the despairing lover:

Oh! lady, hear thy lover sigh,
No truer heart there is than mine,
I read compliance in your eye,
Then why not say at once, I've kept you waiting a long time, and
if you 'll have patience till I can get a wedding dress made, I 'll be thine?

The Cumberland river is said to be very *low*. We know it has been "confined to its bed for a long time."—*Ex. paper*. — Our latest accounts from the Cumberland river represent it as being still able to "run." — *Neal's Gaz.*

At one of the late "receptions" at the Tuilleries, an unusually large number of American citizens were presented. A fat Kentuckian lady, overpowered by the adroit attentions of the sovereign, exclaimed, "Law, King Philippe, how you do talk English!"

O U R O R D E R .

Odd Fellowship indulges in no idle mummerly; her mystic emblems, solemn ceremonies, without meaning to the uninitiated, are pregnant with important recollections. From the first step of initiation through all the various degrees, the candidate is taught the most solemn truths by regular and progressive steps. They are taught in a manner calculated to make the most lasting impression, and while they improve the mind, make him at heart a better man. His duty to his Creator, his family, his neighbor and himself, rank among the first of his lessons; while the great principle of Charity presents itself at every step; not that charity which proclaimeth itself from the house-top, but "charity which doeth good by stealth and blushes to find its fame." A case passed under the immediate eye of the writer, in a neighboring city, which may prove of interest to your readers. In 1840 a gentleman from the North, who was an Odd Fellow, came South on some urgent business; on his way down the Mississippi he fell dangerously sick of the typhus fever. The captain, crew, and boat physician despaired of his life, and being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust the sick man ashore. On reaching the landing, the mate and hands were ordered to take him off upon a litter, and put him in one of those miserable doggeries which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest nearly all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate upon the wasted frame of the stranger, and his gruff voice as he bellowed on, "Go ahead!" partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him — he was told they were putting him ashore at——. He inquired, are there any Odd Fellows here? A brother, standing on the wharf, who had been gazing on the inhuman scene, replied, instantly, "Yes there are many and true." "Then," said the sick stranger, "put me down, put me down right here. I shall be taken care of." He was taken care of; though a stranger in a strange land, ready friends clustered around him — they tested him, he was an Odd Fellow, and in good standing in his Lodge; it was enough; he was taken up by brothers' hands — supported on friendly bosoms — he was provided a place in the best hotel, the best medical aid was called in, he was nursed by friends whose eyes never slept over his couch of anguish. For many weeks his case was considered as hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eyes of his aged mother, and to infuse new joy into the warm heart of his young and beautiful wife. Odd Fellowship is not only charitable, but it is philanthropic; it gives the initiated brother in good standing a passport in every land where the Order is known. Although a stranger in a strange land, he will have that which will gain admittance into the Lodge, when his hand will be pressed by the hearty responding gripe of a brother, and his desires and necessities attended to. It is also sympathetic. It never heard the widow sigh, nor saw the orphan weep, and not relieve — indeed in all Lodges there is a fund especially set a part for the widow and orphans of deceased members; a committee is appointed from each Lodge, whose duty it is to see that the orphans are properly fed, clothed, and educated.

New Orleans Odd Fellow

The two following articles were unavoidably omitted in our last.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL — SALEM.

On Friday evening of last week, the doors of this Hall were thrown open to visitors, and we happened in amongst the rest. We confess that we were hardly prepared for quite so much of an exhibition, from an institution so young and so little known in our community. The chairs appropriated to the official dignitaries were canopied by such beautiful upholstery, the mirror-windows shone so dazzlingly, the settees bespoke so much of comfort, and the whole interior looked so bright and cheerful, that we were somewhat disposed to question whether we were not mistaken in our whereabouts. We learn that the decorations of the Hall were the handiwork of Mr. Woodward, a young Boston mechanic, and if these are specimens of his oddity, oddity and good taste are in closer alliance than many had supposed.

As we passed around the room, admiring all we saw, it was natural enough that our curiosity should be a little excited, and although we asked no questions, we kept close to those who did, that we might appropriate to our use all the information they extorted. The secrets of the Order, as far as we could learn, had not as yet been set up in the new Hall, and of course were not for exhibition on that evening. Sundry mystical letters, on marble blocks, were so variously interpreted by different individuals who professed to be within the veil, that we came to the conclusion that one of the secrets of Odd Fellowship consisted, like Talleyrand's, in diplomacy, in "using such language as best conceals the idea." Indeed, "most provokingly cautious" were they all, while we were on tiptoe for an accidental slip, that might let us into the mysteries of the Ark, and the quadruped famed, the world over, as so essential at the portals of the mystic Temple.

We must say, however, that we came away highly gratified with our visit, and disposed to bid our friends a God speed in their endeavors to promote the great principles of benevolence, which they profess to have adopted as their rules of action. — *Salem Observer.*

PEJEPSCOT LODGE — BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

WE understand this Lodge is in high repute among its sister Lodges. It broke ground in this village when prejudices were rife against the Order, but it has pursued the even tenor of its way, without parade or excitement, admitting to its fellowship some of the best fellows in the community, and is now gaining the respect of many who were its enemies. Odd Fellowship is peculiarly odd. To witness men of different orders of intellects, of religion and of politics, associated for the purpose of promoting peace among men, and of diffusing good will and good principles through the Order, we confess it to be Odd Fellowship indeed. So long as human nature is what it ever has been, men will separate into parties and indulge in party feeling and strife. It is for Odd Fellowship therefore to gather together men of every profes-

sion, overlooking all organizations — link them together as by a chain of brotherhood — and teach them their relationship to one another in the great family of mankind. In accomplishing the great objects for which the Order was designed, its members should pursue the path which has been marked out in the Pejepscot Lodge, and refuse to admit within their walls a single person who would be unworthy of the trust that unites them: for “better is the few where love is, than a great multitude and contention therewith.” — *Brunswick (Me.) Forester.*

ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

WE have recently seen a Constitution of a Subordinate Lodge in Massachusetts, printed in 1845, which says, respecting admissions, “He shall not be under *twenty-one years of age* (except the son of an Odd Fellow, who may be admitted at twenty.)” On inquiry, we were informed that the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts allowed the admission into Lodges under its jurisdiction of sons of Odd Fellows, at twenty years of age, and that the rule of the Subordinate was sanctioned by the Grand Lodge.

We know not but other State Grand Lodges allow the same practice. But by reference to the following from the report of the Committee on the State of the Order passed at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., it will be seen that the custom is prohibited.

“No person is eligible to admission into the Order of Odd Fellowship, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, except free white males, of good moral character, who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe.” [See printed proceedings Grand Lodge U. S., pages 54 — 55.] It is to be presumed that Grand Lodges will take notice, and require their Subordinates to govern themselves accordingly. — *Covenant.*

ANDROSCOGGIN LODGE — LEWISTON, MAINE.

The Androscoggin Lodge, No. 24, I. O. O. F., was insituted at Lewiston Falls, by Rev. Bro. James Pratt of Portland, Grand Master of the State of Maine, assisted by brethren from Augusta, Portland and Brunswick. An address was delivered in the evening by the Grand Master, before a large audience. This Lodge numbers about forty members, and commences its existence under very flattering auspices. — *Hallowell Cultivator.*

THE Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the city and county of Philadelphia, have subscribed between ten and eleven thousand dollars towards building a splendid Hall for their accommodation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Twilight Hours: or Leisure Moments of an Artist. By E. A. BRACKETT.

This is an exceedingly handsome little volume. It is "got up" in the purest style, being both delicate and serviceable. We have carefully perused the contents, which have afforded us much pleasure. The Artist-poet manifests, throughout this volume, a tender sense ever awake to the Beautiful about him. His heart seems rather to be an instrument whereon the fingers of Nature play, weaving their sweet and strange melodies, than one of those artificial music-boxes wound up and "warranted to go." The brook,

"Singing the sweetest roundelay
That e'er a maiden's bosom stirred;"

the winds, the woods, the flowers, the sunlight and the darkness, hold him, as the "Ancient Mariner" held the wedding guest, apart from the mad festivities of men. The poet thus acted upon, sensitive to the minutest sound, may seem at times to dally with insignificant things, to breathe lines "too simple for beauty;" but, after all, is not the fault more with the reader than the poet? We are too prone to set up our own notions as a standard and judge all things by that; analyzing everything our own way, forgetting that Nature wears a different face and speaks a different language to eyes and ears differently constituted; forgetting, too, that there exist simple beauties too delicate for any mode of analysis. Wordsworth's works abound with the latter quality; his simple, strong, well proportioned figures, cannot be moulded, like our modern dandies for every tailor to display his new-fashioned style of cutting upon; and hence the hue and cry against him. But notwithstanding all this, give us some more such fearless, truthful men, and the world will one day be more grateful than it seems inclined at present to be. We are glad to observe in the little volume before us much that partakes of the same spirit of which we have just spoken. It is full of simple truth and beauty, illustrated by passages of striking and delicate fancies.

Pictorial History of the World. By JOHN FROST, LL.D.

The artist's skill is now brought into requisition for the illustration of all subjects. We have a "Pictorial Bible," "Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible," and pictorial newspapers, to which we can now add a "Pictorial History of the World." Were it not that such a copious text always accompanies the pictures, it might be supposed that we had adopted the picture-writing of the Egyptians or the Mexicans. Some of these are valuable, some of them are comparatively worthless. Sears's Illustrations of the Bible, &c., are of the order of sham, in spite of the many respectable names which he has obtained to vouch to the contrary, and, like Hodge's razor, are evidently made to sell. The Pictorial Bible of the Harpers does honor to the arts of printing and engraving, and the work under consideration, in external appearance, is scarcely inferior to it. The first number, consisting of 50 royal octavo pages, and illustrated by numerous engravings, brings down the history of the world to the end of the reign of Amenophis II., King of Egypt, B. C. 1727. The work is to consist of some 30 numbers, at 25 cents each. The first number can now be obtained of Bro. E. R. Rich, of South Boston, who is to act as agent for the publisher.

Lowell Offering.

No. 3 of the fifth volume of this interesting monthly is now before us, and we take pleasure in introducing it to such of our readers as may not before have made its acquaintance. Its articles, all respectable, and many of them evincing very superior capacity highly improved by culture, are written by "factory girls," and the edictress belongs to the same class. This fact is sometimes mentioned as if it were a wonderful thing that factory girls should be able to write at all. But wherefore

should they not? They are the daughters of the respectable yeomanry of New England, and have had, almost without exception, the advantages of at least a common school education. Those who have a strong desire for improvement will afterwards instruct themselves. Grant, as we believe, that their toil is too protracted and incessant, and that they receive for it but a poor remuneration, still there is some time for study, and we see no reason why the din of the cotton-mill should drive all ideas out of their heads. The notion is far too prevalent that an active use of the hands is inconsistent with the efficient operation of the brain. Nothing can be farther from the truth than this. The fact is, it is only by coming in immediate contact with the realities of things all around us that we can ever be thoroughly educated. When labor is rendered what it ought to be, it will ennoble the whole being, giving health and activity to the body and enlargement and vigor to the mind. Poorly as many may think of the condition of "a factory girl," it is far preferable to the silken idleness which is paralyzing the bodies and souls of thousands who might otherwise be the ornaments of literature and the benefactors of their race. If any are disposed to sneer at this class of persons, let them read the "Offering," and ask themselves if, with all their advantages, they could have written better articles than some of those which may be found in its pages. A year or two since a volume made up of selections from it was published in London and favorably noticed in one of the leading English Reviews. Accustomed as they are in that country to witnessing the deplorable misery and degradation of the population of its manufacturing towns, it seemed almost incredible that individuals of the same class in the United States should have attained to a high degree of refinement and literary ability. We need not say success to the "Offering," for it has already succeeded; but it has our best wishes for its more abundant prosperity in future.

Advocate of Peace.

We learn by the March number of this periodical that renewed efforts are about to be made for the more universal diffusion of the beneficent principles of "peace on earth, good will to men." The mode of special operations is to be three-fold. It is proposed, 1st, "as soon as possible, to bring the whole question of substitutes for war, particularly arbitration and a Congress of Nations, before our National and State Legislatures;" 2d, "to bring the general subject of peace before the whole people, by brief, popular articles from our ablest writers, inserted at short intervals, for several years, in all our newspapers;" and, 3d, to publish a series of tracts of about fifty numbers, making altogether a volume of some five hundred pages, on the various topics connected with peace and war, from some of the ablest writers who have turned their attention in this direction. The Peace Society, we learn, is at present a good deal straitened for want of means, but it is confidently hoped that sufficient will be realized for the prosecution of these several objects by an earnest appeal to all who are in favor of the movement. The plan for presenting this subject to the public mind through the 1500 or more newspapers in the United States strikes us as one calculated to be eminently effective. A special appeal is made to editors. They are requested to insert as original such short articles as will be furnished them through the *Advocate*, or, what would be preferred, remarks by themselves or their correspondents. Those who feel an interest in the matter will no doubt cheerfully comply with this request; and we see no reason why such as doubt the possibility of the universal reign of peace should object to the discussion and fair presentation of the question.

The Ark—Columbus, O.

We are happy to learn by the February No. of this excellent periodical devoted to the Order, that its prospects are such as to warrant its continuance. By a statement made in a recent number, we were somewhat fearful that Bros. Blair & Glenn would be obliged to suspend the publication for want of support. But we feel assured that the Odd Fellows of the West will not suffer so faithful and able an organ as the *Ark* to die for want of their support. Terms, \$2 per annum. We should be pleased to forward subscriptions from some of our New England friends.

The Odd Fellows' Advocate.

THIS is the title of a new weekly paper published at Philadelphia. We have received the first and third numbers, and are well pleased with them. The Order in Philadelphia have long needed an organ, and we doubt not that in the *Advocate* they will be well represented. It is edited P. G. Wm. D. Baker, Esq., whose ability to render the publication worthy of support, none will deny. We sincerely hope the publisher, Bro. B. E. Smith, will meet with abundant success.

The Covenant.

The March number has come to hand. The contents are varied and interesting. Bro. Neilson has now the entire control of the publishing of this periodical. This is right, and we hope never again to see "Official Magazine" stamped upon the face of it. 'Individual enterprise' is always the more creditable, even though it require a vast deal more labor and trouble to prosper. We would suggest to the publisher, by the way, the propriety of giving proper credit to selected articles. Even his satanic majesty, it is admitted, should have all due credit; and we see no reason why printers and publishers should n't be as favorably treated. Rev. Bro. A. Case, and Bro. Tal. P. Schaffner, have been engaged as Editors.

The Golden Rule.

This publication is regularly received. We perceive that Rev. Bro. B. B. Hallock has taken the chair editorial, which cannot fail of rendering the work of the most interesting character, both in matters relative to the Order and general literature. The *Golden Rule* is certainly deserving of success, and we sincerely hope it is abundantly patronized. Houel & Macoy, publishers, New York.

The Independent Odd Fellow.

We have not received a number of this valuable magazine for the last three months. We hope Bro. Ford will see that the numbers are forwarded, for we cannot afford to be deprived of so pleasant a companion. Next to the *Symbol* (of course), the *Independent Odd Fellow* stands, in point of excellence, first on the list of publications devoted to the Order. Published at Richmond, Virginia, at \$2 a year.

The Gavel

For March has been received, and as usual is filled with useful and interesting matter. In this number the Editor has an able article on the revision of the work of the Order, which but for want of room we should be pleased to transfer to our pages. Bro. Barr goes for a *thorough revision* of the work.

The *State Sentinel*, in a complimentary notice of the *Symbol*, for which we feel duly grateful, says "it is published by the *Rev. J. Prince*." Now we beg to have it understood that, out of the Order, we rejoice in no dignities either ecclesiastical or civil, and our head is not yet so "silvered o'er with age" as to entitle us to so grave a prefix. Sometimes, to be sure, our good-natured correspondents give us the affix of "*Esq.*," but that honor, from universal wear, has become as thread-bare as Grimes's "old gray coat all buttoned down before," and is just about as distinctive as the cognomen of John Smith. Write us down simply *T. Prince*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LADIES IN THE FIELD.

It appears by the Constitution of a Society which we give below that Odd Fellowship is not confined to the "lords of creation." The ladies have long felt and manifested a strong sympathy for our Order, many of them having learned by grateful experience the blessings which it is designed to confer, but we believe this is the first attempt in this city at a similar organization for themselves. Their objects are the same as ours, and the mode of operations prescribed by the Constitution of the "Ladies' Mutual Aid Society" differs but slightly from that practised by our own Lodges. It will be seen by reference to the date that this Society was instituted above a year since. What success they have had thus far, or how large their numbers, we have not been precisely informed, but we cannot doubt that they are going on prosperously. Most cordially do we welcome such auxiliaries into this broad field of philanthropy. Gladly would we co-operate with them in this great work of beneficence, for nothing is so efficient as their aid and sympathizing approval. We mean not this as the language of empty compliment, but as the statement of a sober fact. Man, if you will, may see farther, plan better, be a safer director of general affairs than woman, but what were all his efforts without the deep power of her love, of her tender regard for every form of sorrow, to give them vitality? Our Order may emphatically be said to be the benefactor of woman, when bereaved by death of the strong arm on which she leaned for support, but it may well be doubted whether the assistance rendered in such cases has been anything more than the payment of a debt of gratitude, for it is mainly through her that Odd Fellowship ever had an existence. We do not mean that she first suggested it, or that she has been active in carrying it forward; but without the life-lasting influence, the softening recollections of the love of Christian mothers, and the tender affection of sisters, who, think you, would have thought of a fraternal association like ours? "All this is undoubtedly true," some may say, "but where is the necessity for the institution of a society of this kind on the part of women? Have they not fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, to whom they can look for support and protection?" Many of them are orphans, or if any of these natural protectors remain, they may be unable, possibly unwilling, to render any assistance. We should think a society of this kind would be eminently useful among that large class of women in our

cities who depend upon their needles for a subsistence, many of whom have no other resource in case of sickness or misfortune than the savings of previous industry, which, at the present low rate of remuneration for that industry, must be small indeed. But we would not have the movement confined to any particular class, but should be glad to see it embrace all classes in a more intimate, kindly sisterhood than at present exists. Associations for various benevolent purposes have been for a long time judiciously managed by the ladies, dispensing untold blessings, and there can be no question that they are equally capable of conducting this new form of charity to beneficent results.

LADIES' MUTUAL AID SOCIETY.

Boston, March 6, 1844.

That it is good for us to cast aside all feelings, cold and restrained, and unite as members of the human family, to promote each other's welfare, is felt, if not acknowledged, by all. To be sisters not only in word, but in deed — to dispel the gloom which the clouds of adversity shed about us — to soothe the pillow of sickness and pain, and to raise the feelings of the desponding — are the objects which ought to engross the attention, and direct the actions of Woman. — To carry these principles more fully into practice, we are resolved to form ourselves into a society. We pledge ourselves to regulate our conduct (as regards the Society) by the following Constitution and By-Laws:

CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. — This Society shall be called the LADIES' MUTUAL AID SOCIETY; and shall consist of at least six members, including one capable of presiding at its meetings.

OF OFFICERS.

ART. 2. — The Elective Officers of this Society shall consist of an L. G., V. G., S. and T., who shall be chosen every six months by written ballot. The Appointed Officers shall consist of an L. G. A., V. G. A., C. and G., and shall be appointed by the L. G. immediately after her election, except the V. G. A., who shall be appointed by the V. G. A Committee of Three shall be appointed to investigate the character of persons proposed for membership; and a Committee of four to visit the sick, which shall consist of the L. G. and V. G., or L. G. A. and V. G. A. and two appointed members.

ART. 3. — It shall be the duty of the L. G. to preside at all meetings — to see that all officers and members of committees perform their respective duties — to appoint all officers and members of committees not otherwise provided — to give the casting vote only — to inspect and announce the result of all ballotings — to draw on the T. for all sums that have been voted for, or that may be necessary to pay the benefits promised by this Society. She shall not make or second any motion, neither shall she take part in any debate while in the chair.

ART. 4. — The duty of the V. G. shall be to assist the L. G. in presiding at the meetings, and in case of the absence of the L. G., to preside at the meetings, and perform all the duties of the L. G.

ART. 5. — It shall be the duty of the S. to keep a recorded account of the proceedings of the Society, with all communications — to issue all notices — to keep a true account between the Society and its members, and at the end of each term notify all members who are in arrears — and to make out a statement of all money received and paid out.

ART. 6. — It shall be the duty of the T. to receive all money paid into the Society — to pay all orders drawn by the L. G. — to keep a full and correct account of all money received and expended — and to render a statement of its funds to the Society at the end of each term.

ART. 7. — It shall be the duty of the G. to take charge of all property of the Society, and if any damage is done to it, she shall report the same to the Society or its officers. She shall place the regalia for the use of the members, at the opening of the meeting, and at its close, collect and preserve them in a careful manner.

ART. 8. — It shall be the duty of the C. to receive the pass word from all members, and to do such other duties as may be required of her.

ART. 9. — All officers shall perform such duties as are prescribed to them in their respective charges.

OF MEMBERSHIP.

ART. 10. — No person shall be received as a member of this Society whose age is over fifty, or under sixteen.

ART. 11. — Any person wishing to become a member of this Society, shall be proposed by a member in writing, stating her age, place of residence, and a good reference for character. The proposal shall be referred to the Investigating Committee, who shall report at the next meeting, when the candidate may be balloted for, and if not more than two black balls appear against her, she shall be elected; but if three or more appear, she shall be rejected, and shall be so declared.

ART. 12. — Any person becoming a member of this Society, shall pay at the time of her initiation the sum of one dollar, and an assessment of twenty-five cents per month. Every member shall provide herself with a Constitution. All assessments to be paid quarterly.

OF BENEFITS.

ART. 13. — Any member, who has been such six months, and who has paid her regular assessments, shall be entitled to all the benefits promised by this Society; and no member who is in arrears more than one payment shall be entitled to any such benefits.

ART. 14. — Any member being sick, or otherwise disabled, shall be paid by the Society the sum of three dollars per week, for three months; after which she shall be mutually assisted.

ART. 15. — On the death of a sister, the society shall pay for her burial a sum not less than fifteen dollars.

ART. 16. — Any sister being sick, or having sickness in her family, shall be provided with watchers by the society, by draft, or otherwise; and if any member is drafted, she shall attend, unless she can give a good excuse.

[We here omit Articles 17, 18, 19 and 20, relating to election of officers, as not being of general interest.]

OF PENALTIES.

ART. 21. — Any officer or member of any committee, who shall neglect to do her duty, shall be subject to a fine suitable to the offence, unless a reasonable excuse can be given.

ART. 22. — Any member making known the secrets of the society, or divulging the name of a sister who has voted against any person who has been proposed as a member of this society, or repeating the private affairs of the society, to any person who is not a member, shall be fined or expelled, at the discretion of the society.

ART. 23. — Any person who shall misstate any of the principles of this society, or offend against the articles by which we are governed, shall be fined, reprimanded, suspended or expelled, as the society shall determine.

FREE MASONRY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE noticed, some little time since, an article in one of the numbers of the *Evening Transcript*, in which the writer seemed to labor under some mistake concerning the relative position of Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship. We judged so, at least, from one remark conveying the idea that persons had left the former institution for the latter which is something that has been got up as a substitute for Free Masonry, and in opposition to it. We are not certain that we represent the idea exactly, for we have not the article by us, but we refer to it now in order to introduce a word or two which we have to say upon the subject.

In the first place, then, we would remark that there is no opposition, that we are aware of, between the two institutions. This fact is clear from the circumstance that there are many who belong to both, have filled high offices in each, and entertain for each a strong attachment.

We are not aware that there is any controversy, or much, if any, hard feeling existing between the two.

Neither, again, is Odd Fellowship a modification of Masonry. We are not acquainted with the circumstances of its origin, but think we can safely say, that it was not started as a substitute for Masonry, nor is membership in it sought with that idea. Whether it is an improvement upon Masonry we cannot decide, first, because we are not a Mason, secondly, because we have no wish to excite controversy upon the subject. Masonry and Odd Fellowship are independent institutions, having no affiliation and no conflict. As to the antiquity and respectability of each there need be no boasting, and no jealousy. We do not claim any great antiquity for Odd Fellowship — and we shrewdly suspect that Masonry in its present form is not quite so old as the Deluge. We see no particular merit in antiquity, especially in institutions whose chief claims are those of Benevolence and Brotherly

Love. As to respectability, we are willing to confess that Masonry enrolls among its archives many illustrious names, and that Odd Fellowship cannot compete with it in this respect. But no one can look at the condition of the Order at the present day, without being convinced that in point of contemporary worth and talent, Odd Fellowship is fast taking its place beside the other. But there is no strife and no bitterness, we believe, between them. As to the name of our institution, one more euphonious and elegant might be selected, but, after all, "what's in a name?" If an institution is radically bad, what matter how splendid its externals, how sonorous its title? and if it does a work of practical charity and social good, why, again we ask —

"What's in a name?"

ODD FELLOW'S LIBRARY.

WE believe that a Committee has been appointed for the purpose of forming and conducting an Odd Fellow's Library. How far they have proceeded with their task, or what steps they have taken, we do not know. But we trust that it will not be deemed impertinent if we offer one or two suggestions. And *first*, we hope the Committee in the selection of books, will consider *quality* more than *quantity*. A large library is not always a fine one. The book that costs the least is not always the cheapest. Our remark as to *quality* applies not only to the character of the works purchased, but to the style in which they are bound and printed. There is great choice in editions. And this is not merely a Bibliomaniac's whim, but is a point well worth the consideration of those who collect for public libraries. A book that you wish merely to read and to throw by, you may purchase in a cheap and flimsy edition. But a book that is to be read and re-read, to be bound and placed upon the shelves of a public library, cannot be too carefully selected with reference not only to its nature, but the manner in which it is got up. Who, for instance, would have a set of Dryden's works in any other edition than that of Scott? Who does not prefer Dibelin's edition of Moore's *Utopia*, and Hurd's Cowley, and Backerville's Addison? It may be said, that it is true these are the best editions, but they are also the costliest, and we must consult economy — the funds for our library are limited, &c. &c. We reply that we are no friends of extravagant expenditure even for public purposes; but what is economy in the instance before us? Evidently a different thing from what it might be in the establishment of a private library. You wish to commence a collection of books that will be of profit and interest to the members of the Order. One great object in forming such a library should be to place therein works that private individuals cannot easily obtain — works that are useful to all, and yet, in good editions and fair type, beyond the means of many. You have, we will say, five hundred dollars to expend in books. Now, unquestionably, you can purchase with that sum five hundred volumes,

may, a thousand. A noble little library to start with, one would think; and so it is, if *quantity* is all that we are to consider. Sidney Smith's works at fifty cents, are cheaper than Sidney Smith's works at three, or five dollars. So they are, if the price of a book is all that we are to attend to. All this is undoubtedly *economical*, in one point of view. But we question whether in the highest point of view, considering the purpose for which these books are purchased, the long and frequent use which they are to endure, the variety of wants and tastes to which they should minister, we question whether, in this point of view, such a purchase would be truly economical. Your paper should be strong enough to bear frequent thumbing, your margin should be broad enough to secure the print in binding, and your type large enough to make reading convenient for the old, or the dim-sighted. Besides, many of your cheap books are in everybody's library, many of them nobody wants to read, and they add nothing in usefulness or true value to your collection. Now our theory upon the subject of economy in the expenditure of the supposed five hundred dollars would be this. Get good books both in matter and manner, though one hundred volumes of such exhaust your funds. Then you have laid a solid foundation. The books that follow will be after this pattern. The accumulation may go on slowly, but when it reaches a thousand volumes it will be truly a noble library. All standard works, the best editions, well bound, full of interest and profit to all. This is our idea of the manner in which a public library should be commenced. If we had but two hundred dollars at our disposal as an agent for such a library, we should rather buy such a work as the *Encyclopedia Britannica* with it, than two hundred, or four hundred poorly printed, poorly written, superficial works. The *Encyclopedia* would be a library in itself; the others would be constantly wearing out, falling to pieces, and finally exchanged for better articles in a better condition. So much for the *economy* of the matter. We must defer what else we have to say until our next, assuring the Committee, however, that we have no wish to interfere with their business, or to speak in the style of dictation. We do not know who they are, though we believe we possess the name of one of their number. In his taste and judgment we have entire confidence, and are sure that he has enough of the Bibliographer's vein in him to respond to our remarks as given not in the spirit of arrogant counsel, but of friendly suggestion.

ODD FELLOW'S HALL.

It has already been extensively announced that there is a movement among the members of the Order in this city for the purchase and erection of a building as an Odd Fellow's Hall—containing Lodgerooms, offices, &c., together with a large room suitable for public lectures. We perceive that this object is about to be accomplished, and we doubt not such an edifice will be speedily built, and will prove not

only "a great convenience to the Order," but "an ornament to the city." We give below an extract from one of our city papers, embracing a quotation from the *Mercantile Journal*.

"We join in the general expression of feeling at the success of this noble institution. Although not an Odd Fellow ourselves, we wish God speed to the principles of Odd Fellowship. It must be highly gratifying to its members to hear of the progress already made towards the erection of a new building in this city. A writer in the *Mercantile Journal* of last evening gives the result of a meeting held the past week.

"Rev. Thomas F. Norris was called to the chair, and William Hilliard appointed Secretary. After a statement of the object of the meeting, a motion was made and seconded to the following purport, — that the exigencies and necessities of the Odd Fellows of this city required the erection of a suitable building for the accommodation of the Order in this city. After some able debates on the object and the plan of carrying it into effect, the measure of erecting such a building was by a unanimous vote declared to be expedient, and a committee of five was appointed to select a site, and draw the plan of indenture for the formation of a Stock Company to raise the necessary funds. E. G. Austin, Esq., is the chairman of that committee. They are to report at an adjourned meeting at the same place, on Saturday evening. The building is to be of permanent masonry — the materials granite. It is to contain stores on the basement — an immense lecture-room on the second floor — on the third, three large working halls and an Encampment hall. There will also be rooms in the building for the necessary offices of the Grand Master and Grand Secretary.

"The contemplated building is expected to cost from \$100,000 to \$150,000. Assurances were given that the stock would be taken up soon after the opening of the subscription books. Such a building, centrally located, will be a great convenience to the Order, and an ornament to the city — and we hope may early be erected."

Below we give the Report of the Committee appointed as above : —

To the Officers and Members of the Several Encampments and Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows :

BRETHREN : — The Undersigned, a Sub Committee of the Delegates from the several Lodges, appointed to take into consideration the erection of a Building for the exclusive accommodation of the Brothers of the Order, have been instructed to Report —

That Delegates from all the Lodges in the City met in Committee, and carefully examined into the subject with which they were charged, and after a full and free discussion, it was unanimously Voted, that it is both expedient and practicable to erect the proposed Building, and that the most feasible plan by which this object can be accomplished, is by creating a Joint Stock Company, the par value of the Shares of which, shall be the sum of *twenty-five dollars* each.

A Sub Committee of the General Committee were chosen to ascertain what eligible lots of land could be obtained in the City, on which to erect the proposed edifice, and this Committee reported several well known locations, but expressed their preference for a site on the West side of Washington street; and in this opinion the General Committee concurred unanimously.

It is supposed by the Committee, that the sum of *One Hundred Thousand Dol-*

lars will be sufficient to purchase the land and complete a building, creditable to the Order and to the character of Boston.

The General Committee farther directed the Sub Committee to prepare the form of a Subscription paper, which they have done, and annex to this Report; and to request the Committees of the several Lodges and Encampments to proceed forthwith to solicit subscriptions, and to return the subscription papers to the undersigned, by the 29th of the present month, or as soon as Fifty Thousand Dollars shall be subscribed; when the Subscribers to the Stock will be called together, for the purpose of organization, and to take the control of the whole affair.

By Order of the Sub Committee,

E. G. AUSTIN, CHAIRMAN.

Boston, March 15, 1845.

We are happy in being able to add to the above that subsequent to the appointment of the Sub-Committee a large portion of the stock has been subscribed. Being compelled to go to press before the 29th, we cannot state the final result, but feel confident we shall have the pleasure of announcing in our next that the stock has all been taken.

THE MURDERER CONVICTED.

McCurry, tried at Baltimore for the murder of Bro. Paul Roux, was on the 12th ult. found guilty of murder in the first degree. The jury was out one hour and three-quarters. The arguments for the defence and the prosecution were both able and brief. During the summing up, the prisoner was very pale, and gazed with a wild and unsettled eye. When the verdict was rendered, his face assumed a corpse-like paleness, and on rising a minute afterwards to leave the bar, it was evidently with considerable effort, from the relaxation of the muscles. — *Golden Rule*.


THE ODD FELLOW.

THIS is the title of a new weekly journal, the first number of which commences with the first inst. It is published by H. B. Skinner & Co., 66 Cornhill, and is edited by Bro. L. H. M. Cochran. It is a neat, well-looking paper, and we wish it success.


REGALIA ROOM. — Bros. Ruggles & Haskell have taken a room at 1 1-2 Tremont Row, (under Winthrop Hall,) and fitted it up in an admirable manner, as a regalia room. At this place brethren of the Order can find every kind and quality of regalia, for Encampments or Subordinates, and at prices the most reasonable. Bro. Haskell will give his personal attention to this business, which is ample proof that all orders will be executed in the most prompt and faithful manner.

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New Periodical Depot. — It will be seen by reference to our advertising pages, that Bro. HALIBURTON in connection with Mr. DUDLEY, has opened a periodical depot at No. 12 State street. At their counter may be found the most popular magazines and papers published in this country. On the arrival of the English steamers, the latest dates of foreign papers and magazines can be obtained at this establishment. — We bespeak for them the patronage of Odd Fellows and the public generally.

"THE WANDERING JEW." — We have received from Haliburton & Dudley the latest numbers that have been issued of this intensely interesting work by the author of the *Mysteries of Paris*. We advise all who have a taste for the true and beautiful, to read this work. We can assure them they will find much to interest and instruct them. —  Call for *Winchester's* Edition.

"THE ADVENT SHIELD." — We have received from the hands of Rev. S. Bliss a copy of this work. It contains 150 pages, and is entirely filled with a review, by Mr. Bliss, of Professor Bush's work on the "Resurrection of the Body." Mr. Bliss is an able writer, and his Review will be read with interest.

 At a meeting of the *Somerset and Franklin Lodge, No. 21, I. O. of O. F.* Feb. the 27th, a Washingtonian Total Abstinence Pledge was drawn up and signed by every member of the Lodge present on the occasion.—*Hallowell (Me.) paper.*

A noble example, and one which we wish might be imitated by every Lodge of Odd Fellows throughout the globe.

Ferratum. — In Mr. Flagg's article, in the definition of "Economy," p. 164, for "misery" read *money*. Although money is misery, the latter is not what the parsimonious are seeking after.

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MAINE.—T. S. Bowles, Bath; Charles B. Clapp, Gardiner; Edward Fenno, Augusta; Jos. B. Davis, Lewiston Falls; J. S. Cushing, Brunswick.

 We ask the attention of the brethren to the article in the present number on the eligibility to membership, copied from the *Covenant*.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

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GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW Charles Win Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Fredrick Crowwell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.

QUINNIPIAC, No. 1.—D H Moore, NG; Geo N Seagrave, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; William Jumper, Per Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No. 2.—Timothy Sheldon, NG; Mason Smith, VG; L M Stillman, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; S H Havens, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No. 3.—Henry Smith, NG; Daniel Cone, VG; Tho's C Boardman, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PEQUANOCK, No. 4.—Benajah Mallory, NG; Jared B Collins, VG; Isaac L Young, Rec Sec; Wm L Watson, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No. 5.—Lucius G Peck, NG; Wm H Stanley, VG; Azariah J Riggs, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

OUSATONIC, No. 6.—Geo. Bristol, NG; Charles Smith, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Rec and Per Sec.

SAMARITAN, No. 7.—Wm F Hoyt, NG; Ethel T Farnum, VG; Joshua K Ingalls, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No. 8.—Abel N Clark, NG; John W Danforth, VG; Cha's Spencer, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.

THAMES, No. 9.—Henry Stayner, NG; Geo W Brown, VG; Andrew C Lippitt, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; Nathan Beckwith, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No. 10.—Sam'l W Chamberlain, NG; S H Bailey, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Jas W Hyatt, Treas.

UNCAS, No. 11.—Geo T Bromley, NG; Walter Clapp, VG; Wm L Brewer, Rec Sec; Jno L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.

CENTRAL, No. 12.—L C Hubbard, NG; James S Parmelee, VG; Samuel B Wetmore, Rec Sec; Jas E Bidwell, Per Sec; Theodore Bishop, Treas.

CHARITY, No. 13.—A P Niles, NG; B F Lewis, VG; R Brown, Sec; F Rogers, Treas.

WOPWAG, No. 14.—Geo Cornwall, NG; Ralph Argur, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; William Bush, Treasurer.

MONTAWESE, No. 15.—Henry H Jewett, NG; Smith Collins, VG; Wm F Sanford, Sec.

WASHINGTON, No. 16.—Lloyd E Baldwin, NG; Joshua B Lord, VG; Asa W Illison, Sec; Wm H Osborne, Treas.

TRUMBULL, No. 17.—Cyrel C Hughes, NG; W S Neves, VG; Wm Mercer Sec; J N Harris, Treas.

NATHAN HALL, No. 18.—Henry F Gardner, NG; Solomon L Briggs, VG; Wm H Bruce, Sec'y Edwin Kilbourn, Treas.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

The Encampment terms, in Connecticut, commence on the first regular session in July, and the first regular session in January.

LIST OF LODGES IN NEW ENGLAND—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on
1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts	Boston	Mon
2 Siloam	do	Thu
4 New England	East Cambridge	Fri
7 Merrimack	Lowell	Mon
8 Suffolk	Boston	Tue
9 Crystal Fount.	Woburn	Mon
10 Oriental	Boston	Wed
11 Mechanics'	Lowell	Fri
12 Bethel	West Cambridge	Tue
13 Nazarene	Ware Village	Mon
14 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	Mon
15 Tremont	Boston	Wed
16 Covenant	do	Mon
17 Middlesex	Malden	Wed
18 Warren	Roxbury	Tue
19 Monument	East Lexington	Thu
20 Friendship	Cambridgeport	Mon
21 Fidelity	Andover	Thu
22 Howard	Charlestown	Fri
23 Franklin	Boston	Fri
24 Winnisimmet	Chelsea	Tue
25 Boston	Boston	Fri
26 Essex	Salem	Mon
27 Hampden	Springfield	Thu
28 Oberlin	Lowell	Tue
29 Columbian	Stonham	Tue
30 Bethesda	South Boston	Mon
31 Lafayette	Watertown	Thu
32 Ancient Landmark	Boston	Mon
33 Montezuma	do	Wed
34 Hope	Methuen	Wed
35 Prospect	Waltham	Thu
36 Maverick	East Boston	Mon
37 Shawmut	Boston	Tue
38 Souhegan	South Reading	Mon
39 Quacacunquo	Newburyport	Tue
40 Bay State	Lynn	Thu
41 Acushnet	New Bedford	Wed
42 Pacific	Boston	Thu
43 Quisigamond	Worcester	Mon
44 King Philip	Taunton	Tue
45 Framingham	Sixonville	Wed
46 Tisquantum	Milford	Wed
47 Macdonaldian	Dorchester	Wed
48 Norfolk	Lowell	Mon
49 Veritas	Concord	Tue
50 Concord	Chelsea	Mon
51 Mystic	Ipswich	Mon
52 Agawam	South Boston	Fri
53 Hobah	Plymouth	Tue
54 May Flower	Marblehead	Mon
55 Atlantic	Worcester	Fri
56 Worcester	Pittsfield	Fri
57 Berkshire	Newton Upper Falls	Tues
58 Elliot	Natick	Tues
59 Takawambait	Harvard	Mon
60 Harvard	Northampton	Mon
61 Nonotuck	Fall River	Mon
63 Mount Hope	Billerica	Mon
64 Shawheene	Wilmington	Thu
65 Golden Rule	do	Thu

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union	Boston	Sat
2 Maverick	East Boston	Thu
3 Warren	Roxbury	24 Fri
4 United Brothers	South Boston	2 Mon and 4 Fri

GRAND ENCAMPMENT,

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesday next preceding 1st Thursday in August and September.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massasoit	Boston	13 Fri
2 Tri Mount	do	24 Fri
3 Menotomy	West Cambridge	24 Fri
4 Monomake	Lowell	24 Thu
5 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	13 Wed
6 Mount Washington	South Boston	24 Thu
7 Merrimack	Newburyport	

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine	Portland	Mon
2 Saco	do	Tue
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon
4 Ancient Brothers	Portland	Thu
5 Ligonla	do	Sat
6 Sabbath	Augusta	Wed
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Tue
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri
9 Natanais	Gardiner	Fri
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon
11 Sacarappa	Sacarappa	Wed
12 Kenduskeag	Bangor	Mon
13 Pejepscot	Brunswick	Thu
14 Cushnoc	Augusta	Fri
15 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Wed
16 Hobomok	Bath	Fri
17 Washington	Hallowell	Mon
18 Orono	Orono	Sat
19 Passamaquoddy	Eastport	
20 Harrison	Harrison	Fri
21 Somerset & Franklin	Mercer	
24 Androscoggin	Lewiston Falls	Fri

DEGREE LODGE.

1 Union	Bangor	
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		
1 Machigonne	Portland	13 Tue
2 Eastern Star	do	24 Fri
3 Sagamore	Augusta	13 Tue
4 Katahdin	Bangor	
5 Overlin	Saco	
6 Sagadahock	Bath	24 Tue

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets quarterly at Concord.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite	Nashua	Tue
2 Hill-born	Manchester	Mon
3 Wecohammet	Dover	Tue
4 Washington	Somerset	Tue
5 White Mountain	Concord	Fri
6 Piscataqua	Portsmouth	Mon
7 Winnipissaukee	Meredith Bridge	Tues

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon	Nashua	13 Fri
2 Wonolanset	Manchester	24 Fri
3 Penacook	Concord	
4 Quochecho	Dover	24 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank	Portsmouth	24 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Providence quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union	Providence	Thu
2 Eagle	do	Wed
3 Roger Williams	do	Tue
4 Hope	do	Mon
5 Ocean	Newport	Fri
6 Amity	Warren	

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narraganset	Providence	24 Fri
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(STATE OF CONNECTICUT.)**GRAND LODGE,**

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the
2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1	Quinnipiac	New Haven	Mon
2	Charter Oak	Hartford	Tue
3	Middlesex	East Haddam	Wed
4	Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tue
5	Harmony	New Haven	Tue
6	Ousatonic	Derby	Mon
7	Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8	Mercantile	Hartford	Fri
9	Thames	New London	Mon
10	Our Brothers	Norwalk	Mon
11	Ucas	Norwich	Mon
12	Central	Middletown	Thu

13	Charity	Lower Mystic	Wed
14	Wopowage	Milford	Wed
15	Montawee	New Haven	Wed
16	Washington	Willimantic Village	Sat
17	Trumbull	New London	Tue
18	Nathan Hale	Tolland	Wed

GRAND ENCAMPMENT,
Meets at New Haven semi-annually.
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Sassacus	New Haven	1 3 Fri
2	Oriental	East Haddam	24 Fri
3	Palmyra	Norwich	1 3 Fri
4	Unity	New London	24 Thu
5	Souheag	Middletown	1 3 Tue
6	Devotion	Eastbury	1 3 Fri
7	Midian	Hartford	

DEATH OF BRO. DANFORTH G. NEWCOMB.

In our last number we noticed the death of Bro. Newcomb, of Shawmut Lodge (of the firm of Bradford & Newcomb of this city), who died at Weymouth, February 21st.

The funeral of Bro. Newcomb took place on Sunday, 25th, at the residence of his parents, and was attended by about forty members of Shawmut Lodge, and some fifteen from Montezuma Lodge. Bro. Newcomb had, several times before his death, requested that the brethren might appear in full regalia at his funeral. This was also the desire of his parents. Accordingly they did appear in regalia on the occasion; but, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, a portion of the ceremonies were necessarily omitted. Rev. Bro. Lovell officiated as chaplain. He spoke of our Order and its objects in a most happy manner. He alluded to our departed brother who was then lying before us—his connection with our institution, and the deep interest he had ever manifested in its success. He then offered up a most fervent and eloquent prayer. The scene was in the highest degree solemn and impressive. The words of the speaker went to the inmost soul. All present were deeply affected, and many an eye was wet with the tears of sorrow. The services being concluded, the corpse was borne away and lowered into the tomb, into which each brother, in departing, dropped the unfading emblem of the glorious life that hath no end.

MARRIED,

In Charlestown, on the 16th March, by Rev. Bro. Skinner, Bro. Corodon B. Phelps to Miss Mary S., daughter of Jeremiah D. Gove, Esq., formerly of this city.

In Troy, N. Y., by the Rev. Bro. Wm. Howard, Bro. G. T. Johnson, of Dana, Mass., and a member of Pacific Lodge, Boston, to Miss Eunice Falls, of Troy. [A triangular package considerably larger than "a piece of chalk" was brought in the other day from "Thompson & Co.'s Express" office, which, from its peculiar shape and the rich and unmistakable flavor exhaling from it, we knew must be the announcer of a duality of happiness somewhere. How kind and considerate! As the only mode of manifesting our gratitude, we immediately (magnetically speaking) put ourself in "communication" with the above-named "subjects," and, (spiritually) laying our hands upon their heads, invoked such a blessing as cannot fail, if our prayers are of any avail, to crown their lives with a multiplicity of all desirable things.]

In Medford on the 23d March, by the Rev. Mr. Baker, Bro. Pelham Harlow, N. G. of Shawmut Lodge, to Miss Mary Blanchard, of Medford. [Here comes another package of sweetmeats! Well, we are a lucky fellow, and, happily, the fountain of our benedictions is inexhaustible. To save our friends the trouble of sending their favors, we have strong thoughts of establishing an Express on our own account. The cake business, if it should continue to increase as it has done for some time back, will soon furnish ample employment for one.]

In Billerica, Feb. 25th, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Bro. Wm. Schouler, to Miss Susan E. Wormwood.

DIED,

In this city, on the 3d inst., Bro. Luther M. Hardy, of Boston Lodge, aged 24. His remains were conveyed to Westboro' for interment.

In Charlestown, March 14, Edwin C., eldest child of Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, aged four years.

SAVORY
BANNER,

ORNAMENTAL AND DECORATIVE PAINTER, 3 Haskins' Building, opposite head of Hanover street, Boston.
April 1845.

ROBBINS & GOODRIDGE, dealers in West India Goods and Family Stores, No. 6 Milk street.

DANIEL ROBBINS,
WM. L. GOODRIDGE, }

April 1845.

WILLIAM J. SILVER, Dealer in Furniture and Feathers, 96 & 98 Blackstone street, a few doors north of Hanover street. Furniture, Feathers, Beds and Mattresses;—also, Curled Hair and Chairs, wholesale and retail.
April 1845.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1845.

NO. V.

Original.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before Shawmut Lodge, No. 37, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, February 26th, 1845.

BY P. G. HENRY SEAVER, OF TREMONT LODGE.

How pleasant a thing it is for men to dwell together in harmony ! How beautiful that society where love and charity, ruling in the hearts, direct the ways ! How grateful and refreshing to behold the fond smile, the open hand, the warm grasp, the affectionate embrace ! And how noble, holy even, is that emotion which fills the eye with tears for others' woe and unties the purse strings for their relief and comfort !

Brothers ! we are connected with an institution which, in all its teachings and in all its operations, aims directly to produce these results ; an institution, moreover, whose moral precepts, if strictly attended to and acted upon, cannot fail of working to the permanent good of man and to the glory of God.

I propose to speak to you this evening in my own way, without peripatuity or method it may be, but certainly not without a strong desire to benefit. I propose to speak to you of the genius of this institution, and the tendency of some of its principles.

This Odd Fellowship — what are its public manifestations ? what do we see ? We see men meeting together occasionally and transacting certain business in which all appear to have a particular, individual interest. We see that these men have adopted for the basis of their combination, as the foundation on which rests their superstructure, principles in morals which mankind in all ages have recognized as true ; — principles which have received not only the admiration of an unculti-

vated people, but also the sanction, support and strenuous advocacy of the noblest men, the most devout teachers and the soundest philosophers of ancient and modern times; which Zoroaster, though dimly seeing, proclaimed; which, mixed and combined with the fanciful superstitions of the old mythology, Socrates and Plato taught the Grecians; and which, divested of all excrescences, in their simple beauty and excellence, and yet in their full length and breadth, the blessed Founder of Christianity instructed the Jews. These meetings are not confined to one town, one city, nor to one country; but, on the contrary, both in our own and in the old world, they are innumerable, embracing every variety of people, its members holding every variety of opinion on the great topics of universal discussion, yet bound together in one harmonious whole by a bond which they denominate Brotherhood.

Nor is this society like the thousands which are being formed every day in civilized organizations, brought into existence by the oppression of rulers or the avarice of the worldly-minded. It is not, for instance, like the combinations of the weavers or the mechanics of England. The wants or sufferings of a particular portion of humanity never originated it. It cannot be considered as a society of defence or offence arrayed against community. Neither is it a combination of men belonging to any single, particular profession, banded together for mutual interest in matters of trade, such as lawyers' clubs and tradesmen's associations. Its name, too, is its own property, rightfully, and cannot be applied to any other institution.

What is its tendency, what its genius? I am not the man to answer these questions fully or satisfactorily: he only can do it who possesses a mind of the highest perceptive qualities. That it is capable of producing a vast amount of good, is evident from the fact that it has engaged and does now engage the serious attention of the moralist, and not only of him, but of the far-seeing and the deep-thinking politician. Some of its own members probably observe nothing but the mere outward show, — the processions, tinsel, trappings, and the things which seem; others regard only the pecuniary benefit to be derived from it, — view it as a mutual insurance company, from whose treasury, in case of accident or disability, they are sure to receive much more than they invested; while others, considering these as minor objects, look at it as a vast engine, which in its operations tends to raise and improve our moral nature and bind the race together in harmony and love. In this light it should be studied, and then we may place a just value upon it, and prize it as we ought.

Odd Fellowship is a pacific society. Harmony is its soul. Let us look for a moment at the world and we shall quickly perceive the advantages to be derived to mankind from this principle of our institution. As the world is now, so it has been from time immemorial, as far as the treatment and conduct of man to man is concerned. And what is that treatment? Behold a race which should form one family, rent, dissevered by perpetual contests! Desire for power and dominion, every mean propensity, every turbulent passion excites variance and conduces to outrage. The bloody banner of war is unfurled,

and the nations rush around it. The most populous and flourishing countries exhibit wide-spread scenes of horror and desolation. Blood has always been the means of deciding differences and settling disputes. Has there been a political difference in the old world? — armies are mustered, homes forsaken, women and children, the helpless and the aged left without protection and support, and the land is flowing with blood. Has there been a body of men dissatisfied with the practices of the priesthood, or proclaiming religious sentiments differing from those generally recognized and laid down in the statute books? — forth come the armies to prove by shedding blood that our God is the Lord, and in the rear stalk famine and pestilence to strike down those whom the sword has spared. How contrary to our principles are these things! Happy would it be for the world could they be more widely diffused and men adopt them as motives to action. They would henceforth throughout time quiet the nations. They would forever extinguish the love of martial glory, directing ambition into other and more glorious paths than those which lead to battle fields. The pomp and pageantry of war could no more excite our admiration and fire our minds than the gladiatorial shows of the old Romans. They would soften the hearts, rouse into activity the virtues, improve the condition, and add largely to the happiness of mankind.

Contemplate another picture. Look abroad into present society and observe what evils obtain. As an instance, observe the principles of trade that are recognized and acted upon. They compel man to regard his fellow as his legitimate prey, and, captive to the hallucination of the age, the desire to possess great riches, he stops short of nothing but what is considered legally criminal and would subject him to public punishment. The best qualities in his nature are disregarded, and the immortal spirit, the godlike in him, is dragged down from its lofty elevation to be befouled and at last smothered in the very shambles of life. Though his hand be not raised against his fellow, his heart is hardened, his conscience seared, his social feelings deadened, if not obliterated. Scenes of suffering affect him not — he passes by regardless. He has grown callous, if not cruel. He lives only for himself, and he lives in suspicion. He hedges himself around, he builds a wall about him, and from the castle of his heart he is forever watching for enemies. No censure can be laid upon any body of men for such a condition of things. It comes from, is a part and parcel of our civilization, and has almost imperceptibly, from a thousand varying circumstances, obtained. The fact is, our social organization, as it is called, is any but a social organization; on the contrary, it conduces to individuality, to selfishness, to hardness of heart, if not to direct cruelty. If societies like our own do not increase, how deplorable will be the condition of the moral universe two centuries hence! True, men will band together for pecuniary advantage, for intellectual improvement, for religious worship, and there will be marriages and domestic circles; but that intellectual culture and mental acquisition will only strengthen the evils, and that religious worship must be dull, spiritless, a vanity, when, without social feeling, without love in his heart for his species, man addresses the Father of mankind; and can the few hours

around the hearth of home be passed in sweet communion, in elevating and refining the sentiments of the soul, when the greater part of life is spent amid circumstances that are continually at war with them? Observe, too, the castes, the thousand differing sects in politics and religion — treating each other as brothers? respecting and loving a neighbor although he differ from them in opinion, and considering him “a man for a’ that?” No; if not hating, most assuredly not loving him. The tendency of our civilization has been the study of the wisest and best men on both sides of the Atlantic during the last fifty years, not only of the statesman but of the man of God. In our time and among us was one who frequently made it a subject of discourse, and always of thought. I mean the late Dr. Channing — a man distinguished in this country, but more fully appreciated and more highly admired by the philanthropist and scholar of Europe.

The question is, has our society a tendency to remove any of these evils which we have glanced at, and be of essential service to the race? Brothers! you perceive, and more than this, you know and feel its utility. You know that it confers no respectability upon wealth for itself alone, but places highest in its estimation correct conduct and moral excellence. You know that it encourages true charity, love and harmony. You know that it strongly opposes and condemns wranglings, bickerings and trifling disputations, which so often excite ill-will and produce alienation. You know it asks no such questions as these — what is the man's religious faith, or what his political principles? — but rests satisfied just at the point where it ought to rest, when it becomes manifest that he is an upright man, a man of integrity, a true man, fearing God and loving the things he has made. You know that its plain, direct tendency is to mollify and finally subdue party spirit, and by the sweet and powerful attractions of Friendship, Love and Truth, to bind in one harmonious brotherhood men of all classes and all opinions. Oh! that such societies as encourage virtue, charity and harmony, were multiplied over all the earth!

But let us leave the contemplation of the gloomy pictures which I have attempted to portray, and come down to every-day life, to more familiar matters, to the household affairs which we Odd Fellows love to look at and share in — to the manifestations of the humble, homely virtues, as they are called; but why they are called so I know not, unless it is that the world, in its usual way, has given wrong names to them. This world, in truth, gives strange names to things. The man who has led thousands to death it calls a hero, and what are termed the exalted, the elevated, the lofty virtues, are always accompanied by blood and groans and miseries. The virtues of piety, love and charity, are the humble virtues, very amiable and well adapted to those who walk in the valleys of life. Let us trace the good Odd Fellow in his walks to and fro throughout the thoroughfares of the cities, in his business, in the common concerns of life, and here the true spirit, the genius of our Order shows itself. Is he captious? Is he turbulent? Is he sawning and cringing to superiors, supercilious, contemptuous and tyrannical to those under his control? Oh, no! He has learned in the Lodge room, what before he may have heard of, but did not suffi-

ciently understand, — he has learned to look upon those around him as members of a vast household, possessing the same rights and deserving the same treatment as himself. His ways are ways of peace. Look at him. To all he is kind and obliging. His heart is full of benevolence. He is constantly reminded that it is his duty to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, to visit the fatherless and the widow and those whom the rude world has shut out from its sympathies and regards. He feels an interest in the concerns of others, and will do what he can for their welfare. He will not, if possible, give offence, nor will he, without the strongest provocation, take it. He is not easily provoked — he suffers long. He expects to meet unkind and often foolish opposition, and sour, crabbed tempers, but he answers softly and repays with courtesy. His ways are peaceful. He desires to settle differences between men, to set right those who are separated by misunderstandings, to root out prejudice and bigotry and heal the wounds made by them, and he stands firmly opposed to everything, of whatever nature, which tends to sunder one portion of mankind from another. He is a firm believer in a pure, harmonious social organization, for he has felt that his own comfort and happiness have been enhanced by the society of the good around him. To his brother of the Order, his conduct is worthy of all praise. He remembers that he has been commanded not to wrong a brother nor see him wronged; but he does not stop here, for the genius of our Order recognizes no passive qualities. He does not wrong a brother in the business affairs of life, nor by innuendo or direct slander sully his reputation and thus lower him in public estimation. He is no tale-bearer, neither does he judge by every rumor. He does not catch every whisper that comes upon the wind detrimental to his brother's good name, and send the story forth again enlarged and embellished with his doubts and his inferences. He is charitable to the weakness and infirmities of human nature; — while he censures, he pities, and while he condemns, he lends a helping hand. Should his brother stagger and fall under temptation — and who is there that can say, *By my own strength I stand firm?* — he winds his arms affectionately around him and with sweet words of kindness and gentleness lures him back to the blessed bowers of virtue. The lessons he has learned in the Lodge room, the influences by which he has been surrounded, have prepared him to appreciate the joys of home. He is the attentive husband, the kind father, the dutiful and affectionate son.

I have thus spoken, somewhat indirectly perhaps, of the tendency of the pacific, harmonious nature of our institution. Another feature easily deducible from it is expressed in the first word of our motto — *Friendship*. Our society has a tendency to cultivate the social feelings, and entwine its members with the soft cords of Friendship. Friendship! it needs no panegyric from me. Poets, philosophers, orators, in all times have made it a subject of eulogy, and the finest compositions of each been written in its praise. It has elicited the highest strains of eloquence, the smoothest numbers of the poet, guided by the most excellent fancy, and more than all, the sacred Scriptures, simply, yet how felicitously, have shown us its beauty in the touching story of Jona-

than and David. Yet how often do we hear lamentations over those who professedly were friends, and sometimes curses, for their selfishness and insincerity. Many discard friendship altogether, disbelieving that it is capable of producing that happiness which others attribute to it; and indeed they act a wise part, if a majority of such connections be taken for our criterion of judgment. How many have suffered from the misconduct of those whom they have taken into their councils! How often have meanness and selfishness been found to occupy that place in the heart where we had fondly imagined honor and benevolence resided! And how often have our sensibilities been shocked and our bosoms racked by the manifestations of low desires and brutal lusts in those whom we had esteemed and held aloft as bright examples and covered with blessings and good wishes! Quiet disturbed, affections withered, and sometimes ruined fortunes, have caused men deeply to regret that they had trusted to such a delusion; and ah! how many of the young, the ardent, the noble and the gifted, the hope of families, the comfort and pride of doting parents, deceived by the pretensions of unprincipled companions, have been dragged from their high and happy elevations down the "broad road that leads to the shadow of the valley of death!" The fact is, what is called friendship in the world is not a calm, cool, deliberate choice of companions. We do not investigate as to the character, the virtues, the worth. To wait for the judgment to decide when impulse urges us on, is repugnant. As in love between the sexes, we are inclined to doubt that that can be the true passion which stops, hesitates, and waits upon the reason. Hence this friendship, as they call it, is frequently the result of accident or occasional meetings, and it is more or less intimate and enduring according to situation, or business, or as it may conduce to pleasure or pecuniary advantage. Such connection should not be known by the name of friendship. It is one of mutual interest in its best light, and we find that it generally ceases when the circumstances that brought it about are changed. Friendship is a desire of the human heart. Although we are told in the Scriptures to love all mankind, although love for all is enjoined upon us by the wise and beautiful instructions of our Order, still the heart must have some particular objects, singled out from the world, around which to weave the affections and on which to build its happiness; — some whom it can take into its inmost recesses, and while it shows them its riches, shows them also its weaknesses; some to whom it can look for consolation and sympathy when cast down and depressed, and for participation when the happy days come, that their joy may be doubled. Has, then, our Order a tendency to gratify this desire of our nature and produce a constant, unswerving, virtuous friendship? I think it has. It invites to its Lodge rooms the lovers of truth and of virtue, — the lovers of order, peace and harmony. You can take every man by the hand and feel that, as he has proved himself a good Odd Fellow, he is worthy of your esteem and regard; and you can take one or more into your bosoms, and rest assured that confidence will not be misplaced, that your interest will be their interest, your happiness their joy, your sorrows their mourning.

Friendship is one of the links of that chain that binds us together, and most beautifully does it show itself in the conduct of the good Odd Fellow. He experiences more pleasure when he can render his assistance, or benefit him or suffer for him, than when he receives favors himself. He is the most ready to help when the ability to requite is the least. If his means be small, he does what he can; and if his purse be empty, he gives him the riches of gentle attentions and pitiful commiseration, which soothe anguish and assuage wounds which they may not heal. He forsakes not his bed of sickness. He watches to raise the drooping spirits, revive the fainting heart, breathe into his ear the words of hope and comfort, alleviate his sufferings and administer to his wants; and when the worst comes, and the moment approaches in which the poor, frail, dying body must give up its life, he catches his last sigh and closes his eyes forever. Nor does his friendship stop here — the family left behind partake its blessings. He endeavors, as far as kindness and care are concerned, to be to them what he was who is gone, and so he encourages and helps them on over the rugged pathway of life.

The tendency and effect upon men in relation to what may be called bigotry in opinion, is, in my mind, not a little important. I have before alluded to this, but not spoken to that extent that I think it deserves. Our institution brings together men of the most discordant opinions. Oh! happy, blessed announcement to mankind! It brings together men of the most discordant opinions! The thumb-screw, the rack, the fagots, and the auto-da-fe, appear not as things of yesterday, but recede back and farther back, until they are associated in the mind with the Spartan oligarchy and the huntings and brandings and cuttings of her helots. An Odd Fellow once remarked to me, — a man too who would have been surprised to hear that he ever cherished anything like prejudice, — he remarked “that somehow or other he had undergone a great change in feeling towards those from whom he differed in opinion since he had joined the Order; that his sharp corners had been rounded, he believed, and his rough surfaces smoothed.” The man in a homely way said much. Living as we do in the world, we are seldom, if ever, brought into close connection or intimacy with those of dissimilar tastes or contrary opinions. Consequently we are every day strengthening our prejudices, or propping up and building around our views every argument that has the least sustaining power in it, until, at last, we are led to believe our opponents are fools, if not designing knaves. Let a man, for instance, read for a length of time one of our political journals as at present conducted, and associate only with those whose views it advocates, and you might as well try to beat back the north wind as to attempt to make that man believe that those of the “adverse faction” are not using all the means in their power to subvert the liberties of the country and ride over its ruins into opulence and splendor.

Or take another case, — take a man belonging to any particular church, connected with any particular sect, who hears no pastor but the one appointed over him, reads no papers nor magazines nor books but those devoted to the exposition of his own doctrines, and consorts

with those only of his own persuasion, — and does this man believe or disbelieve that salvation is restricted to his church and not to be found beyond the pale of it? Certainly the former. Such a man cannot conceive, cannot understand that any faith differing from what he believes can impel or lead to virtue and eternal life; and so we are classed off and divided and subdivided; and when some great occasion draws us together for the common weal, we resemble an army of Highlanders in the times of the Pretender, when each clan was recognized by its own peculiar tartan, and who had ceased cutting each other's throats for the purpose of cutting the throats of somebody else. Now our society has a tendency to bring men of different opinions and different tastes together; and, moreover, to bring them together actuated by such feelings and desires as no other society can engender. It requires no prophetic power to foretell the result. The man of one political party takes by the hand him of another, and how much prejudice and consequent animosity are scattered to the winds, when he finds that his brother after all is as anxious as himself for the prosperity of the country, and entertains as little desire for its ruin as he does for the blotting out of the sun! The bigoted religionist discovers, much to his astonishment, that he whom he has regarded and denominated a heretic and unbeliever, is as devout as himself, with a heart as tender and a purse as widely opened as his own to charity; as kind, affectionate and loving; and as he is a Christian in conduct, in conversation, in his outgoings and his incomings, he is led to feel that the difference in doctrines is no concern of his, and so, without a murmur, he leaves it to that Being who alone can be the judge and to whom only man should be called to account.

I have introduced these two subjects of religion and politics, because on these, more than any other, men are divided. They are matters of the utmost importance certainly; but differences in opinion may exist without strifes, heart-burnings and recriminations.

I have now, my Brothers, spoken somewhat of the genius and tendency of our institution. I have touched those matters which are passed over hastily by others rather than those with which you are more familiar. I have left a great deal more unsaid than I have said, which time, supposing that I possessed the ability, would prevent me from saying. I have said nothing on that subject of which I am always delighted to speak, its brotherly kindness as shown in its large charities, — larger far than written constitutions or by-laws enjoin, and larger, much larger than the world supposes, — nothing of its really religious character and devotional promptings.

On this subject of charity, I think I will make a few remarks. Our charity it is said by the world is confined to ourselves, — bestowed only upon members of the Order, and consequently is not charity in the proper signification of the word. I will state one or two instances to combat this opinion, although I shall probably receive no thanks from the Brothers for so doing, as they make it a rule to keep such things among themselves. I make these acts public only to show the fallacy of such statements, — to show that Odd Fellowship produces a deep feeling and sympathy for the poor and destitute. I beg you will remember

that these are but one or two out of many cases of the same character that I could mention. A short time since, it was reported to one of the Lodges that a very worthy family were in a necessitous condition. This family consisted of an old lady nearly eighty years of age, a daughter and grand-daughter. They relied upon their own labor as seamstresses for support, and as you may well know, lived to-day upon yesterday's earnings. Sickness came upon them in one of its worst forms. The old lady and grand-daughter were confined to their beds. They had no friends nor relatives to relieve their wants, or comfort them or procure for them even that necessary to existence. Their means of subsistence were entirely cut off, and they were indeed in a destitute condition. The circumstances of the family were made known to the Lodge, and though no names were given, and we, with the exception of the Brother who told us, ignorant of the recipients of our bounty, and though it was brought before us at a late hour when a portion of our Brothers had retired, the sum of sixteen dollars was on the instant raised and sent to their relief.

Another case of a similar nature was presented, which had excited the attention of some of our benevolent societies, one of which gave one dollar, and another five; the story was told to one of our Lodges, and immediately thirty dollars were collected and deposited in the hands of the needy. This money I wish you to understand was not taken from the funds of the Lodge but a voluntary gift from the members. The funds of the Lodge are collected for specific purposes as laid down in our constitution, viz., for the benefit of the sick and needy of our Order and for the burial of the dead. In the disposal of these funds for these purposes we may not be entitled to be called charitable, if by charity be meant bestowing alms without hope or expectation of remuneration. But I think the man who restricts charity to the simple bestowal of alms gives it a wrong definition. What are time, active labor, kind words, assiduous attention to the sick, who are often from weakness and lengthened disease, irritable, fretful and peevish? But I will say no more on this matter. I have not mentioned these cases to draw any invidious comparisons between ourselves and other societies. These societies do much good, and if they had more means would be of much greater benefit; I simply wished to rectify a prevalent error, to show the effect of Odd Fellowship upon its members, and to prove that our society is something more than selfish in its operations.

Let no one now misunderstand me and say that in the character of the good Odd Fellow which I have attempted to portray, I have only given that of a good Christian, and that therefore our Order is useless, since the same moral precepts are taught in a better manner and surrounded by better influences from the pulpit. I shall be more explicit on this matter than would seem necessary to some, but the reason is, that the only objection urged against us by a large portion of the Christian community worth replying to, is, that our Order in its teachings has taken upon itself, unlawfully, a work which should be restricted to and performed by the church and clergy alone. In the little that I have said, I have attempted to show the tendency of some of our own principles. That the church inculcates the same moral precepts no one

will deny. What then? How do we interfere with the mission of the church? We teach no system of religious faith. That I understand to be the object of its institution. The Saviour came not to teach these moral principles as new things, — true, he corroborated them, — neither did he enjoin it upon those he sent forth. They preached Christ and the great revelation brought by him, viz., immortality, the life beyond the grave. These moral precepts had been given to the world long before by the Deity himself in the Levitical law; they were taught in the synagogues to the Jews, and afterwards were spread far and wide throughout the civilized globe. It cannot, then, be said that we are doing that which it is unlawful for us to do. That these principles can be better taught from the pulpit, I am not disposed to deny; but I have yet to learn that any institution, ecclesiastical or secular, can arrogate to itself the exclusive right to teach truth and to do justly. There is no time, no place, no men for such teaching, but all time, all men, all places; in temples of stone, it is true, but also in the “highways and byways and the uppermost rooms in houses.” No man, no institution is useless neither, which can fix firmer in the breast of an individual one moral principle, throw one ray of light into the darkness of licentiousness, administer one drop of comfort to the virtuous unfortunate, or reclaim one soul and lead it up to God.

Let no one say, farther, that we offer Odd Fellowship as a substitute for the church. However strange this may sound to some of you, it has been said time and again, ay! from the pulpit, by men of influence and intellectual power, but who in their limited vision could not see how any good could be brought about unless they were the supervisors. A substitute for the church? No one ever dreamed such a thing except themselves. We never had the thought or wish to make it so. Those of our Order most zealous in its propagation, never rose higher in ambition than just to consider it an humble auxiliary in the great work that works by love and purifies the heart. Let no man, least of all a Christian man, speak lightly of us and our good works. Let him remember that in an humble, noiseless way, we are doing what we can for humanity, that we are humble workers with him in the great work of redemption. While we acknowledge the church to be the head, we claim the honor of doing something, and we do not wish to hear our good works spoken of as evil. When humanity and duty call, we are ready to gird up our loins and go forth; but do not judge our motives and say it is to our own glory and not the glory of God. There are men of more apparent zeal than piety, who look with jaundiced eyes upon the good works of others, and with prejudiced, if not malicious tongues, attack an enterprise from which they receive no honor. We say to such, when attached to a good cause, go on and God speed you, but strike not to the ground those who with you are rolling on the car of emancipation.

Brothers, around the altar of Friendship, with Truth and Love as ministering seraphs, we assemble to offer up a more grateful incense than that which rises from burning censers of spices and sweet gums, — the incense of honest hearts. We meet not to drink from the poisonous chalice of intemperance, nor indulge in gluttony, ribaldry, or

boisterous mirth; not to interrupt the quiet of mankind by schemes of ambition, or rudely break the peace and order of society by seditions and conspiracies; but to make stronger our friendship, increase our love, and plant deeper in our hearts regard for truth. Let us remember that we are associated together for the good of humanity; that our Order is founded on the purest system of ethics, the ethics of the Gospel; that charity in its kindest exercise, and philanthropy as broad and extensive as the common air, are our peculiar characteristics; and may we go from these our social meetings with stronger desires and deeper resolves to walk the ways and lead the lives of good Odd Fellows.

Original.

THE TRUE OF SOUL.

BY J. E. WHEELER.

THE solemn stars in their far shining quiver
As if unstable on their thrones of blue,
But there they shine in fadeless glory ever,
And night to night their sleepless watch renew.
The needle trembles as with doubtful motion,
Yet, wav'ring, points to the unchanging pole,
A guide unerring on the trackless ocean,
When storm-clouds gather and when billows roll.

Though turned aside by all things in their flowing,
Reflecting all things in their liquid pages,
Seaward the streams perpetually are going
Throughout the cycles of the endless ages:
Or sealed by frost, or in the spring-time sparkling,
Or lashed to foam, or placid as the lake,
Or bright in noontide, or at midnight darkling,
One course they hold — their channels ne'er forsake.

Like these, the True of Soul may seem to falter,
By passion tost like sere leaves in the wind,
Yet bends he ever at the one High Altar,
For but one law his will at last can bind:
Motives, a mingled crowd, are round him thronging,
Whispered suggestions come from heaven and hell,
But, upward borne by an immortal longing,
Blest angels greet him and the demons quell.

And ever strives he for the pure and holy,
 The constant foe of falsehood and of wrong,
 Sworn champion he of all the poor and lowly
 Against the cunning and against the strong:
 His heart their home, upon his features glowing,
 The gentlest thoughts obey the soul's behest,
 And outward sent, or guests from heaven inflowing,
 Hover like doves around their wonted nest.

Sad on his ear fall sorrow's wailing voices,
 And quick the hand obeys the generous will;
 Diffusing joy, he like a god rejoices,
 For love, in wid'ning circles, seeks to fill
 All desert hearts with sun-bright hopes — reviving
 The flowers long withered on their arid waste,
 And to the latent seeds of goodness giving
 Perfected growth, with heavenly fruitage graced.

No compromise he makes with evil-doing,
 Though he would gladly bless all evil-doers,
 And win them from the way they are pursuing
 With words persuasive a maiden-wooer's;—
 With bright *example*, which is far more winning
 Than the best homilies which men may preach,
 For who would turn the sinner from his sinning,
 As taught the greatest *TEACHER*, he must teach.

In Nature's book, that broad and wondrous volume,
 He sees but types of things more true and real;
 Its varied aspects, beautiful and solemn,
 Suggest a deeply hid, sublime Ideal, —
 A Fount of Beauty whence all beauty floweth —
 Exhaustless Love, free, infinitely tender —
 Eternal Wisdom, which all knowledge knoweth —
 A complex *ONE*, whose smile rays forth all splendor!

To join the anthem which for aye is swelling
 From the blent harmonies of souls spheres,
 A gush of music from his heart is welling
 Sweet and melodious as the strain he hears —
 The prelude to a strain whose deep'ning numbers
 Shall grow in sweetness through all future being,
 When we have shaken off these mortal slumbers,
 And angels wake — like angels loving, seeing.

God is on the side of virtue ; for whoever dreads punishment, suffers it, and whoever deserves it, dreads it. — *Iacon*.

Original.

WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

Fastidiousness. The vulgar affectation of refinement.

Fanaticism. The enthusiasm of one whose powers of ratiocination are weak.

Fatigue. The infirmity of lazy people.

Fear. The source of courage. Men and all other animals fight and flee from the same motive—to save themselves from something they dread; and the more fearful this object, the more desperately will they either flee or fight.

Feasting. Eating and drinking, surfeiting oneself and getting drunk, to the glory of a certain occasion or individual.

Feather-bed. A voluptuous instrument of murder and suicide.

Feathers. Ornaments, with which the fair sex endeavor to recommend themselves, by resembling ostriches and peacocks.

Feet. *Corn-cobs.*

Fence. A place on which some men exhibit the *impartiality* of their minds, before a doubtful political election.

Few. The leaders and rulers of the *many* who have *common sense*, by the means of a little more than *common sense*.

Fine. A means by which the wealthy may atone for a crime, for which the poor must suffer punishment, from their inability to pay it.

Fictions. Tales invented for the purpose of supplying the vacuum, caused by the dearth of historical facts existing in the world!

Flattery. A form of speech which wounds when naked like a sword, but tickles when concealed in a scabbard.

Flaws. The profitable points of the law.

Flowers. The ringlets that adorn the face of Nature.

Follies. Those innocent actions by which the public is amused, without being injured; which are less shameful, but of which one is more ashamed than of his vices.

Foresight. A philosophical acquaintance with the past.

Forgiveness. That disposition, which, on occasion of an offence, arises from a consciousness of personal security.

Formalist. One who, in morals, comprehends only *law*; in science, only *technology*; in conversation, only *etiquette*, and in religion only a *creed*.

Fortitude. The power of creating voluntary insensibility.

Fop. A practical philosopher,—one who knows his own deficiencies, and seeks to hide them.

Founder. A seeker after immortality.

Forgetfulness. Our common apology for our ignorance.

Fortune-worship. The established religion of the United States.

Freeman. One who cannot discern the limits of his imprisonment, or the fetters of his bondage ; one who is not conscious of the power that controls him.

Friend. One who is dependant on us either for enjoyment or personal advantage.

Fundamentals. The peculiar or distinguishing doctrines of any religious sect. The essentials for salvation with every sect are those points which no other sect believes !

Gaping. A *polite* method of informing one that you are tired of his company or conversation.

Gamblers. All those who turn the art of money-making into a game of skill.

Gazettes. Political barometers, that serve to indicate the state of the political atmosphere, and the brewing of panics and revolutions.

Genealogy. That kind of biography, which if traced back only a few generations, would reduce all families to the same level, with respect both to honorable and dishonorable pedigree.

Generosity. The perfection of prudence.

Genius. A word which no two individuals or authors will define alike, and which, therefore, if custom establishes the meaning of words, has no meaning at all.

Gentleman. A word of very equivocal import, like genius, applied to all sorts of characters, and which by custom has become destitute of signification.

Gentility. A knowledge of those accomplishments which proceed from the education of the manners and motions, without reference to the mind.

Gift-of-the-gab. Fluency without sense. The faculty of talking without ideas.

Good Motive. Any kind of motive which invariably gives rise to a good action ; since even selfishness, when carried to such a pitch of refinement as to produce nothing but virtue, is itself virtuous.

Gossip. A moral sentinel who gratuitously informs us of all the mischief that is brewing in a neighborhood.

Gratitude. That feeling of complacency which is excited by the reception of small favors, accompanied with the expectation of more.—Man is like a steam-engine. If you cease to ply him with the fuel of benefaction, his gratitude subsides, and he grows cold. If on the other hand you ply him with too much of this sort of fuel, his gratitude *explodes* and destroys his benefactor.

Grace. The beauty of motion, and incorrectly applied to any thing except motion.

Gracious ! A common exclamation in the swearing vocabulary of women.

Great Man. Any kind of a man who stands on the highest rounds of Fortune's ladder.

Gourmand. An individual who devours his *gods*.

Golden Age. An age in which men were represented as having no *gold*, and dealt only in flocks and the fruits of the earth.

Original.

THE PATRICIAN GONDOLIER.

A TALE OF VENICE.

Continued from page 158.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER VII.

LAUNCELOT hurried from the presence of his master, and made the best of his way towards the palace. But whether the rebuke he had received had in some measure deranged his faculties, or the good prospect Bertha had opened to him, coupled with sundry draughts of wine which he had imbibed, had operated to the same effect, he found himself, after many turnings and windings, in a quarter of the city that he had never seen before. Launcelot wondered much at this circumstance, but nothing doubting that he was yet on the right road, he pulled from his pocket a flask and applied it vigorously to his lips, saying, "Launcelot Tompkins, thou art dry, marry art thou."

Carefully wrapping the cloak around his arm, he then pursued his way. But the farther he proceeded, the more unfamiliar appeared every object, and at last, finding himself plunging up to his waist in the canal, he scrambled to the shore, and sat himself down to consider. But first, feeling rather chilly from his unpremeditated bath, he again applied to his lips the flask. Then heaving a deep sigh, "Bethink thee, Launcelot Tompkins, serving-man," said he to himself; "bethink thee: thou art in a strange city, a watery city, a wet city, and therefore thou must be dry; nevertheless, thou art wet, as thy garments betoken, and yet thou art dry, which is strange, and yet not strange, but true."

Having delivered himself to this effect, Launcelot again had recourse to his flask, and the contents having a very stimulating, and withal an encouraging effect, he became very fearless, as it were potent, and casting upon the ground his master's cloak, which he, as a faithful serving-man, should have been careful of, he took hold of a house by which he stood, to steady himself, being weak, and delivered himself to this effect:

"Launcelot, thou art a brave fellow! that is to say, I am a brave fellow, for I am Launcelot — Launcelot Tompkins, serving-man. But thy master — that is to say, my master — is an ass, an arrant ass, and I care not for him. I would cudgel him an he were here; by my troth I would, as I cudgel this mantle — ay, marry would I."

Whereupon, Launcelot began, as in a great rage, to beat the mantle of his master, and to stamp upon it, making divers rents and

blotches, unseemly to behold. Then, growing more uproarious, he must needs throw it into the water, and drag it out again all dripping upon the bank. But all this did but make him the more exhausted, and at last he fell upon the ground, and seizing the flask, began to help himself to more of the enlivening liquor.

As he leaned thus, his head back, and the whiskey, that it was, running fast down his throat, a voice, in the language of his own country, and seemingly within the house against which he leaned, began presently to troll the great national anthem of the English, the burden of which is —

“O the roast beef of Old England!”

“Ha, what is that?” said Launcelot. “As I am a Christian man, it is surely an English voice. What ho! within; thou villain door, within there! How the house goes round! ‘Thou scurvy door, stand still, or I’ll beat thee soundly. Stand still, I say!’ And Launcelot began thereupon to strike the door, as though it had greatly offended him.

At this unseemly proceeding, a window above his head was quickly opened, and a voice cried out, “Why, thou knave, wilt knock the house down with thy hammering? What dost want?”

“Let me in,” said Launcelot.

“Ho, ho! art not — why, bless me, art thou not Launcelot Tompkins, that lived on Ludgate Hill?”

“Ay, am I so; and I wish I was there again, by my troth. But stand thou still, if thou canst, and I will tell thee thy name. Art thou not Gabriel Mutton?”

“Ay, gossip — Gabriel Mutton, pastry-cook from London, as thou wouldst have seen by my sign, an thou hadst not been in thy cups. But come in, and we will have a chat, Launcelot Tompkins.”

“That I will, Gabriel Mutton; but thy house doth shake so woundly, I am afraid its walls will tumble on me.”

“Oh, thou villain, said Gabriel Mutton; “it is thy own head which spins round, and thou wouldst lay it to the score of the house. But come thou in, nevertheless, for old acquaintance sake, and I will give thee roast beef to thy heart’s content.”

“Wilt thou so, Gabriel? Give us thy hand, roast beef — that is to say, *Mutton* — that is to say, Gabriel Mutton. My master is an ass, an arrant ass — I will beat him — roast beef — Gabriel — beef.”

CHAPTER VIII.

It was morning, and the Lady Inez sat in her garden-bower, a fairy-like little arbor, all twined with jessamine and myrtle, and the rich mellow grapes hanging low from the vines. Far off was heard the matin-song of the gondoliers, as they floated down the canals, or skimmed the bosom of the Adriatic, and the maiden sat pensively listening to the mingling music of bird and insect in the quiet gardens.

"It is very strange," murmured Inez to herself, "that I should be so thoughtful — I who was once so gay. It is not Mordaunt who causes it. I love him not. How strange that he should owe his life to that young gondolier! And yet — ah me! I fear I am getting very simple. Well, in sooth, he is a noble youth, this Juan. He would have no reward from Mordaunt. How soft his voice was! I'm sure I've heard that voice before. I recollect a little song that I once heard beneath my lattice. Could it have been this gondolier who sang it? Methinks I will try to sing it."

And taking her lute, Inez sang to its accompaniment the song she had heard in the still evening hour rising from the blue wave beneath her lattice.

What heavenly brightness
Now beams on my sight,
Like the halo encircling
The Goddess of Light?
In beauty 't is streaming
Around and above;
In sunlight 't is beaming —
'T is the sunlight of Love!
'T is the sunlight, the sunlight,
Bright sunlight of Love!
What minstrelsy floats
On the rose-scented air,
Like the song of the angels
In Paradise fair?
Soft peace it is bringing,
Like the heaven-sent dove —
In music 't is ringing,
'T is the music of Love —
'T is the music — the music —
Sweet music of Love!

The last strain quivered on the lute-strings, when Bertha rushed into the arbor.

"Oh, my lady," she cried, "such terrible news! The Signor Mordaunt is murdered!"

"Murdered!" shrieked Inez, her cheek turning deadly pale. "When? by whom?"

"Oh, my lady, his mantle has been found by the sea-side, and — Juan, the gondolier, they accuse of the crime."

"The gondolier?" murmured Inez. "He saved his life — surely — say not so, Bertha."

"Oh, my lady, it is true. Here are the sbirri, bringing him to my lord."

"The next instant a crowd of sbirri and servants entered the gardens, and in their midst, with the Lord Valverdi, and the Minister of Police, Lord Angelo, appeared the gondolier, manacled, and guarded by the armed soldiers."

Inez shrank back trembling to the arbor, but instantly recovering herself, she advanced towards the throng.

Juan beheld her, and throwing up his chained hands — "What means all this?" he cried. "My noble signors, let me know the crime of which I am accused."

Lord Angelo advanced: — "Young man, you are accused of the crime of murder."

"Great God! — of whom?"

Angelo fixed his eye upon the gondolier, but he read no token of guilt. "My Lord Valverdi, stand forth, and state your accusation."

Valverdi advanced. "I am loth to believe this young man guilty, but evidence most strong and circumstantial is against him. Three days ago my guest, the Signor Mordaunt, here in our streets of Venice, was attacked by ruffians. This young man bravely rescued him. Though much urged, he would accept no guerdon for his service. This bids me pause ere I condemn him. But mark me, signor — the last companion of my guest was this young gondolier. This morn was found the signor's mantle, and on it marks of fray. Moreover, on his neck behold that chain. I gave it to my guest — his dagger, too, hangs now within your prisoner's belt. All this forbids me think him innocent."

"It is enough," cried Angelo. "Officer, your prisoner."

Inez paused a moment, then, sinking at Valverdi's feet, "My lord," she cried, "wrong not this noble youth — he is not guilty — no, he cannot be!"

"Oh, heaven bless thee, lady!" cried the gondolier — "now will I die most happy."

Valverdi's brow knit in anger. "Rise, Inez. Shame on thee! wouldst thou entreat a murderer's life?"

"He is no murderer! He is brave: I saw him plunge beneath the boiling sea and snatch a fellow-creature from destruction. Can *he* be guilty? Would he save the Signor Mordaunt's life to rob him of it?"

The eye of Juan flashed brightly, and his form grew proud and erect.

"Kneel not for me, dear lady," he cried. "I am innocent, yet plead not for me. Though a gondolier, I fear not death. Nor shall I die. The saints protect the guiltless. I have been rocked on the ocean, lady, while the storm raged fearfully. The surging waves each moment dashed above me, while the driving clouds launched forth their dreadful bolts. Anon the clouds dispersed, the winds were lulled; the sun broke forth again in joyous light, and dancing gayly on before the breeze, my bark regained the shore. And even so the clouds that now threaten me shall break away, and bright as sunlight shine my innocence. Lead me to prison."

Angelo waved his hand to the soldiers. "My Lord Valverdi, you will be prepared to give your evidence before the Duke; and in your charge, if it be your pleasure, I will leave this youth."

"T is well," said Valverdi. "I would question him in private of our hapless guest. Soldiers, lead him to the chamber of the eastern tower. Heaven grant, Juan, that you may be innocent."

Juan raised his eyes with a trusting, upward gaze. "My Lord Valverdi, Heaven will *prove* me so. Farewell, sweet lady Inez; may the saints, thy kindred spirits, watch over thee!"

With a firm step the gondolier followed his guards to his dungeon. Valverdi lingered with his niece. Inez had followed with an earnest

gaze the form of Juan. Valverdi regarded her with an anxious eye. A dark suspicion crossed his mind. "Inez," he said, "had you not better seek your chamber now?"

Inez turned, but ere she departed, the thought of Juan, chained and helpless, came over her. "My lord, I entreat you pause. Consider well ere you accuse this gondolier. Most firmly do I believe him innocent. Nay, we know not but that the signor lives."

"Lives!" said Valverdi. Would it might be so; but no, no."

"Oh! pause, my dearest uncle," were the maiden's words, as she turned sadly to her chamber.

"What means this interest in a stranger's fate?" muttered the patrician. "Fiends! can the proud Faliero's daughter *love* this slave? It cannot be — and yet — Well, then, young Juan dies. What said she? 'Perhaps the signor lives.' No matter. She loves the gondolier, and — he must die. Then, too, he may be guilty. The chain — the dagger — ay, he is a murderer."

A figure started suddenly from behind a statue, and a voice, deep and impressive, cried, "My Lord Valverdi, he is *not* a murderer!"

Valverdi beheld the figure of a tall female wrapped in a dark mantle, her features concealed by a silken mask. "Who are thou?" he cried; "how redest thou my thoughts?"

"Valverdi, the gondolier is innocent. Dare not to seek his death!"

"And who art thou that dares to bid me hold?"

The strange visiter advanced till she confronted the noble. "He is innocent. Dare not thou to harm him. If by any means of thine his death is compassed, all thy life, were it for ages, would not give thee peace, or wash the deep damnation from thy soul!"

"What mean thy words?" cried Valverdi — "what rant is this?"

"Listen. I will tell thee a short tale. Thou once wert married. Thy bride was of the princely house of Andrea. Two happy years were passed with her in Genoa. Thou seest I know some portion of thy life."

"All the world knows what thou hast but repeated."

"Listen. While in thy dream of joy, letters from Venice reached thee. Summoned to close thy father's dying eyes, thou didst embark, leaving thy wife and child to follow in the next ship for Venice."

The patrician's breast heaved, and he covered his eyes with his hands. "I do remember it. Would that the earth had swallowed me ere I did leave them!"

"Thou didst arrive in safety — received thy father's blessing — then waited impatiently for thy wife. Ere long the bark that held thy loved ones hove in sight. The bright sun shining on her streamers, she ploughed her way through the blue waters. But, Valverdi, a storm arose —"

"No more. These eyes beheld their fate. That dreadful storm — alas! I — I beheld the ship plunge madly on the rocks. The white form of my wife stood once upon her deck — then — oh, God! she sunk — lost, lost!"

"Valverdi, hear me. They perished not. A corsair of Algiers beheld the wreck — her boats were lowered — a female form was

found upon the watery waste, clinging to the shattered mast. It was thy wife, Valverdi."

"Great heaven! speakest thou true? But my child?"

"He perished not. Farewell! Harm not young Juan!"

"Hold! hold! hear me. My wife — my child — mysterious woman, return!"

But she had gone. Valverdi stood a moment statue-like where she had left him; then, with a deep groan, he fell to the ground.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN the mantle which had been bound around his head was removed, Mordaunt found himself in a dark and narrow apartment, the damp walls and floor of which gave evidence of its being below the water level of the streets. It was lighted only by a small grated aperture, high up in the wall, through which the first grey glimmer of morning fell dimly, leaving the floor below in darkness. A few moments had elapsed, when a small door opened, and a man entered.

"Look up, Mordaunt — I am Warland," cried the ruffian in English.

"And thinkest thou that I fear thee, devil?" cried Mordaunt, as he marked, by the light of a small lantern which the villain carried, the exultant smile upon his lip.

"Ha, ha! I will teach that lesson anon. Here shalt thou rot, Mordaunt. Here, with the toads and serpents, will I torture out thy life. Thou shalt know what it is to have made an enemy of Warland. Ha! I told thee when thou didst thwart me in my purpose with the fair Ellen Ramsay, that I would repay thee. Dost thou remember that, Mordaunt?"

"Ay, villain — I thwarted thee — I saved thy victim; and again will I foil thee, if Heaven be just."

Warland laughed loud and long. "We will see — we will see! Not thee alone have I marked — thy mistress, Inez, shall be mine."

"Villain, begone! poison the air no more with thy falsehood."

"Ha, ha! does it move thee? I'll tell thee more. *To-night* Inez is mine. My trusty villains will fire her uncle's palace. Then, in thy presence, will I destroy her. Ha! Mordaunt, my revenge will be complete."

"Never, miscreant! One have I rescued from thy power, and God will aid the other — I fear not for her."

"Mordaunt, thy fate is sealed. Never more wilt thou behold the sunlight — here shalt thou rot. And Inez — the lovely, the pure, the gentle Inez, shall be mine — *mine*, Mordaunt, instead of Ellen — ha, ha!"

"Wretch, were I dying, I would foil thee!" cried Mordaunt. — "Thinkest thou to dare Heaven's justice by thy boldness?" Thus will I be its minister!" —

Unarmed as he was, Mordaunt sprang upon his enemy. His fin-

gers, in desperate strength, wound around the neck of Warland, and with his whole force he bore him to the earth. The ruffian's form was strong and nervous, and he strove to shake his assailant off, while with one hand he grasped a dagger in his belt. But Mordaunt's arms hugged tightly round the waist of his antagonist — a vice-like embrace, a death-hug. Warland muttered between his clenched teeth a fearful oath, and aimed the glittering dagger at the heart of Mordaunt. But his movement was anticipated, and his arm seized in a mighty gripe. Mordaunt strained every nerve to the utmost, for his struggle was for life and liberty. A moment their bodies were wreathed in a fierce, straining wrestle; then the arm of Mordaunt reared aloft the knife, and it fell, swift and heavily, right to the heart of the bravo. With a wild cry, Warland leaped to his feet, and his blood-shot eyes glared fearfully in the flickering light of the lantern that burned on the dungeon floor.

But with the last agony, hate and revenge were uppermost. He staggered to the door — the key grated in the rusty lock, was withdrawn, and with all his strength he hurled it upward. Right through the bars it shot — through the grated window. Then, while the black blood gushed from his nostrils, he turned to Mordaunt — "Thou art doomed — here shalt thou rot — no soul knoweth this dungeon but myself. Ha, ha, ha!"

He fell dead to the floor.

Mordaunt rushed to the door — it was fast. The reality flashed upon him. Inez was in the most imminent peril, and he powerless to save her. He beat with his clenched hands on the hard panels — a dull sound echoed through the dungeon. He was there, with the dead man, in his living tomb.

Concluded in our next number.

Original.

TO MY FATHER.

BY A. B. ELY, ESQ.

God bless thee, oh my father! whose dear love
O'er all my life has shed a radiant ray;
That, like a holy influence from above,
More dear, more cherished than the light of day,
Has ever blessed me in my onward way,
And filled my heart with gladness, since a boy,
With longing love, for thee I strove to pray,
And felt the wish that could not words employ.
Old age its frosts has shed upon thy brow,
And many cares, and griefs, have dimmed thine eye;
Yet, while stern Time has made thy strength to bow,
Is thy large heart as ever gushing now
With warm affections that shall never die.
God bless thee, then, my father, from on high!
And bathed in cloudless peace may thy sun set at even!
For well I know 't will rise to shine serene in heaven.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN CUBA.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

'With the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow,
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous constancy?' — JOANNA BAILLIE.

'Up! thy charmed armor don,
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.' — DRAKE.

"DULCE, will you go to the masquerade ball to night?" said I to my lesser-half, on a bright evening during the gayest part of the "carnival season."

"No, my amor," answered she; "I am ill this evening; don't go out to-night, but stay by my side, and let your cheering presence save a doctor's fee."

"Madame, you know that I had made up my mind to go out in my new cabellero's dress: you are not *very* ill; and I shall be dull company for you, if disappointment holds a berth in my mind. You had better consent to my going; I will return early."

"Do as you please, sir," she responded, poutingly; "but if you neglect me thus in the first year of our marriage, how shall I be treated when Time's shadow shall darken my brow and dim the light of my eyes; when my spirits shall droop and my beauty fade before the wintry frosts of age?"

To shorten my yarn, reader, I rigged myself and went to the ball, my heart beating a "conscience-tattoo" against its casing all the way; for well I marked the soft reproach which my wife's full dark eye spoke when I left her side.

Having arrived at the ball room, I mingled with the gay maskers, listened to the music, and in the sparkling wine-glass sought for excitement; yet that perpetual drum-stick of conscience kept thumping against the parchment-head of reflection, and I could not feel happy.—Dressed as attractively as possible, I sought and danced with the fairest maidens in the throng; yet still, Thought, that nettle in Life's garden, kept Joy in a distant offing, and Pleasure far in my wake.

I was about to give up the chase for enjoyment, and had dutifully made up my mind to return home and moor myself alongside of my little wife, when a fair hand was laid gently upon my arm, and a tremulous, musical voice asked me, in a whisper, to retire a little from the crowd. The hand was delicate, and seemed smaller even than my wife's; and the taper fingers were encircled by rings of rare value, such as could only be worn by the rich and the titled. The lady was closely veiled in black; yet I caught one glimpse of eye-light through the thick crape. In the blackness of a night storm I have seen the clouds for a moment open and permit a star to glance with supernatu-

ral brightness down on the agitated ocean ; and even so fell that glance on me. The voice was one of those which, when it falls upon the ear, vibrates along every nerve until it reaches the heart-strings, where it echoes and re-echoes, till Memory " catches the tune," and too truly for it ever to pass from her grasp.

I followed the stranger's invitation ; and as I gazed on the fairy form which flitted before me, I forgot my little invalid at home. The "*mask*" was but little if any larger than my wife ; yet there was a fulness and elegance of figure, a grace and voluptuousness of motion in the former, which I had never observed in the latter. My wife had beautifully soft, glossy curls of jet, but they could never compare with the black tresses of twining silk, which hung nearly to the feet of my strange charmer. When we had got clear of the throng, she again spoke :

" Are you a gentleman — one on whom a lady may in all honor depend ? "

I answered, that to the best of my knowledge and belief I was, and thought I might be depended upon.

" Would you risk your own life, or destroy that of another, for a lady, if her honor required, and her love would reward the act ? "

" For one so fair, so angelic as yourself, I would risk *more* than life ! "

A shudder seemed to pass through her form ; her little feet stamped the tessellated floor impatiently ; her fingers were clasped together until they were bloodless, as she continued :

" Have you ever loved ? "

" I may have felt a school-boy's passion," I replied, with assumed indifference.

" Then you are not married ? "

" I have been," was my reply. Even so deceitful is man ; even so is woman often lost ; for while he pours forth his flattering tale, she listens ; listening, she loves — loving, she is lost.

Again she showed marks of impatience and excitement, as if some great trouble rested on her mind. This I pressed her to reveal to me, offering every aid in my power to defend her, or even to avenge past wrong. I besought her to have confidence in my affection, new-fledged though it was, and to test its strength, even as she might direct. She faltered, hesitated for a moment, and then, requesting me to await her return, hastily left the ball room.

" Now," thought I, " here is a scrape for a sober married man to get into ! Perhaps she may be some beautiful siren, who knowing my weakness, where the fair sex is concerned, has laid a trap to inveigle and rob, perhaps to murder me ! But I am armed ; why should I fear ? " I began also to think of my poor invalid wife ; and these thoughts coupled with my fear of betrayal, by the aid of a little more solitude, would have conquered me, and sent me home ; but, at this critical moment, the "*mask*" returned, bearing in her hands a heavy black veil. She beckoned me to follow her into a neighboring street, where, in a moment, we stood beside a close-curtained volante, into which she sprang, I following her. She immediately enveloped my head in the veil which she had brought, cautioning me on my life not to attempt to remove it, unless at her request.

The carriage started off with speed ; indeed, the driver seemed to be urging his horses to a rapid gallop. Our road was long ; for even at this speed we must have ridden for two hours, some of the time over rough, rocky roads, and then along smoother ways, when at last the panting animals were brought to a stand.

Immediately thereafter I heard a creaking noise, as if a port-cullis were suddenly raised, or some old gate swung back on its uncoiled hinges.

"Speak not a word, whatever you may hear ; attempt not to raise the veil, or your life and mine may be the forfeit !" whispered my fair guide ; and while she spoke, I felt that she trembled from head to foot. Her hand was cold as ice, and her impetuous voice stifled and husky. Before we advanced from the carriage, she also made me vow by all the saints in heaven, never to reveal what I might do or see, in that night's adventure.

She then led me cautiously on, apparently through a large garden, for the cool night-breeze bore the perfume of orange, citron, pink, lemon and spice blossoms to my cheek. We soon arrived at another door, which creaked rustily as it opened before us ; and then our way seemed up a winding stone stair-case, through a passage so still, so solemnly silent, that it even echoed the light foot-fall of my companion, while my own heavy tread rang, like groans in a cavern, through the still, damp air.

Until now, the lady had not spoken since we had stepped from the volante ; but, as we arrived at the top of the stairs, and passed into a warmer atmosphere, she whispered that the hour to test my courage and love had arrived. We stepped across a soft carpet, and she seated me on a yielding cushion. I could see nothing through the thick veil which she had thrown over my face, yet a kind of *bluishness* in the darkness before me convinced me that I was in a lighted room. No sound could I hear, save the suppressed breathing of my trembling companion, and the beating of my own heart. After remaining for a moment on the ottoman, which shook from her nervousness, she again addressed me :

"You are armed with pistol and dagger?"

"I am," said I, inwardly praying that I might have no occasion to use them.

"You will please give *me* those weapons," said she.

"Ah !" thought I ; "I am betrayed ; and she asks my weapons of defence, that I may be made an easier prey ! Let me ask," said I, "your reasons for this strange request?"

"A true lover never asks for *reasons* from one in whom he *confides*," answered the "mask," adding : "The business I have in hand for you has need of courage, calmness and prudence, but your weapons could avail you nothing. They will not be required." She shuddered as she spoke ; adding quickly : "Such as they have already done too much !"

She paused a moment, and seemed to be schooling herself to some dreadful task. Again she addressed me :

"I have a tale to tell you, Sir ; no, *not* a tale, but some questions to

ask. Had you an only sister, one who was young, fair, innocent, and ignorant of the world's wickedness, and thus unprepared to cope with vile art and sinfulness; and should she meet with one who was in appearance all full of nobleness, purity, generosity, and true manliness; and, in her own full-heartedness, should she love him as only woman in nature's simplicity *can* love; and should he, taking foul advantage of her affection for him, work her ruin, and having succeeded, then scornfully leave her without reparation, an outcast from even *his* bosom; a dark thing upon the world; unwilling to live, and unprepared to die; and should she, in the hour when he spurned her, a dishonored thing, from his feet; even when she was pleading for the love and protection of one who with hellish art had wrought her ruin; should she in that dire moment of crowded miseries strike a poniard to his heart——"

"She would nobly do her duty!" cried I, excited almost to madness by the painful picture.

"Would you *aid* her in removing all the proof of crime?" continued the "mask;" "would you assist that poor girl to place beneath the dank earth all that was earthly of her defiler?"

"I would! If thou art she, lead on! I am ready; ay, ready to do more! Would that *my* hand instead of thine had sent the recreant's soul to its hissing home! I love thee now better than before. True thou hast been dishonored, but thou art avenged!"

"Be not too hasty, Sir," said she; "let me sketch you one other picture, before I call on you for action. Again I will suppose you to have an only sister. I will suppose her, with your full knowledge and consent, to have given her affections and her hand to one whom you believe to be noble, manly, and in every way calculated to make her know the true bliss of existence. She loves him, even *over* the bounds of this world's adoration; watches for his smile as the flower beaten down by the rain waits for the sunshine; sighs and droops when the clouds of sorrow cast their shadows over him; joys when his hopes brighten; ministers to his every comfort, and seems a being as closely bound to him as light is to the diamond. Suppose that he to whom you have entrusted her, the innermost heart-jewel of yourself, the bright corner of your domestic fire-side; imagine that he should grow cold and unmindful of her peace; that his love for her should fade; that her smile should fall upon him cold as torch-light on a funeral pall; that her voice should no longer be music to his ear; that he should seek for other smiles, and give to other ears the words which were alone her due; when you saw her drooping, fading, *dying* beneath the shadow of his neglect, what would you do?"

"Slay him! by the HAND which made me! I would slay him as a dog that had bitten or a serpent which had stung me!"

Even as I spoke, I thought of my own deserted wife, and Conscience "took a pull at the halliards" of my heart, and wrung it to the very core. I felt as if I could have given a world, had it been mine to give, if I could be placed along-side the couch of my lonely bride; and I vowed in my soul never to grieve her again, should I return unharmed from the dreadful scenes of that night.

"Lady," said I, "if your first tale be, as I feel it is, true; if you have

slain him who wrought your ruin, and have chosen me to aid you in your dreadful task, I pray you to hasten the deed. Let there be no delay."

"Then follow me!" said she; "you need not follow far."

She led me on a few steps, into what I supposed to be another room; here she bade me to pause, and calm myself. I must acknowledge that I felt greatly agitated; but mustering all my self-possession and presence of mind, I prepared to cast aside the veil, at her bidding, and determined not to shrink from the horrible duty which lay before me.

She lifted the veil from my head. A blaze of light forced me to close my eyes; and then I dared not open them. Imagination painted a scene before me which I feared to gaze upon. At last shame unclosed my eye-lids, and I gazed around. . . . Surprise almost stunned me.

It could not be!——*yet so it was!* I stood within my own bedroom! The stranger raised her mask. My wife's large black eyes looked sorrowfully out upon me; she cast the long tresses of glossy hair from her head; and then appeared her own soft curling ringlets playing about her neck. She had fallen upon this plan to punish me for seeking pleasure at a time when she, by reason of sickness and suffering, could not enjoy it with me. She had indeed taught me a lesson of conjugal fidelity.

My own volonte had driven me at full speed over half the city! I had been led through a back-gate, and had traversed a part of my house which I had never before entered; and all through the contrivance of my witch of a wife! Borrowed jewels had disguised her hands; she had spoken in an altered voice beneath her mask; and I, like most men, ever ready to be pleased with a new object, had actually fallen in love with my own wife!

What a "fix" for a married man to be in!

Knickerbocker.

For the Symbol.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN MAINE.

BRO. PRINCE, — I have recently had the pleasure of visiting several Lodges of our beloved Order in the State of Maine. It is but about a year and a half since the first Lodge was formed in Maine, and at the present time there are twenty-four Lodges and about three thousand Odd Fellows in the State. Perhaps in no other part of our country, comparatively speaking, has the Order increased so rapidly during the past year. Odd Fellowship is so thoroughly and systematically arranged, that however numerous it may become, it will still retain every advantage it now possesses, and its operations be performed as easily as by a smaller body; yet if the Order has any thing to fear, it is from admitting members too freely; — too rapid a growth is now all it has to guard against. The society is so well established, its principles being founded in love, friendship and truth, that so long as none but wor-

thy members are received, it will stand, it will prosper, and continue to spread its blessings broad-cast over the land.

At Saccarappa I found a large and commodious Lodge room, and a Lodge composed of one hundred and fifty hard-fisted, warm-hearted brothers.

At Brunswick, the Pejepscot Lodge numbers about fifty members. The hall occupied is furnished very neatly indeed.

At Bath there are two Lodges, the Lincoln and Hobomok ; the former numbers one hundred and fifty members, and the latter about one hundred, all good and true men. The Lodges hold their meetings at Lincoln Lodge room, which is large, and very finely furnished. There is also an Encampment in this place by the name of Sagadahock Encampment, which has about thirty members.

At Gardiner I did not have an opportunity of visiting the Lodge, but became acquainted with some of the brothers, and if those were a fair representation of the two hundred composing Natahnis Lodge, Gardiner is in the first rank of Odd Fellowship.

At Hallowell there is a spirited Lodge of one hundred and five members. This Lodge is named after the father of his country, Washington. The hall is neatly furnished.

The Lodge room at Augusta is very spacious and splendidly fitted up. The Sabbattis Lodge contains about two hundred members, and the Cushnoc about one hundred. Every thing here is in the best possible order.

At Lewiston Falls I visited Androscoggin Lodge, No. 24. This is the last Lodge formed in Maine, and at present is composed of about thirty members. The brothers here have fitted up a very neat Lodge room in which to hold their meetings.

There are in Portland about twelve hundred Odd Fellows, and in visiting Maine I anticipated much pleasure in attending some of the Lodges in that city ; but circumstances rendering it inconvenient for me to be there a single evening, I had no opportunity of doing so.

Yours, respectfully,

S. G. D.

“WEEP NOT FOR THE EARLY DEAD.”

Weep not, Christian, weep not,
Wipe all thy tears away,
Those who leave thee, sleep not
Under the cold, dull clay !

Weep not for the Babe ! Thy plighted word
Hath planted in the Garden of the Lord
A bud, that by the stream of Life shall bloom,
Nor waste on earth its heavenly perfume.
Mother ! let songs of triumph dry thy tears !
For, whilst thou lingerest on some few dark years,
Thy blessed offspring to his glorious place
Hath gone before,
And sees the brightness of his Father's face
Forevermore !

For the Symbol.

P. G. M. DANIEL HERSEY.

NEVER was I more interested in witnessing an installation of officers, than at Massachusetts Lodge, on Monday evening, the 7th ult. The officers were installed by P. G. M. Hersey. The Hall was filled, and throughout the exercises of the evening the greatest possible attention and interest were manifested by all present. It would be difficult to conceive a pleasanter or more agreeable sight than that presented on the occasion referred to. It did the heart good to behold the old man, whose "locks were silvered o'er with age," entering with his whole soul in the business before him, taking as lively an interest in the welfare of our Order as any of the younger members possibly could do. — The charges and obligations were given with a remarkable degree of vigor and clearness, well calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind. After the ceremonies of installation, Bro. Hersey addressed the members present in a most impressive and happy manner. Being a member of Massachusetts Lodge, his remarks were more particularly addressed to the brothers of that Lodge. He gave a brief history of the Order in this State, from the time of his connexion with it to the present time. He alluded to the time when some five or six others with himself, undertook the revival of our Order in Massachusetts, and the establishment of Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1. That was about four years ago. There were now upwards of sixty Lodges in the State, numbering nearly six thousand members! His expectations had been more than realized, and he was truly happy to witness the result. Bro. Hersey concluded by urging upon the brethren the necessity of the utmost caution in introducing new members; to guard well and keep inviolate the charge entrusted to our care. By a strict observance of this rule, our institution would continue to flourish, however strong the attempts may be to crush it.

Bro. Hersey was one of the founders of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts, and unceasingly has he labored in its behalf; and though the state of his health will not permit him to visit the Lodges as often as he may wish, or the members earnestly desire, it is hoped his life will long be spared, and that we may be profited by his fatherly counsels.

J. M.

ODD FELLOWSHIP SUBJECTED TO JUDICIAL INVESTIGATION.

At the recent trial of McCurry, at Baltimore, for the murder of Paul Roux, an Odd Fellow, a foolish attempt was made to exclude Odd Fellows from the jury.

It was alleged that Odd Fellows were disqualified from sitting on the jury, because the deceased was a member of their Order, and because their obligations to each other were such as to render them ille-

gally hostile to the murderer. This question arose on the calling of Bro. Grass, one of the regular panel, who, in reply to a question, answered that he was an Odd Fellow.

It was agreed to submit the question of qualification to be tried in a manner appointed by law; whereupon Carroll Spence and John M. Edgar, Esqrs., gentlemen of the bar, were selected to try the question, and summonses were issued for Messrs. Thomas Wildey, Henry S. Sanderson, and John A. Thompson, to testify in the matter.

Messrs. Sanderson and Thompson responded to the summonses issued for them. Mr. Thompson, on being sworn, testified as follows :

“I am a member of the Order of Odd Fellows: it is the object of the association to relieve all brother members of the association, to whatever Lodge they may belong. I was satisfied that Paul Roux was a brother Odd Fellow: we feel bound as a family to interest ourselves in the fate of every member; the relation is fraternal; I felt more interest in the fate of Mr. Paul Roux than I should in another member of the community who was not an Odd Fellow; there is no other express obligation than those I have mentioned.”

Mr. Sanderson called. — “I am a member of the Order of Odd Fellows. As an Odd Fellow I am bound to regard the laws of my country; and if an Odd Fellow was in the box to be tried, and I was a juror, I should feel bound to try him upon the same principles of law and justice as would be brought against another citizen.”

On this testimony, with the instruction of the court, that the triers were to decide only on the indifference of the Odd Fellow as establishing his competency, after a minute's deliberation, they announced their decision, that an Odd Fellow was indifferent, and competent to act as a juror in this case, and the trial consequently proceeded.

Thus it will be seen that the oft repeated charge of Odd Fellows being obligated to favor each other under any circumstances, falls to the ground. An Odd Fellow is not bound to protect his brother in wrong of any kind; and he who violates the principles of morality and justice, with the anticipation of receiving the sanction or protection of the Order, will find himself greatly mistaken in the hour of his calamity. The Order does not intend to harbor unworthy members; and if any creep in unawares, no pains will be spared to get rid of them. Of one thing we are assured: the purposes of public justice will never be thwarted by obstacles arising from Odd Fellowship. The decision above recorded, which has called forth our hasty remarks, is exceedingly gratifying, from the fact, that it shows that the principles of our dearly cherished institution pass unscathed through every ordeal to which they are subjected. — *Odd Fellows.*

In literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and and our judgment by that which we withhold.

Original.

THE HAPPY MAN

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

HAPPY the man, where'er he roves,
 Who sees the hand of God;
 And every weed and wild flower loves,
 Upspringing from the sod —
 Because he traces in each line
 The hand that made it is divine.

He worships nature — and alone,
 Though in the forest dim,
 He cannot be. The wind's low moan
 Breathes through the trees of Him —
 And every leaf and every sigh
 Speak of a present Deity.

He's happy in the crowded street —
 At home — abroad — at sea;
 In winter's shade — in summer's heat —
 He's blest where'er he be;
 In storm and calm — dark skies and fair —
 He traces God's own image there.

EXAMINATION OF VISITERS.

THE following manner of examining visitors was reported by the Committee on the State of the Order, at the last session Grand Lodge U. S., and adopted. It is therefore, the rule to be generally observed. "When a visiting brother presents himself at the door of a Lodge, it is his duty to hand his card to the Guardian, that it may be placed in possession of the Lodge. If the Lodge be satisfied of its authenticity they will thereupon appoint a committee of three members, all of whom must have received the Scarlet Degree, to proceed to the ante-room and examine the visiting brother. One member of this committee must be the Noble Grand himself, or his Vice, or sitting Past Grand, or some brother known to be in possession of the T. P. W., whose especial duty it shall be, *first*, to obtain the T. P. W. privately from the visitor, whose duty it shall be to commence by letters. This preliminary being settled, the committee will then proceed to examine the visitor in the degree in which the Lodge is open, and will report their judgment to the Lodge. If the visitor be received, he shall work his way in." [*Printed Journal, page 86.*]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE CLAIMS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

UNDER the above title we propose to consider the institution of Odd Fellowship in its main features, to show simply *what* it is and *why* it is, and leave its claims as deduced from these facts to speak for themselves. Let us say, however, in commencing, that we should beware of exaggerating the claims of any institution. This is a caution that may not be wholly superfluous at the present day. Men become overconfident with one idea, and too enthusiastic respecting the power of a single movement. Hence, with broad premises, an acute enforcement of them, and apparently a genuine philanthropy, there is, perhaps, as much bigotry, fanaticism and absurdity as ever. The world is to be reformed by many ideas and by multiform movements. We must allow to each its proper merit, and be careful to overstate the importance of none. Besides, much injury is done not only to the truth and to other agents by this exaggeration, but to that favorite movement itself. If we pretend that it is the *catholicon*, the universal remedy, the greatest movement that ever was, and the only movement that is of any importance, the world will expect much from it. And its results may be found in ridiculous contrast to its pretensions. The good which it has really accomplished, will be lost in the shame of that singular failure to fulfil what it promised. And here is precisely the weak point where an opponent fastens his attack, and with which he becomes impregnable. He lays hold of every boastful word, every magnificent pretension, and because these are not made good he impeaches the whole. Whereas, if only the naked truth is asserted, if the pretensions are modest and just and the results in proportion, he will find little to cavil at, and men will admit that, so far as it can effect anything, the cause works well—it accomplishes a certain measure of good in the world.

We wish to apply these remarks to Odd Fellowship. Too much must not be made of it. Our orators must be careful how they exalt it above all other institutions—make it the exclusive home of charity, the depository of all existing benevolence, the sole agent of human brotherhood, the only healing voice, the only meliorating hand. Let us not even claim that it is the most efficient institution that we have. No. We place Odd Fellowship upon this single ground—that *it is an agent in relieving the distress that is in the world, and in cherishing and diffusing the great sentiment of human brotherhood.* On this ground its claims can be defended, and it will stand; and we can show

that it possesses a peculiar efficacy for the accomplishment of these results.

In this article, then, we propose to consider Odd Fellowship as a *Relief Institution*. Odd Fellowship acts for society as it is. It recognizes the existence of sharp secular evils — want, disease, and death. It perceives that even now, with all our civilization and philanthropy, there is a hard, cold spirit of selfishness in the world, and much isolation between man and man. As things are, if one falls into distress, becomes unable to support himself, he must either apply to his friends, go to the poor-house, beg in the street, or depend upon a precarious public charity. These public charities are numerous and efficient. Enshrined in stately edifices that shelter with their ample roofs the halt and blind and deaf and dumb, the insane, and sick and poor, they certainly present us with the grandest manifestations the world has ever beheld. That tall, grey shaft on Bunker Hill, is a token of the past. Our railroads and electric telegraphs, our swift-moving traffic, our innumerable sails wet with the spray of all seas, our public schools, our journals and lyceums, are indications of a living prosperity and a far-reaching intelligence, that from seeds planted only two centuries since by a few hands, have grown rapidly and spread over the land and the ocean. But in these *charities* of which we speak, we have a nobler manifestation than all this. Our war-ships swing lazily in the harbor. Our armories are silent and deserted. But from *these* stream out upon us rays of Christian Love and indications that the spirit of the age is imbued with that Love, is bearing us forward to better things, and is rich with millennial promise. And not only do charitable institutions crown our hills and grace our streets, but every parish, every neighborhood, is blessed with its local organization for benevolent purposes. Woman is the almoner of immeasurable bounty to a thousand nooks of want and wo, and to a thousand dark, cold homes where humanity lies perishing.

But, if public benevolence is thus active, the field that calls for its exertions is very wide, thick-sown with suffering and with tears. And where there are so many dependent upon its benefactions, each can receive but a stinted and precarious pittance. The beneficiary is one of a great multitude, who like him wear the badge of poverty, whose cries for relief are equally urgent, and whose wants are equally keen. They must all be attended to, and if the fountain of relief is itself limited, they must partake of its blessings as such.

Moreover, public charity, diffused to so many quarters, is not only precarious and stinted, but a man must suffer much in calling for it — much mortification, much of the pain of a wounded spirit. He was not born a beggar. With strong sinews and buoyant heart, he went out into the great field of labor to earn his bread, with the rest, by the sweat of his brow. He did earn it. And though his hands became hard and brown, they were proud and honest badges, his sinews were those of a free man, and his daily toil developed in him a spirit of manly pride, and lawful independence. He gathered around him a family, that the hardship of labor might be sweetened by domestic bliss, that he might know the sanctity of home, and the solace of affec-

tion that springs there to awaken within him a fresher and holier life, and this earth be not all a brick-field, but glad with many a spot of rest and greenness. Prosperity blesses that home. His diligent hands support those dependent upon him. He gives for what he takes.

" His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

But sickness paralyzes those strong arms. The supply ceases, for there is no power to obtain it. Poverty comes upon him like an armed man. The fuel and the food are exhausted. His wife tries to smile away the cloud, but her face grows thin and her eyes are anxious, her garments fade and fail. The children own their wants in clamorous cries. And now, weak, helpless, entangled in the toils of utter destitution, despondent as to any help coming from himself, he looks around upon the face of the world. He sees that it is a selfish world, that man is isolated from man, and no one fulfils Christ's great Law, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." What shall he do? To whom shall he appeal? Are we told that benevolent persons will help him—that the agents of public charity will not let him suffer? Very true. But shall we not pay some respect to that feeling of manly pride that yet dwells in his heart—to that sense of independence which he feels is giving way before the force of utter necessity—that stinging thought that he, his wife and children, are helpless dependents, yea, beggars? In the best view we can take of it, is not his case to be pitied—is it not an unpleasant one?

Now it is in reference to all this that Odd Fellowship acts. It acknowledges the selfishness and the isolation that exist in the world, and the precarious and limited measure of public charity, and it offers, as a substitute to some extent, this plan. An association shall be formed the object of which shall be mutual relief. In joining that association you shall pay a certain but not a large sum of money, with a weekly assessment of a few cents, and this shall form a fund, from which, in case of sickness, you shall be entitled to a weekly draft, and in case of your death your family shall be relieved from too great a burden of expense. And this also obligates us to watch over you in sickness, to care for your general interests, to sympathize with you in your distress, and to aid your widow and your orphans. You will observe that this is not *Charity*, in the common, alms-giving sense of the term. The needy brother draws from a fixed resource, the fund of a mutual agreement. He receives his own with a large but just usury. His wants are relieved. His present distress is lightened. Relief interferes at a time when it *must* come, if it come at all. And a fact is suggested in connection with this remark, to which we cannot give too much attention; it is this. The relief which the poor and the distressed need, frequently is only for the time-being, for a crisis. Let it come just at this crisis and it may prevent a train of suffering which, by and by, cannot be averted by ten times as much. It is often the *adaptation* of aid, rather than its quantity, that palliates and removes

distress. Give the poor man a lift here — put your shoulder to the wheel for him in this one spot, at this crisis, and he can go forward of himself. Here is the efficacy of this vigilant system of relief, which constantly asks the question, "Does any one know of a sick brother, or a brother in distress?" He has to wait for no tardy charity. The hand of assistance is prompt at his call, and is stretched out in "the very nick of time."

This system of mutual relief, however, does not operate in the way of affording a fund for the needy, merely. It brings to the bedside of the feverish invalid constant and patient watchers, it establishes a school for the orphan; and when one goes out in the world and is cast among strangers, sick, destitute, without friends, without acquaintance, it summons around him those who will succor and minister to him. But upon this branch of the system of mutual relief, we will endeavor to speak more at large in our next. We also defer to a future article the consideration of the other great feature of Odd Fellowship. We wish to present the benefits of the Order just as they are, without exaggeration. We have already illustrated its operation as a system of mutual relief. This is so much good, that no one can deny. Here is so much evil alleviated, that might otherwise prevail. Here is practical and extensive benefit, witnesses to which will speak from many a sick-bed, from many a home of destitution and sorrow.

ODD FELLOWS' CELEBRATION IN BOSTON.

OUR readers in this vicinity are all aware that extensive preparations are making for a public celebration of the Order, in this city, on the 19th of June next. It will be observed that the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in voting thus to commemorate the revival of the Order in this State, relies upon the voluntary turn-out of the subordinate Lodges to assist her in giving eclat to the occasion. There are differences of opinion as to the expediency of such a demonstration. We are free to confess that our mind is not fully made up as to this point. But the proposition to celebrate having been passed in the Grand Lodge, we hope that scruples will be waived, and that there will be a general turn-out. This is our reason for hoping so. It is evident that by standing aloof the celebration will not be prevented. What then? Are we not all desirous that the Order, if it appears in public at all, should appear well? But if there is defection in the ranks, if Lodges are partially represented or not at all, then the Order will appear in public, but not to the best advantage. We repeat, then, let all unite, and give eclat to the occasion. It is the first public celebration of the Order in Massachusetts that has ever taken place. We cannot call the pleasant festival last year, in Faneuil Hall, a public celebration. The Order, in three years, has increased with wonderful rapidity. It will gratify the curiosity of Odd Fellows, as well as of the public, to have the bulk of the Order in this State assembled, and to see a fair representation of

the number of its members. We do not wish to slight other States, but we are sure that in no portion of our country has the Order a better class of members than here. The Orator of the day is JAMES L. RIDGELY, Esq., a gentleman, a scholar, and well known as the Grand Secretary of the G. L. of U. S. It is proper that his long and useful services should be honored by such an invitation. He is one of the earliest Odd Fellows in the U. S., and while thus connected with the institution in its infancy, he is zealous for its present welfare, and ardent in every effort to reform and prepare it for continued usefulness. The members of the Order in Boston will have an opportunity in welcoming him to the Old Bay State, to take by the hand an amiable and talented man, and we doubt not that welcome will be warm and sincere. We publish below the card of invitation published by the Grand Lodge. Our readers out of the State will please observe the warm invitation to them.

I. O. O. F.

Boston, April 15, 1845.

To the Officers and Brothers of

BROTHERS — The Grand Lodge of the State of Massachusetts, at their last Quarterly Session, voted to celebrate the revival of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in this State upon the 19th day of June next, and the officers of the Grand Lodge were appointed a Committee of Arrangements.

It has been determined by the Committee that the Celebration shall consist of a public Oration, procession in regalia, and dinner; and suitable arrangements have been commenced, by which all Brothers who may desire to attend, may find the occasion in every way pleasant and gratifying. The Committee are happy to communicate, that Bro. JAMES L. RIDGELY, of Baltimore, Grand Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Lodge United States, has accepted their unanimous invitation to deliver the Oration. It is hoped that the great body of Odd Fellows in New England and the neighboring States will join in the Celebration, in the belief that no better opportunity can occur for the cultivation of a friendly acquaintance among the members of the fraternity in this part of the country.

You are therefore earnestly and affectionately invited to be present at the Celebration. The Odd Fellows of Boston will receive you with that true hospitality which the spirit of the Order inculcates. Their houses will be opened for your reception, and they will rejoice in the opportunity to extend to you their fraternal kindness and attention. Under the direction of a Committee of Reception, members of the Order, immediately upon their arrival, will be provided with lodgings; and let the number of visiting brethren be what it may, all discomfort and embarrassment will be guarded against. We have only to say, *come one and all*.

The Committee have contracted with Bro. John Wright, of the Tontine Restorator in this city, to furnish the dinner at the Celebration. It will probably be provided in a spacious Pavilion to be erected upon Boston Common. The price of tickets to the Dinner is fixed at \$1.

In order that the arrangements may be as complete as practicable, you are requested to transmit to the undersigned, prior to the 10th of June, the number of member of members of your Lodge will probably attend the Celebration.

Respectfully and fraternally, in F., L. and T..

WM. E. PARMENTER,

Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence.

☞ The Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. of Mississippi have voted that any Odd Fellow who may be concerned in a duel, shall be at once expelled from the Order.

AN EXPOSITION AND DEFENCE OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

SUCH is the title of a book now in press, written by Rev. Bro. Darius Forbes, V. G. of Oberlin Lodge, Lowell. We have not read it yet, although some proof-sheets have been put into our hands. But we have confidence to recommend it, upon its being issued, to the patronage of the Order. It will be published in miniature form, contain about 96 pages, and sold for about 25 or 31 cents. We doubt not its readers will find in it many valuable thoughts and suggestions. The portion of the work now in our hands contains an Introductory Chapter, a Chapter on "The Institution of Odd Fellowship considered in its Pecuniary Character," Chapter 3, "The Institution of Odd Fellowship considered in its Social Character," and a portion of Chapter 4, "The Institution of Odd Fellowship considered in its Moral and Religious Character." We give the following extract, selected almost at random, as an illustration of the style and objects of the book :

"It is with a view to the correction of the misapprehensions to which allusion has been made, with others not alluded to, by presenting a definite view of the nature, character and operations of our institution, that the composition of this book was engaged in. It will be the object so to describe its manner and objects as to enable every intelligent mind to attain clear and distinct conceptions of the character, aims and purposes of the institution, and the way in which it operates in securing these ends, in its varied bearings and relations.

"This is believed to be needful in the present condition of our Order. It is enjoying a singular degree of prosperity. The number of its members is rapidly increasing, and it is accumulating funds to a very large amount. There is now a perfect rush into our Lodges. Under these circumstances, men are not likely to look very closely into the nature and character of an institution, nor are they in the most favorable situation to judge accurately of these things. In consequence, we shall, most likely, receive many into our fraternity who will know little of its character, neither will they feel interest enough in it to inform themselves, if we do not get some who are actuated by improper motives and sustain unworthy characters.

"When the present excitement is past, the institution will be thrown back upon its own intrinsic character for support. It is upon this it must rely for its permanency, whatever *circumstances* may do for it, at times. It is this alone that can secure for it the warm, permanent and enduring affections either of its members or of society at large."

☞ We have received from Bro. C. C. Shute the "Rhode Island Odd Fellows' Directory," a neat little pocket volume, containing the name, occupation, place of business and residence of every Odd Fellow in that State, up to February, 1845. It will be very convenient as a book of reference, and contains, besides the statistics already mentioned, several choice poetical selections. Bro. B. F. Moore is the publisher.

BRO. JAMES B. BARNES.

WE have hardly attained to that degree of age or progress in our Order, as to make it worth our while to designate for especial honor those individuals whose services have been eminently useful in establishing and sustaining Odd Fellowship in this community. There are to be sure, many brothers, who have labored and sacrificed much in their devotion to the Order, but they themselves are too busy, and the whole fraternity is too busy, in the active operations and rapid growth of the Institution to pause now either to receive or to confer gratitude and reward. This duty will be performed by those who will reap the benefit of the labors of the Odd Fellows of our day.

Still we must make one exception to this rule. We must commend to the notice of the Order in Massachusetts, the name of the brother at the head of this article. If not now familiar to the members of the Order generally, it well deserves to be, and an opportunity now occurs when we may, with propriety introduce some little account of his efforts in Odd Fellowship.

Bro. James B. Barnes is entitled to the honorable distinction of being the Founder of Odd Fellowship in this Commonwealth. He is an Englishman by birth, and became a member of the Order in England. He passed the chair of the Royal Charlotte Lodge in London in 1814, and has now in his possession a very beautiful jewel, the badge of his rank as P. G. in that Lodge. He came to this country in 1817 and took up his residence in Boston, and almost instantly commenced an effort to introduce Odd Fellowship into this city. A brief history of his exertions is set forth in a note in the printed volume of the Proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States. It may be found upon the 13th page, and is as follows:

"*Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1*, was founded on the self-institution principle, at Boston, on the 26th March, 1820. James B. Barnes, who now resides at East Cambridge, had been for several years endeavoring to collect a sufficient number of members to constitute a Lodge, and finally succeeded, by watching the passenger-ships from Europe, on the arrival of one of which he was enabled to add two to the number he had in waiting, when the Lodge was opened in Federal Street, at the house of a Mr. Eaton, composed of the following persons, viz.: James B. Barnes, N. G.; H. D. Fregere, V. G.; Thomas Kennedy, Secretary; James B. Eaton, Treasurer; and Jacob Myers, Warden. This Lodge had tolerable success, but was unfortunate in its choice of location, having had necessity to remove four times in the first year. It continued to operate under the impression of being the only Lodge in the country until the early part of 1822, at which time the brethren in Baltimore opened a correspondence with its members, by authority of the Grand Lodge," &c.

Bro. Barnes continued to be an active member of the Order until its overthrow in this State in the political convulsion of 1832, having, however, previously changed his membership from the Massachusetts Lodge to the New England Lodge, No. 4, which Lodge, in 1827, he assisted in establishing in East Cambridge, then the place of his residence. His associates all agree that during the existence of the Order, from its introduction through his exertions, to its fall in the Anti-Masonic excitement, his views of the Order in its relations and objects were sound and judicious, and that whatever inherent defects might have weakened its character in the community, they were not the result of mismanagement or unwise direction on his part.

In the revival of the Order in Massachusetts, Bro. Barnes again appears as the consistent friend of Odd Fellowship. The records we have already quoted bear fur-

ther evidence of his fidelity and energy. Upon page 379 we find that, in regard to Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts, —

"Nine years passed quietly on without exhibiting the least sign of returning life, when the three brothers who had assumed the guardianship of the Order in Boston (viz., Albert Guild, the last Secretary, Aaron Andrews and Eber Smith, P. G.'s) were found actively engaged in the endeavor to revive Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, by P. G. Sire Wildey, who, as travelling agent, unexpectedly arrived in their city. Two veterans in the cause, viz., J. B. Barnes, the first N. G. of the Lodge in 1820, and Daniel Hersey, the G. M. on the establishment of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1823, were prevailed upon to lend their aid; when, on the 22d of June, 1841, Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, was reorganized," &c.

The rest we all know. Four years have multiplied this little band more than a thousand-fold. The history of Odd Fellowship, in its revival in Massachusetts, we are now acting; it is our business to take good care that one day it shall deserve to be written.

Bro. Barnes has for many years past resided in East Cambridge. He is well known as a man of strict integrity, and by his unremitting industry he has become wealthy. Within the last month he has left this State, with the intention of becoming a resident of Wheeling, Virginia. Upon his departure, the brothers of New England Lodge, of which Bro. Barnes had again become a member, upon the 26th of March last, the *twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts*, voted that his Card of Clearance should be accompanied with some testimonial of their respect and affection. Accordingly a medal was presented to him with appropriate ceremonies at a meeting of the Lodge, and the parting word was afterwards said at a pleasant gathering at Porter's Hotel in Cambridge.

The brothers of New England Lodge believed that the just appreciation of Bro. Barnes' services demanded that he should carry with him a token of his rank and merit in the Order in this State, and they were satisfied that they did him no more than justice in placing the following inscriptions upon the medal presented to him:

On one side —

"I. O. O. F.

"Presented by the Members of New England Lodge, No. 4, to P. G. Bro. James B. Barnes, the Founder of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts, as a testimonial of their high estimation of his services as an Odd Fellow and of his integrity and usefulness as a man."

On the reverse —

"In God we trust.

"Odd Fellowship established in Massachusetts March 26, 1820.

"This Medal presented to its Founder March 26, 1845.

"Friendship, Love and Truth."

We commend Bro. Barnes to the kind attention of the Order in his new home. He deserves their honor and respect as a true Odd Fellow.

THE CELEBRATION.

Encampments and Lodges, Grand and Subordinate, in this State, are very busy with their arrangements for the 19th of June. The principal officers have been selected, and the general plan of operation fixed upon. The Celebration will consist of an oration, procession in regalia, and dinner. G. Master Norris has been chosen by the Com-

mittee of Arrangements, President of the Day; D. G. M. Newell A. Thompson, 1st Vice President; Bro. Albert Guild, Chief Marshal; Bro. Wm. Hilliard, Toast Master.

Bro. J. L. RIDGELY, of Baltimore, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Oration.

The number of visiting brethren will undoubtedly be very great. The brothers of Maine have signified their intention of returning the visit of the Massachusetts Odd Fellows, and the members of the Order in other States are manifesting a great interest in the Celebration. The Odd Fellows of Boston and vicinity will be called upon to sustain their character for hospitality, and we are satisfied that the Committee of Reception will have a busy, but still not an embarrassing task, in providing for the accommodation of our guests.

PHONOGRAPHY.

WE recommend to our readers who may wish instruction in the science of Phonography, the opportunity afforded them by Mr. Augustus Boyle, who is at present teaching in this city. His room is under Marlboro' Chapel. We have attended but one or two of his lessons, and, therefore, are not prepared to speak of the merits of the science. But we believe it to be based on philosophical principles, and we *know* that Mr. Boyle is admirably qualified for a teacher,

☞ By a letter received from Bro. I. P. Emerson, of Mercer, (Me.) we are happy to learn that Franklin Lodge, which was instituted in that town about three months since, is in a very flourishing condition. The brothers of Mercer have had much prejudice and opposition to contend against, but they have overcome this in a great measure, and many of the most respectable and influential men of the place are coming into the Order. We take particular pleasure in giving the following extract from Bro. Emerson's letter. * * * "I would remark that the members of our Lodge have in the Lodge, a Total Abstinence Pledge from all intoxicating drinks; and every member, with one or two exceptions, have signed it."

CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7. — Our friends at Thomaston, (Me.) we are gratified to learn, have instituted an Encampment in that town. We were one of the number who about eighteen months since assisted in establishing the Order in Thomaston, and it is truly gratifying to learn that it has so abundantly prospered. We sincerely hope that the labors of our Thomaston brethren may be as successful in this higher branch of the Order, as they have been heretofore; and if ability to perform, and an active zeal in the cause, be an evidence of success, such most assuredly will be the result. P.

☞ Bro. Matthew Barnard, of Nantucket Lodge, Nantucket, writing from that place under date of April 22, says : — "We now number forty-nine members, and shall probably initiate six more to-night. There is a *wholesome opposition* to our Order; that is, just enough, from the *right quarter*, to induce folks to examine for themselves; and the result is, as many applications as we can well attend to."

☞ Bro. GEO. H. H. SILSBY, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, will please accept our thanks for a corrected list of officers of the subordinate Lodges in that State.

We are also under renewed obligations to Grand Master DEVOTION, of Norwich, for a correct list of the officers of the Lodges in Connecticut.

☞ A dispensation has been granted for Massasoit Lodge, North Bridgewater. Petitions have been presented for Quinobegun Lodge, No. 70, Dedham; Groton Lodge, No. 71, Groton; and North Stoughton Lodge, at North Stoughton.

ODD FELLOWS' LIBRARY. — We defer further remarks upon this subject until our next.

☞ Bro. Haliburton & Dudley, No. 12 State street, have sent us a great variety of foreign publications, received by the Caledonia, for which we kindly thank them. If any of our readers are fond of "picters" — and who is not? — let them buy the "Pictorial Times," which is full of them. Those who have an appetite for jokes may be gratified to their hearts' content by exchanging the merest trifle in the world for "Punch," which overflows with wit and humor, rendered doubly fun-inspiring by the "comicalect" illustrations that ever danced through an artist's brain. The "Great Gun," too, we, though utterly opposed to war, can recommend to the most tender-hearted, assuring them that its discharges will only pleasantly convulse the diaphragm. Besides these foreign periodicals, almost everything in the way of literature may be found upon Messrs. H. & D.'s well filled counter.

SYLVIUS, THE ROMAN ODD FELLOW.

THIS is the title of a new play, in five acts, by A. J. H. Duganne, Esq., which is shortly to be presented at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. We have been favored with a perusal; and the subject, as well as the piece itself, is something so new and novel to the stage, that it has been thought some mention of it might prove interesting to the readers of the "Symbol."

The scene is Rome, about the time of Titus; and the plot is laid principally among the Comites, the ancient order from which, our poet says, has sprung our I. O. of O. F. The great principles of Fidelity, Love and Truth, and Charity and Forgiveness, form the features, if we may so speak.

Maro, a Comes and a Christian, lashed on by the remembrance of former injuries to revenge, is checked and held back by the gentler voice of his new faith, which whispereth that forgiveness is a Christian's duty. Lentulus, the wronger of Maro, gropes his way through the dark shadows of remorse, without hope, without light, until Sylvius, the young enthusiast, who would convince all the world of the truth of

The faith he has just adopted as his own, finds Lentulus, friendless and forsaken, and leads him to the light of hope and the forgiveness of Maro. The light-hearted, careless, yet honest and honorable soldier; the proud grief of the Roman matron, rejoicing that her son "died as Romans in Rome's life-time fell;" and the meek and gentle grief of the martyr's sister, — have been truly and powerfully drawn by our poet's pen.

The reader must not expect this to be a play written but to please the prejudices of an Odd Fellow. No; its spirit all will admire, its breathings all will respond to, while those who wish to see the stage exalted to the high stand of a school for morality, as it should be, will find in it a Hope.

E. A. G.

Philadelphia, April 19th, 1845.

Paul Redding; a Tale of the Brandywine. By T. B. Read. Boston.

WE ask the author's pardon that we have not prepared an original notice of this book for our present number. We will endeavor to do so this in our next. It is well spoken of by the various papers. We copy a notice from the Olive Branch.

This is the title of a small volume, the production of a young but favorably known Artist of this city.

The previous literary reputation of this author has been based upon various little poetical contributions to our principal magazines, which have generally escaped the critic's eye, or been passed with a favorable notice. The book before us (the first prose work, we believe, of Mr. Read) proves pretty conclusively, that while engaged in his poetical researches, he has not left his taste for prose writing uncultivated. The book, as its title purports, is an American tale, and the scene laid on the banks of that beautiful river, which the hero of the tale so poetically describes, commencing with —

"Not Juniata's rocky tide,
That bursts its mountain barriers wide,
Nor Susquehanna broad and fair,
Nor there sea drinking Delaware,
May with that lovely stream compare
That draws its winding silver line
Through Chester's storied vales and hills,
The bright, the laughing Brandywine,
That dallies with its hundred mills."

The characters in general are well drawn, and possess a separate interest in themselves. Fiftful the maniac, and Mynheer Gotlieb Specknerout, Munson, the dry and shrivelled Quaker, and Ichabod Inkleton, the poet, and more than all, Christopher Scrapp, the satirist, who crushed and pulverized men and characters to order, and for a fair compensation caused men to wish they had never been born.

On commencing this article, our intention was merely to call attention to the mechanical part of the book; but our admiration of the work has led us farther than we supposed. We commend it to the attention of our readers. Redding and Co. have it at 8 State street.

WESTERLY, (R.I.) APRIL 21, 1845.

To the Editor of the Symbol.

DEAR SIR :—On the evening of the 25th of last month, our M. W. G. Master Wood, accompanied by officers of the Grand Lodge and a delegation from the several Lodges in Providence, came down to our village, in compliance with the request of five brothers, for the purpose of instituting a Lodge, under the name of Narragansett Lodge, No. 7, I. O. O. F., the petition for said Lodge having been granted some three weeks before by the Grand Lodge of our State. Immediately after their arrival, the Lodge was instituted, and the following brothers were installed into their respective offices. [See list of officers.] In the evening two candidates were initiated, and early next morning our friends returned, making us a hasty but valued visit.

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Our Lodge has been opened under the usual auspices, attending the opening of any new Lodge. Ignorance of the principles and bitter prejudice against the practices of our Order, must here as elsewhere be met by a firm, yet modest and kind exhibition of Love, Friendship and Truth.

Yours, in F. L. & T.,

H. B.

GLANCES AT THINGS IN GENERAL.

APRIL has been a rather rough nurse to the tender leaves and blossoms which are to form the crown of May — cold and sour as an unsympathizing step-mother. But in spite of her cross looks the children of the Spring will soon smile in beauty upon all those who are permitted to walk among them in their native woods and fields to return smile for smile. "As the hart panteth for the water brooks," so do we, "cabined" and "cribbed" in a wilderness of barren brick and mortar, always long at this season to ramble once again in the old familiar haunts of childhood — anywhere that a *tete-a-tete* with dame Nature can be enjoyed. To those who can come with "the quiet of a loving eye," whose ears are attuned to her multitudinous harmonies, she hath many pleasant, many elevating things to say; but to the dull, the unobservant, the unloving, she is veiled, she is dumb. "Life in the country," remarks Frederika Bremer, "may be one of the richest on earth, but it may also be one of the poorest. If the great book of Nature be opened to the eye of him who resides there, and illumined with the light of heaven, from his little knoll he can see and enjoy all the glory of the world; but if he sees in Nature only the potato-field which gives him food, then is his golden vein closed for him, and he himself stands, like the potato-plant, fast rooted in the earth."

"What's in a name?" A good deal, those persons seem to think who are now manifesting such an anxiety to get rid of the time-honored one which these States have borne for a "considerably long spell." Washington Irving has suggested *Apalachia*, but a committee of the New York Historical Society have given their preference to *Allaganis*, from the great mountain range of the Alleghanies. The newspaper wags are making themselves quite merry with this proposed change of names. *Winnipissigecana*, *Dismalswampiana*, and *Yankeedoodledom*, besides several other queer names, have their advocates. Of all yet mentioned, Yankeedoodledom has the greatest savor of nationality about it, but our choice would be *Indiana*, already the name of one of the States, which would keep us in perpetual remembrance of the original proprietors of this great country, and of our having despoiled them of it, and well-nigh exterminated their whole race. All pleasantry apart, this christening of Brother Jonathan's republic anew is not so easy a matter. The old name is so deeply engraved upon the history of something more than half a century, and so indissolubly associated with some of the most momentous events in the annals of the world, that, so long as "E pluribus unum" continues to be our motto, it will have to be retained.

Crises of great and imminent peril are "the times that try men's souls," showing exactly what sort of stuff they are made of. This was strikingly illustrated in the late terrible wreck of the Swallow upon the Hudson. What heroic generosity was manifested by that man whose first exclamation on being

pulled to the surface of the water by the hair of his head, was, "Let me go, and save her!" pointing to a lady also struggling in the water, and who it was afterwards found was merely an acquaintance! What extremes of selfishness, too, were exhibited! One man disputes the possession of a little piece of board with another, plunges after him with frightful imprecations, and the last curse upon his lips mingles with his "bubbling groan" as he sinks into eternity! A bold-hearted ruffian, with the malice of a fiend, vents his oaths upon the frantic women and children who are shrieking with terror. But what shall we say of that man who, with the piercing cry ringing in his ears, "Husband, husband, save your wife and children!" left his family behind, intent only upon the preservation of his own life? Charity suggests, that in the awful confusion of the moment, he might not have heard that cry; and yet, unfortunately for the credit of human nature, we need not go to shipwrecks to find a selfishness so absorbing as to stifle the strongest and holiest affections of the heart. . . . But let us, in conclusion, look only upon the "silver lining of the cloud." All will recollect the destruction of the steamboat Erie by burning a few years ago; but possibly all will not remember — what we shall never forget — the sublime courage, the almost unexampled self-sacrifice of the pilot in the midst of that terrible scene. It was but a short distance to land, and if the boat could be driven ashore a great many lives might be saved. The flames were curling and crackling all around him, but undaunted, thoughtful only of others, he guided that fearful wreck until he perished at his post. Oh, it is unspeakably elevating to think that martyrs such as he "have lived and died!"

We have recently read a very remarkable book, a reprint from an English edition, entitled "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." Apopting the nebulous theory of the origin of the world, and the facts of geology as the records of its subsequent history, the author arrives at some rather novel conclusions. One of the great and hitherto unsolved problems of geology has been to account for the different orders of extinct plants and animals whose fossil remains mark the several epochs of the earth's progress. Were they new creations, or the old gradually modified and changed by a change of outward circumstances? Neither, says our author. *Development* is the order of creation. A "nucleated vesicle" is the meeting point between inorganic and organic matter, and contains within itself the germs of all forms of organized life which have existed or which now exist. A zoophyte may, by successive stages of development, become something higher, say a fish; a fish, a reptile; a reptile, a mammifer; and an individual of this last class might, by still farther development, have become a *man*! But the most curious part of this singular theory remains to be stated. Our author conjectures that man may not be the last link in the chain of being, but that a creature greater than he may yet be developed, who shall rule over him as he now rules over the animal kingdom! With all its singularity, however, the book is well worthy the perusal of those who are scientifically inclined, on account of the ingenious array of indisputable facts which the author brings to bear in support of his system; and those who read for amusement merely may be reminded of the theory of Lord Monboddoo, who believed that man sprang from an oyster, which, by successive transformations, became at last a monkey, and the monkey, his tail having dropped off, a man!

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

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- J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.
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- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
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- MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—E S Stearns, CP; G Watson, HP; John Huse, SW; T K Hills, Scribe; Geo Emery, Treas; Thos H Lord, JW.
- MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm L Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Wait, Treas.
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- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.—Wm H Calrow, DM; Jacob Barker, ADM; Gilbert E Peirce, DADM; Geo W Merrill, PG; N W Allen, VG; Geo Butts, Sec; J Chadburn, Treas.
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- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Browster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.
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- SILGAM, No. 2.—E. M. P. Wells, NG; Edwin Brown, VG; Thos C Porter, Rec Sec'y; John McLeish, Per Sec'y; A Stuart, Treas; G. N. Thompson, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Elbridge G Brooks, NG; Edward W Gibson, VG; George H Davies, Sec'y; James C Nute, Treas; Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMACK, No. 7.—Henry O. Bagley, NG; C Stone, VG; George Young, Sec'y; Geo Ashworth, Treas'r.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.—Sam'l K Lathrop, NG; John R Dow, VG; R S Denny, Rec Sec'y; A S Wheeler, Per Sec'y; C S Browne, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.—Joe Kelly, NG; W B Randolph, VG; B Coolidge, Rec Sec'y; E H Smith, Per Sec'y; Sumner Young, Treas; J M Durgin, Chaplain; S W Drew, Physician.
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- PROSPECT,** No. 35.—Geo F Adams, NG; Jesse Glover, VG; O Sawtall, Sec'y; Jno Pike, Treas.
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- SHAWMUT,** No. 37.—Joel M Holden, NG; Andrew Watkins, VG; Wm W Fletcher, Rec Sec'y; David C Barnes, Per Sec'y; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
- SOOTHBOAN,** No. 38.—Edw A Williams, NG; Geo W Dix, VG; Peter Wiley, Sec'y; L Fairbanks, Treas; Jno H Willis, Chaplain.
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- TRIQUANTUM,** No. 46.—Aaron C Mayhew, NG; Orison Underwood, VG; J R Davis, Rec Sec'y; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec'y; John Corbett, Treas.
- MACEONIAN,** No. 47.—Joseph Phelps, NG; S Lawrence, VG; Wm H Cooper, Sec'y; Lorenzo Phelps, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK,** No. 48.—Tho's W. Capen, NG; E H Preston, VG; J F Lincoln, Sec'y; A D Puffer, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE,** No. 49.—Isthamar W Beard, NG; Seth W Hatch, VG; William L North, Rec Sec; Samuel C Baldwin, Per Sec; Milo Pearce, Treas.
- CONCORD,** No. 50.—James M Billings, NG; John J Scott, V G; Eben Wild Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Asa C Collier, Treas.
- MYSTIC,** No. 51.—Stephen Sibley, NG; John Toomy, VG; James A Dix, Sec'y; J W H Rogers, Treas.
- AGAWAM,** No. 52.—Samuel Davis, Jr, NG; Obed Adams, VG; James Lang Sec'y; Benj E Hoyt, Treas.
- HOBAR LODGE,** No. 53.—Sam'l W Sloan, NG; Sam'l R Spinney, VG; Warren Kimball, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER,** No. 54.—Sam'l H Doten, NG; Isaac B Rich, VG; Wm Bishop, Sec'y; Bradford Barnes, Jr, Treas.
- ATLANTIC,** No. 55.—Jos. B Frost, Jr, NG; Emerson Ames, VG; Jas B Batchelder, Sec'y; Wm B Brown, Treas.
- WORCESTER,** No. 56.—S S Leonard, NG; G H Goodnough, VG; Jos Burnatill, Sec'y; Geo C Taft.
- BERKSHIRE,** No. 57.
- ELLIOT,** No. 58.
- TAKEWAMBAIT,** No. 59.—John Holt, NG; T A Davis, VG; I D Morse, Sec; Durtin Lancy, Treas.
- HARVARD,** No. 60.
- MONOTUCK,** No. 61.
- ST. JOHN'S,** No. 62.—
- MOUNT HOPE,** No. 63.—Reuben H W Ramsay, NG; Robert S Gibbs, VG; Abial S C Lawton, Rec Sec; Wm Penn, Per Sec; Edwin Shaw, Treas.
- SEAWASHEM,** No. 64.—S Pearson, NG; Wm Schooler, VG; Thos Talbot, Rec Sec; J Pinkerton, Per Sec; J Gorham, Treas; V Lincoln, Chaplain.
- GOLDEN RULE,** No. 65.—E F Kirtledge, NG; Luke Vincent, VG; William Bacon, Sec; Henry Kirtledge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
- NANTUCKET,** No. 66.—Wm Summerhays, NG; Geo H Riddell, VG; H C Worth, Sec; Joseph B Lawrence, Treas.
- POCOMTUCK,** No. 67.—
- HARMONY,** No. 68.—Albert H Butters, NG; Jas M Woodbridge, VG; George Harvey, Sec'y; Amos Hitchins, Treas.

Maine.

[As but few returns have been received from Maine for the last quarter, we omit the list of that State in the present number.]

MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukesbury, Scribe; Joseph M. Kellog, Treas.

EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm E Kimball, SW; E P Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.

SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No. 3.—Frederick P Theobald, CP; Edward Fanno, HP; W B Hartwell, SW; T S Robinson, JW; J G Sawyer, Scribe; N Stone, Treas.

KATADU ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—C Snell, CP; W S Warren, HP; — Gilpatrick, SW; E C Smart, Scribe.

SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Geo H Gardiner, CP; E S J Nealley, HP; Peleg Rush, SW; Elisha Clark, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; Wm Clifford, Treas.

CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Thos O'Brien, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe.

GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DAM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, BWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.

NABRAGON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—E P Emerson, CP; O D Murray, HP; Cha's T Ridgway, SW; A Mitchell, JW; C B Fletcher, Scribe; N P Kimball, Treas.

WONOLANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Charles H Chase, Treasurer.

PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, Jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe; Wm Walker, Jr, Treas.

QUOCHESCO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—S H Parker, CP; E O Laughton, HP; Jonathan Cutler, SW; Bethuel Keith, JW; Wm Tredick, Scribe; N Demeritt, Treas.

STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—George W Towle, CP; George W Montgomery, HP; Joseph Choever, SW; J M Locke, Jr, JW; Emerson Shurburne, Scribe; David Moulton, Treas.

PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE.—Geo W Montgomery, DM; Geo W Towle, DDM; James M Carr, ADM; Elias Ayres, PG; Cha's A Colcord, NG; Nath'l March, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.

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SWANSCOT, No. 8.—Thomas G Peckham, NG; Geo O Hilton, VG; G W Furber, Sec; Elijah Knight, Treas.

SAGAMORE, No. 9.—G F Waters, NG; A W Seamans, VG; T L Newell, Sec; John Foss, Treas.

SUNCOOK, No. 10.—G L Remick, NG; Oliver N French, VG; Geo P Prescott, Sec; Charles Sanderson, Treas.

Rhode Island.

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EAGLE, No. 2.—Ezra G Brown, NG; R H Barton, VG; Mark Graves, Rec Sec'y; J C Calder, Per Sec'y; W W Knight, Treas.

ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Eben'r B White, NG; Jared W Scovil, VG; Henry M Amabury, Rec Sec; Wm M Morgan, Per Sec; Walcott M Scott, Treas.

HOPK, No. 4.—Alex'r Lake, NG; Arnold C Hawes, VG; James Manchester, Rec Sec'y; William W Rathburn, Per Sec'y; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Sam'l A Parker, NG; Henry Tisdale, VG; Charles Devens, Jr, Sec; Wm Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.

AMITY, No. 6.—Wm P Freeborn, NG; Wm B Snell, VG; Joseph M Smith, Rec Sec'y; George Cole, Per Sec'y; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Almond Gushoe, Physician.

NARRAGANSET, No. 7.—Horace Babcock, NG; Charles H Denison, VG; Levi L Derby, Sec; Peleg Noyes, Treas.

GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—Nathaniel S Alexander, NG; Harrison Wilmarth, VG; J B Swasey, Rec Sec; Barton Miller, Per Sec; Zelotus Witherell, Treas; Seth Blanchard, Chaplain.

Connecticut.

(We have been favored with a full and corrected list of the officers of the Lodges in this State, from G. M. Devotion, but it was not received in season for insertion in the present number. We have therefore thought it advisable to omit the old list.)

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SASSAGUS ENCAMPMENT, No 1.—Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Eells, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Tho's L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.
UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No 4.—Orrin F Smith, CP; George W Brown, HP; C C Culver, SW; J A Smith, Scribe; N Beckwith, Treas; Chas E Hewitt, JW.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.
SOWHEAG ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Origen Uley, CP; T C Simpson, HP; J S Parmelee, SW; P Fagan, Scribe; Alfred Hall, Treas; S M Shaddick, JW.
MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, SW; E Fessenden, Scribe; W S Crane, Treas; Henry L Miller, JW.
GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Crosswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.

LIST OF LODGES IN NEW ENGLAND—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts	Boston	Mon
2 Siloam	do	Thu
4 New England	East Cambridge	Fri
7 Merrimack	Lowell	Mon
8 Suffolk	Boston	Tue
9 Crystal Fount.	Woburn	Mon
10 Oriental	Boston	Wed
11 Mechanics'	Lowell	Fri
12 Bethel	West Cambridge	Tue
13 Nazarene	Ware Village	Mon
14 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	Mon
15 Tremont	Boston	Wed
16 Covenant	do	Mon
17 Middlesex	Malden	Wed
18 Warren	Roxbury	Tue
19 Monument	East Lexington	Thu
20 Friendship	Cambridgeport	Mon
21 Fidelity	Andover	Thu
22 Howard	Charlestown	Fri
23 Franklin	Boston	Fri
24 Winnisimmet	Chelsea	Tue
25 Boston	Boston	Fri
26 Essex	Salem	Mon
27 Hampden	Springfield	Mon
28 Oberlin	Lowell	Tue
29 Columbian	Stoneham	Tue
30 Bethesda	South Boston	Mon
31 Lafayette	Watertown	Thu
32 Ancient Landmark	Boston	Mon
33 Montezuma	do	Wed
34 Hope	Methuen	Wed
35 Prospect	Waltham	Mon
36 Maverick	East Boston	Mon
37 Shawmut	Boston	Tue
38 Souhegan	South Reading	Mon
39 Quasacuncquen	Newburyport	Tue
40 Bay State	Lynn	Thu
41 Acushnet	New Bedford	Wed
42 Pacific	Boston	Thu
43 Quineigamond	Worcester	Mon
44 King Philip	Taunton	Tue
45 Framingham	Saxonville	Wed
46 Tisquantum	Milford	
47 Macdonald	Bedford	Wed
48 Norfolk	Dorchester	
49 Veritas	Lowell	
50 Concord	Concord	Tue
51 Mystic	Chelsea	Mon
52 Agawam	Ipswich	
53 Hobah	South Boston	Fri
54 May Flower	Plymouth	Tue
55 Atlantic	Marblehead	Wed
56 Worcester	Worcester	Fri
57 Berkshire	Pittsfield	
58 Elliot	Newton Upper Falls	
59 Takawambait	Natick	Tues
60 Harvard	Harvard	
61 Nonotuck	Northampton	
62 St. John's	Cabotville	Tue
63 Mount Hope	Fall River	Thu
64 Shawsheene	Billerica	Mon
65 Golden Rule	Wilmington	Thu
66 Nantucket	Nantucket	Tue
67 Pocomtuck	Greenfield	
68 Harmony	Medford	Mon
DEGREE LODGES.		
1 Union	Boston	Sat
2 Maverick	East Boston	Thu
3 Warren	Roxbury	2 4 Fri
4 United Brothers	South Boston	2 Mon and 4 Fri
Norfolk	Dorchester	1 & 3 Mon
GRAND ENCAMPMENT.		
Meets at Boston semi-annually, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.		
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		
1 Massasoit	Boston	1 3 Fri
2 Tri Mount	do	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy	West Cambridge	2 4 Fri
4 Monomake	Lowell	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington	South Boston	2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack	Newburyport	
9 Middlesex	Malden	2 4 Fri

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine.....	Portland.....	Mon
2 Saco.....	do.....	Tue
3 Georgian.....	Thomaston.....	Mon
4 Ancient Brothers.....	Portland.....	Thu
5 Ligonla.....	do.....	Sat
6 Sabbatis.....	Augusta.....	Tue
7 Penobscot.....	Bangor.....	Tue
8 Relief.....	East Thomaston.....	Fri
9 Natanhis.....	Gardiner.....	Fri
10 Lincoln.....	Bath.....	Mon
11 Sacarappa.....	Sacarappa.....	Wed
12 Kenduskeag.....	Bangor.....	Mon
13 Pejepscot.....	Brunswick.....	Thu
14 Cushnoc.....	Augusta.....	Fri
15 Passagassawakeag.....	Belfast.....	Mon
16 Hobomok.....	Bath.....	Fri
17 Washington.....	Hallowell.....	Mon
18 Orono.....	Orono.....	Sat
19 Passamaquoddy.....	Eastport.....	
20 Harrison.....	Harrison.....	Fri
21 Somerset & Franklin.....	Mercer.....	
22 Medomok.....	Waldoborn.....	
24 Androscoggin.....	Lewiston Falls.....	Fri

DEGREE LODGE.

1 Union.....	Bangor.....	
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.		
1 Machigonne.....	Portland.....	13 Tue
2 Eastern Star.....	do.....	24 Fri
3 Sagamore.....	Augusta.....	13 Tue
4 Katahdin.....	Bangor.....	
5 Oberlin.....	Saco.....	
6 Sagadahock.....	Bath.....	24 Tue
7 Churchill.....	Thomaston.....	

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite.....	Nashua.....	Tue
2 Hillsboro'.....	Manchester.....	Mon
3 Wecohasset.....	Dover.....	Tue
4 Washington.....	Somerworth.....	Tue
5 White Mountain.....	Concord.....	Fri
6 Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	Mon
7 Winnipisioctec.....	Meredith Bridge.....	Tues
8 Swampscut.....	Newmarket.....	
9 Sagamore.....	Exeter.....	
10 Suncook.....	do.....	

DEGREE LODGE.

Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	13 Fri
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SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon.....	Nashua.....	13 Fri
2 Wonolanset.....	Manchester.....	24 Fri

3 Penacook.....	Concord.....	
4 Quochecho.....	Dover.....	24 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank.....	Portsmouth.....	24 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....	Providence.....	Thu
2 Eagle.....	do.....	Wed
3 Roger Williams.....	do.....	Tue
4 Hope.....	do.....	Mon
5 Ocean.....	Newport.....	Fri
6 Amity.....	Warren.....	Wed
7 Narragansett.....	Westerly.....	Tue
8 Good Samaritan.....	Pawtucket.....	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narragansett.....	Providence.....	24 Fri
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STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinpiac.....	New Haven.....	Mon
2 Charter Oak.....	Hartford.....	Tue
3 Middlesex.....	East Haddam.....	Wed
4 Pequannock.....	Bridgeport.....	Tue
5 Harmony.....	New Haven.....	Tue
6 Ousatonic.....	Derby.....	Mon
7 Samaritan.....	Danbury.....	Wed
8 Mercantile.....	Hartford.....	Fri
9 Thames.....	New London.....	Mon
10 Our Brothers.....	Norwalk.....	Mon
11 Uncas.....	Norwich.....	Mon
12 Central.....	Middletown.....	Thu
13 Charity.....	Lower Mystic.....	Wed
14 Wopowage.....	Milford.....	Wed
15 Montawese.....	New Haven.....	Wed
16 Washington.....	Willimantic Village.....	Sat
17 Trumbull.....	New London.....	Tue
18 Nathan Hale.....	Tolland.....	Wed
19 Mystic.....	Mystic.....	
20 Fenwick.....	Essex.....	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sassacus.....	New Haven.....	13 Fri
2 Oriental.....	East Haddam.....	24 Fri
3 Palmyra.....	Norwich.....	13 Fri
4 Unity.....	New London.....	24 Thu
5 Souheag.....	Middletown.....	13 Tue
6 Devotion.....	Danbury.....	13 Fri
7 Midian.....	Hartford.....	


MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. Wm. Chapman, Bro. James St. C. Wilson, of Tremont Lodge, to Miss Mary K. Wason.

In East Boston, April 17th, by Rev. Bro. J. A. Merrill, Chaplain of Maverick Lodge, Bro. Thomas A. Foster to Miss Judith R. Judkins, of Boston. (Accompanying this announcement was the nicest sort of a little packet of—it makes our mouth water just to think what—bound around with the most delicate little ribband in the world, fastened with such a curious knot as only the doubly blessed could tie. The ribband we have ever since worn in our button-hole, prising it as highly as one of Napoleon's old soldiers would the badge of the Legion of Honor. "May your shadow never be less!")

In Charlestown, March 4th, by Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, Bro. Horace F. Edmonds, P. G. of Howard Lodge, to Miss Elizabeth A. Gordon.

In Charlestown, April 8th, by Rev. Bro. E. H. Chapin, Bro. Thomas R. B. Edmonds, P. G. of Howard Lodge, to Miss Abby W. Ferguson, all of C. Here comes another packet, and a fresh benediction rises from the warmest corner of our heart. Beautiful emblem this glorious spring morning of the tender affections, the exulting hopes, which make up the being of the two who start together on the life-long—yes, the sternity-long—journey! May they have a glowing summer of joy, of ever richer life, and an autumn full of fruition and of hope!

 We hope to be able to present our readers in the June number number of the Symbol, with an original steel engraving of the Editor.

THE SYMBOL,

AND

ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1845.

NO. VI.

Original.

THE TRUE DIGNITY OF MAN.

—
BY LYMAN MASON, ESQ.
—

MAN's life is made up of conflicting elements. His passions and his reason wage an unending warfare. The first solicit him to self-indulgence; and so powerful is their influence, that were it not for reason, his whole career must be one of disappointment and misery. His reason, also, by itself, would be to his soul like the virgin snow on the Alps' highest peak — a glorious sight, reflecting the full brightness of the mid-day sun, perhaps, but cold, cheerless, and uninviting. Like a nude statue, reason may possess the fairest form and the most beautiful proportions; but, lacking the warm, gushing emotions of sympathy and love, which with their mute eloquence answer back to us the deep fervor of our own heart's affection, and send a thrill of delight over all the chords of the soul, it leaves us unbenefited and almost unimpressed. The judgment may be *convinoed*, but the judgment is like the soldier in the story, who, having lost his legs in battle, afterwards got about by riding on the neck of a blind man, whose legs were sound; — it always needs some external moving power.

The question before us, then, is, whether it is possible, out of this chaos of the passions, so to arrange and match them against each other that no one shall gain the ascendancy, — each keeping the other in check, and the result of their various conflicts being in all cases a *drawn* battle? And further, when so arranged, will they all submit to reason as a leader? For undoubtedly this result would be the *ultima Thule* of human dignity and greatness.

To us the idea of such a result is not an idle fancy. We believe it to be possible. And we further believe that the human race are yet to attain unto it. In the great book of God's providence it seems to us that we can observe this great fact peering out from the dim twilight of the future,—the auspice of a brighter day — “the first of a Spring that shall be eternal.”

It seems to us, also, that the human race have already made some advances in this direction, and that we now stand on a vantage ground to which no previous generation has ever been able to attain. There have been in former ages some signal examples of *individuals*, to be sure, who have been worthy of the highest admiration in this respect. All we intend to imply, therefore, is, that the *mass* of mankind at the present day better understand in what the true dignity of man consists, and how it may be attained, than the mass of any former era.

If we cast our eyes back over the history of the world, what do we find? An inordinate selfishness stands out on every page; a distinct and unequivocal characteristic.

Go to the land of the Pharaohs, the birth-place of civilization. Behold the mighty pyramids, which have defied the hand of destruction for centuries. You ask who built them, and tradition tells you some one of those mighty kings. You ask for what purpose they were built, and the same tradition, with her dry, husky voice, answers, for the sepulture of kings. You see the lofty obelisk. Who built it? A king. For what? To commemorate some mighty deed of his own. And so the story runs through the whole catalogue of antiquities. They are the relics of *kings*. But these antiquities impart to us a useful lesson. They tell us, in language too deep for words, that here the king was everything, the people nothing. The individual controlled the race, and not the race the individual. His will was law. A barren, selfish individuality, alone appears. The social element of civilization was as yet undeveloped.

The same remark applies to the cotemporary nations of Assyria and Persia. The deeds of kings only form their histories. Mute silence is the only chronicler of all the millions beside. What they thought — how they felt and acted — what they apprehended of God, of nature, of love and duty — how those kindly affections which linger around the hearth-stones of home dwelt in their souls, we know not. But this we may safely infer, that the mass of the people were slaves, subject to the will of a despot, and that implicit obedience was the only faculty of their natures which was ever fully developed.

When civilization left the plains of Asia for the banks of the Xanthus, its character was but slightly changed. But in the progress of centuries, under some of their free governments, and when the people had advanced the arts to their highest pitch, the social element of humanity was partially developed. Seneca, Socrates and Plato, were men of too large souls to be hemmed in by the narrow precincts of self. They foresaw the high dignity the race are capable of reaching, but it was not given to that age to attain it.

The dwellers in the seven-hilled city also had some faint apprehension of the social element of civilization; as is evidenced by their laws

and customs, many of which have continued unto this day. But the love of aggrandizement and power swallowed up all the shoots of kindly fellowship and amity which advancing civilization had produced. Cicero taught a philosophy in which the claims of our fellow men upon us are more distinctly recognized than in any previous system. Many of his maxims in relation to the social duties of men are far in advance of the age in which he lived. They contain universal truths, and must remain in force as long as men acknowledge the claims of justice and right.

It may be well for us at this stage of our remarks to consider what, up to this period, was regarded as the highest dignity a human being could attain.

It was that of a warrior or a hero. War constituted a great part of the business of those ages. No man thought himself accomplished without the profession of arms was added to his other acquirements. Orators could harangue the multitude, or lead the army to the field of battle. Slaves tilled the soil, while the citizens employed their arms in extending their conquests. Luxury and licentiousness, in the eyes of the mass of the people, detracted nothing from the dignity of a man's character. Virtue was synonymous with martial valor. The stain of an insult was too deep to be washed away except with the life-blood of the giver. The dying groans of the gladiator were to them the richest music, and the triumphal procession the most pleasant sight. The gentler affections of our nature gave place to the admired Roman firmness. The idea of self-control, of restraining the passions and appetites, of forgiving injuries, of loving our enemies, of kindness and affection for the unthankful, was unknown. Human life was insecure, and thousands were butchered

“To grace a Roman holiday.”

But at this period, in a remote Roman province, a Teacher appeared who “taught as never man taught.” The sublimest conceptions of the wisest heathen philosophers were tame and insipid when compared with his most trifling precepts.

He taught that to “do to others as ye would that they should do to you,” “to love your enemies even, to pray for those that despitefully use you,” was really more noble, and indicated higher dignity of character, than all the revenge and violence of the wisest nations of antiquity. He taught also that the whole human family are our brethren, that kindness and sympathy are due from all to all, and that society ought to bound together by one strong, interminable bond of love.

This doctrine, new and strange, fell on the ear of an incredulous world. They gave little heed to its precepts. For almost nineteen hundred years it has struggled for recognition in the practical ethics of men; and although it was first promulgated by the Son of God, and blessed with his spirit, it has not entirely rooted out the pernicious precepts of the old heathen civilization even in those countries where its influence has been most felt.

As Christians, then, the whole scheme of Christian civilization will

readily meet our assent. But it is not as a Christian system, binding upon us from our relations to its Author, that we propose to examine it. We intend rather to compare the two systems of civilization with reference to the true dignity of man as exhibited in acting out the principles of each.

Before the Christian era, as we have seen, to be a warrior and a hero was the acme of human dignity. No honors like those of the triumphal procession. The glory of the hero was the burden of the poet's song and the theme of the orator's eulogy. From youth to hoary age it fired every ambition, and when the last sands of life "ebbed fastly to their finish," the halo of this glory brightened even the bed of death.

The natural consequence of such a feeling in almost every mind was, that the slightest pretext was sufficient to involve contiguous nations in war. The strong conquered the weak, to fall themselves in their turn, the trophy of some more powerful enemy.

That this was the general feeling and sentiment of mankind in those ages of the world before the Christian era, all history affirms. There are, indeed, some glimpses of a different spirit, but they are indistinct and infrequent. Cicero, in one of his treatises, quotes from one of the early Latin poets a stanza which is so contrary to the prevailing sentiment of antiquity that it seems almost prophetic, and is withal so noble and excellent, that no excuse, we trust, will be necessary for introducing it :

"He that directs the wandering traveller
Doth, as it were, light another's torch by his own,
Which gives him ne'er the less of light for that
It gave another."

Here the idea of benevolence is inculcated, but it is the benevolence of a heathen era. It does not exhibit to us the sublime spectacle of one who, out of the yearnings of an overflowing heart, endures self-sacrifice and severe privation, giving what he needs himself to promote the present and future happiness even of his enemies.

The Poet Horace also had some conception of the wall of adamant which a life of purity throws around a man, in his oft-quoted poem —

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

The man of perfect life and pure from wickedness,
My friend, has no occasion for the Moorish javelins,
Or bow, or quiver loaded with poisoned darts.

But what the previous ages had indistinctly taught, the Christian civilization came to illustrate more fully, and to enforce upon every human being. The boundaries of benevolence which before had been limited to the narrow circle of a man's own friends, or at most included only the territory of his native land, were thrown down, and in their place was substituted a liberal and expansive spirit, the very antipodes of all selfishness. A spirit which embraces in its arms of affectionate sympathy the whole family of man; which perceives in every human being,

whether he dwell amid the luxuriant exuberance of the tropics, or share the more sober pleasures of the temperate zones, or shiver out his existence in climes over which the rough Bear presides, the elements of true dignity and greatness. A spirit which knows neither name, nor caste, nor features, nor complexion. Nor is this benevolence, as we have before intimated, to be limited to our friends. It is also to be extended to our enemies. There are none so high as to be out of its reach, and none so low as to be unworthy of its attention.

The claims of the right — the just and the true, have also been more strenuously insisted on under the Christian civilization than ever before. They stand out among the foremost of human duties, and obstinately refuse any compromise with the wrong — the unjust and the false.

But it is unnecessary further to enumerate the elements of this system of civilization. They are among the earliest lessons of our childhood — familiar to us as household words; and there is scarcely an individual in Christendom who does not feel that a thorough understanding and practice of the principles contained in that system would advance the human race to the highest pitch of real dignity it is capable of attaining this side heaven.

Under its influence, the otherwise jarring passions combine into the most exquisite harmony. And when the passions are thus attuned, they are not only in harmony with themselves, but with the eternal world. To such a mind all science is simple. Its truths are only what it would have itself predicated in reference to existing facts. It can admire the order and regularity which the far-off stars exhibit in their ceaseless revolutions, or turning to this little earth, find new scope for its highest powers in studying the outer leaves of this wonderful volume, written all over as they are with the truthful lessons of that Mind which cannot err, and will not deceive.

We have already spoken of the heathen idea of the true dignity of man. Let us look at the Christian idea. Shall we find it the same as before — a warrior, or a hero? Or shall we find it in what men now seek with so much avidity — political preferment? Not necessarily in either. True dignity is not dependent upon outward circumstances. The poorest man you shall meet may have more real dignity of character than the most favored of earth's potentates. If he "cling to the Right with inflexible resolution;" if he bear the burdens of life cheerfully, bringing all his passions into subjection to the highest reason; if he clearly apprehend (as he may do) God and his fellow men, and his relations thereto, and with true integrity of heart discharges the duties these relations contemplate, he shall be great though he dwell in a garret, and his name shall be found among those of whom the world is not yet worthy.

GOOD IN EVIL. — There is this good in real evils, — they deliver us while they last from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary. — *Lacon.*

THE BOY AND THE HOLY IMAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER BY MARY HOWITT.

AmoNG green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
There sat a marble image
Of the VIRGIN and her CHILD.

There oft on summer evening
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the LORD JESUS
Was once a child, like him.

"And now, from highest heaven,
He looketh down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spoke his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the broad round sun descended,
Mid clouds of rosy light:

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"Oh, beautiful child JESUS,
Come down and play with me!"

"I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown,
I will get thee ripe, red straw-berries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"Oh! holy, holy MOTHER,
Put him down from off thy knee,
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
Though she spoke to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young JESUS
There, playing with her boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand fold, to thee!"

"For in the fields of Heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have, dear child! thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair child JESUS spoke;
And, full of careful musing,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished:
In a short month and a day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spake, in dying,
"Oh! mother, dear, I see
The beautiful child JESUS
A-coming down to me!"

"And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries —
Dear mother, let me go!"

Books. — It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, although excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. — *Channing.*

Original.

THE PATRICIAN GONDOLIER.

A TALE OF VENICE.

Concluded from page 213.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

CHAPTER X.

THE night had passed, and the day was far advanced, when the orgies of the two gossips had left them in a state in which the intellect was the least powerful of any of their faculties, albeit it was never of a very active character, and had long been muddled by too frequent potations. Soon the heavy lethargy of drunkenness overpowered them completely, and they slept.

It was late in the evening when Launcelot Tompkins opened his eyes to the light, and found himself in a strange place, and alone. It was some time ere his scattered ideas could be sufficiently collected to enable him to recall the events of the preceding night, and when he did, the thought of his master's message, and his behavior and drunkenness, filled the poor serving-man with shame and vexation. He resolved to go immediately to the Tusco palace, and repair his fault by a full confession. But the poor fellow still felt sick and stupid, and opening the window, he stepped out upon a little bridge or balcony at the back of the house to catch a breath of fresh air, before he descended to find the host, and inquire the way to the palace. The sun was just descending in the evening sky, and Launcelot, although he cared not much for the glow of the sunset, lingered a moment to snuff the evening breeze.

But as he bore rather heavily upon the ancient balustrade, it gave way, and poor Launcelot, ere he could make an effort to save himself, was precipitated into the canal below. He sunk below the surface, but recovering himself, made a prodigious effort to scramble out. But the stone foundation of the house gave no hold to his hands, and on the other side the bank was high and steep. Launcelot made a great outcry, and, floundering in the water, now below and now above the surface, he was truly in a most pitiable predicament. No one came to his assistance, and he was well-nigh exhausted, having nothing to support him, when luckily he espied just above the water's edge, in a low stone building opposite where he had fallen in, the grating of a window; and making a vigorous effort, he threw himself forward, and succeeded in grasping one of the bars. Then holding it firmly, he began to consider how he should relieve himself from his perilous position.

As he thus clung to the grating and pondered, a noise like a stifled groan, sounding from within, alarmed him. He listened, and the

groan was repeated. "Surely," said Launcelot, "this is some poor unfortunate man these heathen Venetians have confined in their water-prisons." For Launcelot had heard of the miserable fate of those who offended against the laws of Venice, and doubted not but that this was some victim of patrician tyranny. Putting, then, his head close down to the aperture, albeit his chin by so doing came close to the water, he called out "Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the serving-man, raising his voice, repeated his question.

What was his surprise, when he heard from the bottom of the dungeon, for such it was, a voice cry out, "Is that Launcelot?"

"It is my master — my dear master," exclaimed the honest serving-man, almost letting go his hold of the grating in his surprise — "I am Launcelot — Launcelot Tompkins," shouted he — "and are not you my noble master?"

"Haste, then, to the palace. Tell them I have been snared by ruffians, and am in a dungeon. Fly! I am dying in this dreadful place"

"Oh, blessed Mary!" cried Launcelot — "my poor master dying, and I in such a plight. Courage, courage, my dear master, I will try to escape."

"And are you too their prisoner?" cried Mordaunt.

"Nay, I am in the canal, and cannot get out. But courage; I will do my best. What, ho! Gabriel — Gabriel Mutton."

Still no, answer came but the voice of Mordaunt, conjuring his servant to make haste to rescue him. "The key is under that grating," cried he; "the ruffian threw it out. Look sharply, Launcelot — you may find it."

"Alas!" said Launcelot, "it is all water around me. The canal is level with this window."

At this moment, the serving-man, casting his eyes above, beheld the round, red face of Gabriel Mutton peering anxiously over the balcony from which he had fallen. Exerting his voice, then, he called to him, and made known his situation, for it was near getting dark, and objects were not distinctly seen in the shadow of the buildings.

"Ha! out there, Launcelot? — a merry cold bath hast had. But wait a bit, and I will throw a rope which thou canst tie around thy waist or thy neck, as thou likest."

In a few moments, with the assistance of Gabriel, Launcelot found himself again on terra firma, and after ejaculating a short thanksgiving to the saints for his preservation, he related to his host the peril of his master.

"There have been strange stories of that house," said Gabriel, "and the sbirri have been guarding it all day; and now that thou hast slept and washed off thy drunkenness, we will even go, and tell the captain of the guard of thy adventures."

The chief of the police was soon found, and Launcelot repeated to him his story. Taking with them a brace of soldiers, they descended to the cellar of the house, and bursting through many a strong door, at last arrived at the dungeon of the signor. It was a dark and dismal place, and the flashing of the torches fell on the disturbed vipers

and hideous toads, scattered around in great numbers, which had there found a congenial abode. And there, too, with his black tongue hanging from his distended mouth, and his eyes fixed in a fierce death-stare, lay the corpse of the bravo Warland. Mordaunt staggered towards his deliverers, and fell, exhausted, on the neck of the faithful Launcelot.

CHAPTER XI.

NIGHT had fallen again over Venice, and in the palace of Valverdi was stillness. Inez sat melancholy and alone in her boudoir, and Valverdi anxiously paced the garden, pondering on the strange words of her who had that day confronted him. The gondolier, too, was here, in his own cell in the tower. He knew not how soon he might be dragged to a shameful death, but he lost not his hope in Heaven, and the thought of what she had told him whom he had met by the lion's mouth brought confidence to his soul. "I shall yet be free!" he murmured to himself.

A step approached, and the massy door was opened. Juan raised his head, and beheld the Lord Valverdi. The eyes of the patrician were bent with a searching gaze on the young man's face. "Art thou," he said, "in truth a gondolier?"

"I am what he was whom I *called* father."

"*Called* father? What mean you? was not Anselmo, the fisherman, your sire?"

"I know not."

"Tell me—there is some mystery about you, gondolier!" said the noble suddenly. "I would unravel it," And he gazed with a yet more earnest look at the young man's countenance.

Juan folded his arms and answered not. At this moment, a loud and fearful cry was heard without. Many feet were heard, rushing in swift career through the passages, and above all, the loud deep tone of the alarm-bell clanged harshly from the watch-tower. A servant rushed into the apartment.—"My lord, the palace is on fire—the eastern wing is in a light flame—hasten, for the love of heaven!"

And, forgetting prisoner and all else but the fearful peril of fire, Valverdi rushed from the spot.

He gained the court-yard. The whole eastern tower was in a lurid blaze. The gardens were filled with terrified domestics, and the bright flame played on their panic-stricken countenances, and flashed on the fountains and the canal beneath.

"Where is my child? where is Inez?" were the first words of the patrician, as he missed amid the group of trembling females the form of his niece.

"She came not from her chamber," cried Bertha, wringing her hands. "Oh, my lady, my dear mistress—she is lost—she is lost!"

The flames were now wreathing and twining around the main building. They crept up the walls and licked the windows of the palace. At this moment a shriek was heard from within. A white form appeared at the casement. It was Inez. She shrieked for help;

but the flames were around and above her. The staircase and gallery were blazing beneath.

Valverdi beat his breast. "Haste! quick, if ye be men! — a thousand ducats to him who saves her life! Do ye falter? Oh! save her. He who plucks her from the flames shall claim her as his bride."

The crowd opened on either side, and a young man rushed forward. Valverdi beheld the gondolier. "Madonna shield me!" cried Juan; "thus I win my bride!" and with frantic speed he bounded by the patrician and disappeared within the house.

The flames rolled on in lurid, eddying waves. All around the fretted balconies of the Eastern tower, over the carved wood-work, and through the gilded latticing, on swept they, like a fiery besom. Already, in jets and spouts, the red element leaped from the windows, and wreathed and curled around the marble columns, devouring the beauty and the pride of the gorgeous palace.

At the casement of the chamber of Inez, still appeared the white-robed form of the maiden. She stretched forth her arms in wild entreaty for succor, but her voice was heard not amid the roar of the flames.

Valverdi tore his hair, and stamped on the ground in agony.

In the clear waters of the canal, over which now the flashing fire cast a strange and terrible brilliancy, the faces of the shuddering crowd were mirrored. From the vast court-yard, the neighboring towers, the thousand gondolas upon the water, looked on that fearful scene eyes dim with terror. Yet none sprang forward to follow the devoted Juan.

But suddenly, from the window, around which now the red flames were wildly dancing, arose a shrill shriek as if of agony. The form of Inez was seen no longer.

Then dark figures appeared for a moment struggling in the flame-wrapped chamber. Wild cries were heard, and the clash of steel!

Ha! what is that dark thing, hurled like a rock from the window? Down fell it, heavily upon the marble of the court-yard, at the very feet of the Lord Valverdi.

It is a man! and his crushed features are convulsed with the death-spasm. His fierce face is turned upward in the light — it is the face of the bravo Matteo.

Then arose a loud shout from the assembled multitude — a shout of gladness rose up — "She is saved!"

Juan, the gondolier, appeared on the roof of the tower, with the glare of the flames lighting his proud features, and playing on the white face of Inez, who stood beside him. He waved his hand thrice — he lifted his eyes to heaven, and then, with a mighty leap, he sprang with the maiden from the roof to the deep waters of the Adriatic.

Another shout — of fear — rose up!

But the form of Juan was seen once more. He stemmed the wave — he reached with his prize the crowding gondolas. Again went up the cry — "They are saved!"

The gondolier bore his burden to the feet of the Lord Valverdi. Then, faint and weary, he would have fallen to the earth, when a man

rushed forth from the parting crowd, and caught him on his breast. Juan looked in the face of the other, and beheld the Signor Mordaunt.

"Mordaunt!" cried the Lord Valverdi, as he raised his eyes from the face of Inez, to which the warm blood was now returning. — "Thou art saved — what means all this?" He gazed wistfully at the gondolier, and pointed to the corpse of the bravo Matteo.

The figure of a tall and majestic woman approached the Venitian lord. It was the Unknown.

She threw back from her brow the veil that bound it. Valverdi beheld, and rushed wildly forward!

"Ha! do I dream?" he cried — "art thou —"

The mantle fell from the form of the mysterious woman. "I am thy wife, Valverdi!" she cried — "thy long-lost wife!"

The noble gazed bewildered on the features of his restored bride. "My child?" he murmured — "thou didst say he lived!"

"Behold him!" cried the woman — "Juan, the Gondolier."

"Almighty Powers! — my son!"

The Lord Valverdi bowed himself upon the breasts of his long-lost wife and son.

Honest Launcelot stole to his master's side, with the gentle Bertha clinging to his arm.

Mordaunt clasped the hand of the gondolier in that of the lovely Inez. "Thus do I repay the debt of love I owe thee!"

A shout arose from the vast multitude — "Long live the noble Juan Valverdi — the PATRICIAN GONDOLIER!"

Original.

WORDS WITH NEW DEFINITIONS.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

Grief. A painful emotion to men in general; but an extremely pleasurable emotion to some, if we may judge from the pains they take to cherish it.

Guilt. An emotion which innocent persons may often feel, when they have conscientiously done what they know others believe to be wrong.

Habits. Acquired instincts.

Hand. An article often taken in exchange for a heart.

Hanging. Exhibiting a poor wretch for the amusement of a *sympathizing* multitude!

Happiness. That state of the mind which we experience when anticipating pleasure.

Haste. The peculiar manner of common idlers when they have a little business to do.

Hat. A stiff heavy machine, commonly dyed black, for the purpose of drawing down the rays of the sun upon the head and brains.

Hatred. The *chronic* state of the passion of anger.

Haughtiness. A kind of affectation peculiar to those who feel an unusual portion of self-contempt; and used in order to constrain others to pay them respect which they know does not belong to them.

Heart. The pendulum that ticks the seconds of our life.

Heiress. A prize for the ambition of fortune-hunters.

Hermit. A man who seeks notoriety by hiding himself in obscurity.

Health. The chief good, which most men hope to preserve by *faith* — in patent medicines; as they hope to secure their salvation by *faith* — in *patent creeds*; while they neglect *temperance*, which would preserve the one, and *goodness*, which would secure the other.

High-souled. A cant word in the *poetical* vocabulary; which means having the head full of exquisite, imaginative nonsense.

High-spirited. Jealous, snarlish and quarrelsome, like a terrier dog.

History. Well authenticated fiction, based on a groundwork of facts.

Hobby. A kind of Pegasus; upon which, when a man is once mounted, he becomes identical with the beast, and is no longer a rational being.

Holidays. Seasons of pastime, instituted for the blessing of the poor, which the puritanical selfishness of Americans has nearly banished from the Calendar.

Honesty. In the trader's vocabulary — Deficiency of shrewdness and tact.

Honor. Honesty perfected by the addition of generosity. One of the highest of the virtues, which the moral portion of the community have tamely allowed vagabonds to claim as a virtue peculiarly their own.

Hope. A mistress whom we still love and still believe, though she has often deceived us — because we cannot be happy without her.

Hopeless. Dead — *or* buried!

Horrible. Exceedingly interesting.

Hospitality. Benevolence towards strangers.

Human Nature. That complicated and almost inexplicable science, which every fool thinks he understands who is skilled in the tricks of his own profession!

Humorist. One who is in the habit of tinging all his conversation or writings with the hues of his own peculiar feelings.

Hypochondriac. A man who feeds his mind upon anxiety, and quaffs the cup of despair, like the poor sot who nourishes his body only upon tobacco and wine.

PRIDE. — Of all the marvelous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man. — *Lacon.*

Original.

THE SISTER'S LAMENT.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

SINCE we parted, oh my brother,
Fifteen years have passed away;
Often I recall the morning
Of that sad and weary day.

Thou wert kind and good, my brother,
Even amid thy boyhood's hours;
Oh how oft we played together,
Together plucked the fairy flowers.

Thy young step was still the lightest,
Thy blue eye was full of glee,
The breeze amid thy fair hair playing,
Frolicked not so merrily.

Long, long years have passed, my brother,
Care and sorrow have been ours,
Life has many a lesson taught us
Of the thorns as well as flowers.

Thou hast cheered me in my sorrow,
Thou hast been both true and kind,
Weeping as I look around me,
Tokens of thy love I find.

Long I hoped again to see thee,
But alas! that hope is o'er,
Nevermore shall I behold thee,
See thy pleasant smile no more.

Lonely am I left without thee,
For though absent thou wert nigh,
I did not think that I should lose thee,
I did not dream that thou could'st die.

They have laid thee in thy grave, my brother,
From thy childhood's home away,
And my footsteps may not ever
To the lonely greensward stray.

But my heart forgets thee never,
Though no more thy face I see,
Thou, my own, my only brother!
Very dear thou wert to me.

In another land and fairer
In a better world I trust,
I shall find thee yet, my brother,
With the spirits of the just.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

[A series of very amusing articles under this title are in a course of publication in *Punch*. We copy the 10th number, in which Mrs. Caudle appears in a peculiarly amiable mood, and renders herself extremely interesting to her spouse.]

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

"THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There — you need n't begin to whistle: people do n't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you do n't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You *did* n't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you do n't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I do n't know what a passion is — and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity you havn't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure, I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt — what do you cry '*oh*' at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through, what with buttons and one thing and another, they'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt: it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to

talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I would n't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up! And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man would n't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I should n't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I

wouldn't treat anybody as you treat — no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad — and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button — a button——”

“I was conscious of no more than this,” says Caudle, in his MS., “for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep.”

THE CHURCH *v s.* ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE practice of virtue is commendable in all, and approved by the consent of all time. The only question has been, what is *virtue*? In the light of religion and letters now shining upon the nineteenth century, we should think it not at all difficult to answer this question, and most clearly to demonstrate the evidences, as seen in human action, by which its practice is established. But we are mistaken if we so suppose. What the hoary experience of all time has demonstrated to be fruits of virtue, are in some places regarded as evidences of crime, and punishment is meted out to the offenders. New tests have been established by the members of a certain church in our city, which exclude from their communion any one who becomes an Odd Fellow. Alas! for the household of faith! We have always been opposed to the introduction of popular legislation in the Church of Christ — to the erection of any tests not known explicitly from the Bible, and particularly to the unapostolic mode of making an individual church membership dependent upon the caprice of an accidental and captious majority of the membership. The reasons for this opinion would require too much space, and indeed would be out of place, for it is not our province or intention to discuss questions of church polity. We have made the remark to show our opinion, simply, and because we have heard of a most wanton infraction of all decency and propriety on the part of a majority of a certain church, belonging to a communion that we highly esteem, and whose general estimation of individual rights and religious liberty leads us to believe that the act does not accord with the principles of their sect. *An individual against whom no immorality could be alleged, was by this church tried and excommunicated, solely because he was an Odd Fellow!* This brother had been sick several months, during which time he was regularly nursed and attended to by the members of the Lodge and Encampment to which he belonged, and received from both the weekly stipend allowed to sick members. During all this period of his indisposition neither the pastor nor members of this church called to see him, or tendered him assistance; and but for the aid of the Lodge and Encampment he must have greatly suffered. As soon, however, as he is recovered, he is arraigned before the church meeting, under a resolution passed by that meeting, and told that the alternative was, to renounce Odd Fellowship or leave the church. In vain he remonstrated; he appealed to the opinions of ministers of their own persuasion and of other

denominations, to laymen of his own and other churches, in proof that his connection with the Odd Fellows was not inconsistent with his profession as a Christian. He was unheeded, and the trial progressed. One of the leading members, whose wisdom will never set James River on fire, produced a miserable catch-penny pamphlet, published by one Dennison, of Boston, which he read, occasionally demanding of the accused to affirm or deny Dennison's affected revelations, with all that show of profundity for which weak minds are remarkable. The decision was at length recorded, and the brother was EXCOMMUNICATED FROM THE CHURCH OF CHRIST FOR BELONGING TO A MORAL SOCIETY, THE ONLY OBJECT OF WHICH IS TO NURSE THE SICK, BURY THE DEAD, PROTECT THE WIDOW, AND EDUCATE THE ORPHAN. Oh, shame! where is thy blush?

Well may infidels rejoice, and pious, enlightened Christians hang their heads, when such acts are perpetrated in the name of Holy Religion. Where were these oppressors, who lord it over God's heritage, when their brother was sick and in want? Where were they when an Odd Fellow's hands wiped his damp brow and pillowed his head upon their bosoms, as they kept nightly vigils beside his sick couch? Where were they in the hours of his suffering and want? Out upon them for their conduct. If the massy foundations of Christianity were not laid deep in the rock of truth, the conduct of such as these, "who tithe anise, mint and cummin, while they neglect the weightier matters of the law," would have long since destroyed the beautiful temple of religion, and prostrated all its altars in the dust. We blame not the intelligent Christian community with which this church is connected; we know too well their feelings to believe that they can approve so wanton an invasion of Christian liberty. The parties concerned must bear their own sin, and meet their own shame.

Rome, in her wildest days of persecution, never committed an act, *in principle*, more odious. The Protestant sects, by emulating the thunder of her Vatican, only expose themselves to the contempt of the truly pious; their influence is abridged, and they are disqualified for usefulness and good.

Odd Fellowship cannot be put down thus. Prove that it is anti-social, anti-moral, anti-religious, and calculated to detract, in the most remote degree, from the character of morals, virtue, benevolence, and its warmest friends would forsake it. This can never be done. Its evidences, to the contrary, are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a thousand grateful voices pronounce the refutation of the pitiful slanders its enemies have originated against it. Its halls will continue to be the resort of virtuous Friendship, and its pure benevolence the practice of kindred spirits, until the "last syllable of recorded time" is uttered. *So mote it be. — Independent Odd Fellow.*

SINGULARITY. — Let those who would affect singularity with success, first determine to be very virtuous, and they will be sure to be very singular. — *Lacon.*

MUSIC IN OUR LODGES.

I NEED not write a dissertation on Music to show its power, its soothing, its bewitching influence, on even stony hearts. I need not tell you how the "evil spirit" in the turbulent, frenzied heart of Saul was calmed to quietness by the unearthly sounds of David's harp. I need not refer you to what Shakspeare says of "Orpheus' harp, made of poets' sinews, which had the power to make huge leviathans forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands." I need not refer you to some of the "martial airs" which have made the old soldier young again, and inspired even the old cast-off war-horse with the "snuff of battle."

Is Music beneficial in our Lodges? Should there be vocal and instrumental music in our Lodge meetings? Yes; for the following reasons. When the heavens and the earth were created "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." When Solomon dedicated the temple, one of the ancient "Odd Fellows' Halls," there was music: and when the annunciation of the Redeemer's birth was made, heavenly strains of music were there. There is music in nature; the groves and orchards resound with it; it comes in melodious song from beds of roses and ambrosial flowers; it bursts in wild, eccentric notes from the hills and mountains; the humming-bee and the cooing dove, the linnnet and the lark, are each provided with its instrument of music. There is music in the tumbling cataract, in the foaming river, the whispering breezes, and the rushing wind, and the rolling thunder. The morning is ushered in with music, and the light of day dies away in melting song. Why shall we not have music, then, in our Lodges, when such examples are before us?

But again, I can speak from experience in this matter: having been engaged for years in "teaching the young idea how to shoot," I know something of the hubbub, confusion and disorder of a herd of boys. I have seen the power of music, in a plaintive little ditty on some "stringed instrument," on this scene of noise and tumult; and are there not times even among "children of a larger growth," when an enchanting touch on the organ, or accordion, or even a twang on the violin, might put a magic spell on the jarrings of discord? What we speak of now, however, is to recommend to our Lodges that they open and close their meetings with music. Some have already adopted the practice in several of the Lodge rooms which we have visited in this city; and in neighboring cities we have found them supplied with instruments of music. This is as it should be; let a good tune be played by a master on a sweet-toned instrument at the opening of a Lodge, and it has the effect to calm and chasten the feelings, and prepare the mind for serious duty. Some one in olden time said: "Let me make the *ballads* of a nation, and I care not who makes the *laws*;" thus expressing his opinion of the efficacy of music. There is an irresistible power in it; and if it gives to public and private worship much of its warmth and excellency (as all will admit) — if it has "power to soothe the savage breast," and lull to rest the angry and boisterous passions — if it awakens chaste and pure feelings and thoughts, and inspires the heart with the good, the true, and the beautiful — can there be any objections to having music in our Lodges? — *Golden Rule.*

Original.

THE KEY; OR THE PACK OF CARDS.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

I.

THE CLERK.

In a small upper chamber of one of those numerous abodes in the city kept as boarding-houses for young clerks, a young gentleman was pacing to and fro with an agitated step and a troubled countenance. He was not more than one-and-twenty. His features were intelligent and handsome, and his air genteel and prepossessing. His lip was compressed with deep emotion, and his eyes were sparkling with the moisture of tears. Alarm and anguish both combined seemed to compose the expression upon his features. Suddenly he stopped in his troubled walk across his apartment, and said in a tone like the resolution of despair—

"I will not remain to meet it! He must soon discover all; and my only safety is in flight! I fear not a prison so much as I fear his reproving words—his reproachful looks. How can I stand before him and meet his eyes! No—never! I will fly. Something within me,—a nobler feeling than fear,—prompts me to go at once to his house and confess all. But I have not the courage for this. Alas, my poor father and mother! Would to God I had never seen a card! A ring at the door!" he cried, starting and turning pale. "It may be he! He will soon know all my guilt, for to conceal it is impossible. A step upon the stairs! They come for *me*! Death is upon my thoughts! I would rather meet it the next moment than meet the fearful crisis that is at hand!"

A knock was heard upon the outside of his door. With a great effort he commanded his feelings, and called, without unlocking it—

"Well?"

"Misther Hawley's man is at the door, and ses Misther Hawley's coom hoom and wishes ye to coom up to his hoose wid the key."

"Go down and tell the servant I will soon be there," he replied with forced composure. He listened till her step had retired, and then pressing his hands against his forehead he leaned his head upon the mantel-piece and remained a few moments silent. His chest heaved with strong emotion. His whole person shook.

"*The key! Yes, fatal, fatal key!*" he cried, taking from his trunk a small desk-key and gazing sadly upon it as he held it; "this key is to be in truth the instrument of my condemnation and disgrace. I cannot *fly*. This will not help the matter. I will take it to him, and

there will I clear myself by falsehood or cast myself upon his mercy. If I had never seen a card I should not now be on the brink of ruin, my fair name gone, and infamy cast like a cloud over the hopes of my parents. But my father cannot altogether exonerate himself. This reflection, however, does not lessen my present guilt. I will meet Mr. Hawley," he said with sudden resolution. "I will see him and know the worst. This suspense and fear is worse than any reality."

As he spoke, he threw on his cloak, and replacing the small key in his pocket, he left his room and descended the dark stair-case to the street door.

II.

THE MERCHANT.

THE merchant was seated in his parlor surrounded by his happy family, who were more than usually elated with joy; for Mr. Hawley had that evening returned, after nearly a month's absence to Savannah.

"Mr. Proctor says he will come right up, sir," said a servant, opening the parlor door.

"Ah! then very well," answered Mr. Hawley with a smile of gratification. "I trust then all is right," he added in an under tone.

"Pa, what is that pretty present you just said you brought for me?" asked a lovely child of eleven, as she leaned against him with one arm resting upon his shoulder and her sweet face looking upward into his.

"It was a pack of geographical cards, Ellen."

"Oh, those will be delightful!"

"I should have liked them better if they had been a pack like George Payne's," said young Master Harry Hawley, a lad of fourteen.

"And what kind has George Payne?" asked his father, smiling.

"They are complete playing-cards, father, with Jack and King and Queen and all, only they are tiny bits o' things, not bigger than the visiting-cards ladies leave here when mother is n't at home. They are so pretty too! and George says his mother has taught him and his brother and sisters how to play whist, and his father taught him high-low-Jack. Oh, I wish I had such a pack!"

"I am very much grieved to hear you say so," said Mr. Hawley gravely. "Mr. and Mrs. Payne, who I believe play whist themselves, should have been more thoughtful of the future happiness and habits of their children than to initiate them thus into the most dangerous amusement that can possibly be devised either for the old or young. I hope you have not been taught to play with those miniature cards, George?"

"No, sir; I have only seen them."

"I trust that is all you will ever know of them, or of any other cards. The inventor of such playing-cards for children can be looked upon only in the light of those Eastern sorceresses who give noxious drinks to the children of those they hate, to destroy their growth, distort their limbs, and make of them, when they have arrived at maturity, monsters in form and visage. These infant-card inventors, as

they poison the mind, are as much worse in proportion as the mind is of more worth than the body. There is the bell! It must be Frederick."

"Mr. Proctor, sir."

"Show him to my private room," said the merchant, taking up a trunk and passing out of the drawing-room by a door at the farther extremity and entering a small but tastefully furnished library. At the same moment, by a door leading from the hall, the servant ushered in the young man.

"Well, Frederick, I am glad to see you," said Mr. Hawley, extending his hand with an air of cordiality.

"I trust you have been quite well, sir," answered the young man, without looking in his face, but assuming an air of pleasure at seeing him returned.

"I have been very well, thank you, Frederick. I am something fatigued, however, after so long a journey. Everything has gone well, I believe?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, in a slightly faltering tone. Mr. Hawley noticed it, and looked at him with a quick, inquiring glance.

"I have sent to you for the key of my private desk. Did you bring it with you?"

"Yes, sir, here it is," he responded, taking it from his pocket and handing it to him.

"Sit down, Frederick; I wish you to pass the evening with the family in the parlor. I wish to deposit first some money in the desk that I have brought with me, and then we will go in and have some music."

Frederick Proctor made no answer; but with a colorless cheek and a restless manner he began to walk up and down the room just as he had been doing in his own chamber. His mind was tortured between confession and falsehood. He knew that he was on the eve of ruin. Falsehood might save him — confession he believed would. The latter was humiliating to him — the former would degrade him in his own estimation as low as he would fall in Mr. Hawley's by the acknowledgment of his guilt. He was yet undecided what course to take. The merchant had placed the key in the lock and turned it. He opened the leaf of the glass door to the secretary and then laid his hand upon the knob of the side drawer to open it.

At this moment Proctor paused and rested his eyes upon him with a look of painful hesitation. All at once it vanished, and an expression of resolute purpose took its place. He sat down and took up a book and tried to appear indifferent, that is, tried to appear as he would have done had he been innocent. It is very difficult for guilt to feign innocence. Platina may look like plate, but it does not deceive the skilful observer. Mr. Hawley took out a pocket-book, and opening it, started back and turned with a look of painful surprise and suspicion toward his clerk. Proctor looked him full in the face; but Mr. Hawley saw through the silver-wash of falsehood; for the young man had yielded to the evil instead of the good suggestion, and resolved to brave it boldly.

"Frederick," he exclaimed, extending in his hand the empty note-book, "how is this? Have you removed the five hundred dollars that was in here to another drawer?"

"What, sir! is it not there?" he cried, rising up, taking it from him, and rapidly running it over.

"You see it is empty."

"This is incomprehensible, Mr. Hawley," he answered with well feigned surprise.

"Have you no knowledge of what has become of the amount of money in tens and fives which I left in this book?"

"It is very strange."

"It was placed under your charge."

"I know it was, sir; but —"

"When did you see it in here safe, the last?"

"I have not looked into the drawer since you left, sir."

"Yet you have been here writing every afternoon two or three hours according to my directions, in re-copying the private letter-book which was nearly ruined in the fire at the store."

"Yes, sir, and I have nearly completed my task."

"It is very extraordinary that this money should have been taken. Have you kept the key constantly in your possession?"

"Yes, sir, unless it was taken out of my pocket at night by somebody and returned before morning."

"Then it is your impression some one has by some means got the key and taken the money?"

"It would seem so, sir."

Mr. Hawley fixed his eyes steadily upon him for a moment in silence. Proctor tried to encounter the gaze, but was forced to drop his eyes to the floor.

"This is very extraordinary, Frederick," he said severely.

The young man seemed greatly agitated. All at once he caught Mr. Hawley's hand and sunk upon his knees before him.

"Pardon — pardon, sir!" he cried in deep anguish. "Forgive my falsehood, by which I have added to my crime! I only am guilty!"

"Have you taken this money?"

"Yes, sir; and the only atonement I can make is to confess my crime and throw myself upon your mercy. I abhor myself for attempting to shelter my guilt by resorting to falsehood. I have embezzled the amount, sir."

"To what purpose could you have applied so much money? Rise from the floor and sit down, and let me hear all."

"I will acknowledge all, sir. I have lost it in play."

"In gaming?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then my suspicions are confirmed," he said sadly yet severely. "Alas! that they are so. I have long had suspicions that you gambled, Frederick; but not being able to prove it, I resolved to try you; for I knew a person who gambled would be tempted to embezzle money entrusted to him. My chief motive in trying you was that I might know the truth of the rumor that reached my ears; for I had it in my heart

to place you in a more responsible position than that you now hold ; in a word, to offer you by and by the place of junior partner in the firm. That you gambled I could not believe, you have served me so faithfully the four years you have been with me. I therefore, on quitting home for Savannah, left in this desk under your charge five hundred dollars, and desired you to copy the letter-book here instead of copying it at the counting-room. Thus I gave you ready access to the money. My suspicions, alas ! are confirmed. You may charge me with laying a temptation in your way. I did so to save myself in the future from injury if you should prove a card-player. I did no wrong to you. If you were a young man of integrity, you were safe. If you proved to be otherwise, I was saved. I left so large an amount, that, if you were guilty of taking it, you might not easily replace it before I returned. This sad, sad proof of your guilt is deeply distressing to me. What have you done with *all* the money ? ”

“ It has been all lost at play, sir. I confess that I have long been a card-player. I have lost and won the three years past a good deal of money. A week after your departure I lost a hundred dollars more than all I possessed, and the gentleman to whom I lost it insisted on being paid the next day, as he was to leave for New York. I went the next morning and told him it was out of my power to pay him. He swore, sir, that he would expose me unless he had it before night. In a state bordering on phrenzy I came hither and took a hundred dollars from the pocket-book and paid him. I hoped to be able to restore it — ”

“ How ? ” asked Mr. Hawley, in the same calm manner in which he had listened to this development of guilt.

“ I will conceal nothing from you, sir,” answered the young man, with an aspect of the deepest remorse and humility. “ I hoped to be able *by winning at play* to realize the sum. But I was not successful. I lost still more, and incurred debts to those I played with. To resort to the pocket-book again and again, after I had once drawn upon it, was less difficult than at first, and in a few days I had emptied it of its contents. In despair, I borrowed money and fled to the gaming-table in hopes of retrieving my losses and replacing the money. But I lost still more. At length the day for your return drew nigh, and I feared to meet you. I was even tempted to set your house on fire to conceal my crime. But, thank God ! I was kept from this horrible deed. Each hour I became more and more wretched. I thought of flying — I thought of suicide ! At length, this evening, when I heard that you had come in the cars, I was driven nearly insane with my fears of exposure. When your servant came for me I was in my room struggling between a desire to cast myself on your clemency and a temptation to turn aside suspicion by suggesting to you that the secretary had been robbed. I even wickedly thought of placing the key in Findley’s pocket, and fastening suspicion upon him, have him searched. I came here, sir, resolved to do this ; though, when I saw how kindly you met me, and remembering your natural goodness of heart, I was constrained to confess all to you. But the dread of acknowledging to you my guilt caused me to resort to miserable falsehood. Sir, have mercy

upon me! I am sincerely penitent, and if you will spare me from public exposure, for my father's and mother's sake, I am ready to bear any punishment you may see fit to inflict upon me."

Thus ending his humiliating confession, the young man again threw himself at the feet of his employer, and burying his burning face in his hands, awaited his decision. Mr. Hawley remained for a few moments gazing down upon him with looks in which there was more grief than anger. He had discovered with pain that the young man in whom he had placed so much confidence, and whom he was about to elevate to a higher degree of responsibility, was unworthy.

"This is a great crime, Proctor, which you have been guilty of. It will send you to the State's Prison."

"I know it sir — I deserve it — but for my *mother's* sake!"

"If you did not think of her when you committed this crime, why do you wish or expect me to regard her feelings?"

"True, sir, true. I have been too guilty to deserve any clemency at your hands. But if I am sent to prison, let my father and mother answer themselves. Let them bear equally with me the guilt and the degradation!" he said with warmth, and in accents of bitter reproach.

"Why do you thus speak of your parents? Have you lost all filial respect and love?" demanded Mr. Hawley with surprise and displeasure.

"No, sir, no! If I have done evil — if I have gambled and stolen and then lied to you, I am not utterly lost. Your pardon, I feel assured, would save me from ruin. But I do not speak of them as I do without cause."

"What cause can be so great as to lead you to condemn them in such severe terms?"

"But for their example I should never have played cards; and to cards I owe my fall. My father was very fond of playing whist, and being a skilful player, we had the whist-table rolled out, when I was a boy at home, on every winter's evening. My mother also played, my father having taught her, that he might always be able to make up a hand. I and my brothers used to ask to play, but were always excluded with the answer that 'whist was for grown people.' But one Christmas, among the presents my father brought home to us was a small pack of beautifully manufactured playing-cards, about one-third the size of the usual cards for gaming.

"There, my sons," said my father to me, as he laid them before me and my three brothers, 'as you are so anxious to play whist with us, there is a miniature pack for yourselves; so play when you will by yourselves. Your ma or I will teach you when we have a leisure hour of an evening.' You look surprised, sir."

"I do," answered Mr. Hawley; and he remembered what his son had a little while before told him. "I am surprised that parents should place cards in their children's hands. They had better have fed you on poisoned bread."

"You see now, sir, why I have reflected upon them. From that time I became fond of my little cards and was taught by my mother and father the more advantageous points of the game; and as I showed

great aptitude, they were proud of my skill and readiness. As I grew up I became a whist-player. Other games I naturally learned, and gay company after I came to the city opened the way to gaming. The result is that I am now arraigned before you for robbing you of five hundred dollars to pay debts to gamblers, lest I should be exposed to the world. Therefore, sir, did I say, 'Let my parents bear equally with me the guilt and degradation.'"

"I am sorry for you, Proctor. I pity you, though I blame you, and do not exculpate you from the full weight of your guilt. Your parents were guilty, and it is meet they should see the fruits of their folly and sin. I shall let the law take its course. If you had not resorted to falsehood, but openly and candidly come to me without waiting to be sent for, and acknowledged your guilt with the mitigating circumstances you have just stated, I should have been inclined to pardon and dismiss you; for I should have had no confidence in your reformation. The gamer is farther from restoration even than the drunkard, because what he does he does in the light of sobriety and reason. I do not arrest you because of the loss of the money. That I am willing to lose for the early knowledge I have discovered of your depravity. Ignorance of what I now know might have lost me thousands had I taken you into copartnership. I shall lock you in this room while I go for an officer."

The young man made no answer. He stood silent and gloomy as if overwhelmed with horror. The closing door roused him.

"Then I am to be sent to prison. The crisis has arrived, and I am a felon. Be it so! Here are pen and paper." He sat down to write.

"TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER:—I write you under arrest for embezzling from Mr. Hawley five hundred dollars! For *what?* you will ask. I answer, to pay gambling debts. Yes, I am a gambler! I have been a gambler for three years. You first taught me by your example to love cards. You first bought me a miniature pack for myself and brothers, that we might not annoy you while you were at whist. You taught me the game. You praised my skill. I learned other games when I grew older, and sought to *excel* in these also. I came to the city a skilful *home-taught* card-player. I soon learned here to play for money. The result is, I have stolen money from my employer, and a prison and degradation are before me. What renders this still more aggravating, is the knowledge of the fact that Mr. Hawley was about to take me into the firm. Now all my hopes in life are dashed to the earth. *You* I charge with being the authors of my fall. I have resolved not to live to witness my own infamy. God forgive you, for it is more than I can do!

"Your degraded son,

"FREDERICK PROCTOR."

That night the embezzler was conveyed to prison. The next morning when the keeper entered his cell he found him hanging by the neck—*dead*. He had strangled himself with his pocket handkerchief. The feelings of his parents when they received his letter, accompanied

in the same mail with the intelligence of his suicide, we leave to the imaginations of our readers, to whom we submit this whole subject for serious consideration; for we fear there are still to be found both fathers and *mothers* equally guilty with the parents of Frederick Proctor. We have only endeavored to show the evils of *card-playing*, under the *guise* of "Whist," being taught under the paternal roof to the juvenile members of the family.

For the Symbol.

NANTUCKET.

HAVING just returned from a visit to Nantucket, the following notice of some of the peculiarities appertaining to that Island and its inhabitants may not be misplaced.

I have been taught to consider the people of Nantucket as a little better than the people of any other place in the world, and my visit has shown that I have been instructed in the right faith; for a more kind, hospitable and obliging community I have never been among.

Every thing relating to this Island has a peculiarity of its own, differing from the same thing elsewhere. The buildings, instead of personifying grandeur and regularity, are, many of them, remarkably unassuming in their appearance, being very old, much out of repair, unpainted and huddled together like the articles composing a farmer's dinner,—beef, pork, cabbage, potatoes, beets and onions all in one pot. The streets are crooked and sandy; still some of them are paved, and look very fine, as also do many of the houses, stores and public buildings. The door-latches are made of wood, and appear very curious on a nice building in place of highly polished iron, steel or brass latches. Even the clothes-pins used here to fasten the linen upon the line, of a washing day, are peculiar to the Island; each pin being something like eight inches long, of curious workmanship, and probably made by hand with much taste and labor.

The inhabitants of Nantucket, about ten thousand in number, living mostly at the harbor, are principally engaged in the sperm-whale fishery, and business connected therewith. They are moral, intelligent, enterprising and wealthy; their churches are numerous and well attended; their schools are excellent: one of them, taught by Mr. Matthew Barnard, is attended by one hundred and fifty pupils, between the ages of ten and sixteen. Too much credit cannot be given Mr. Barnard, for the uncommonly good appearance of this department.

Nantucket lies 100 miles S.S.E. from Boston, and 60 miles from New Bedford; it contains 30,000 acres of land, being 14 miles in length and 3 1-2 on an average in breadth; its soil formerly very rich, has become much exhausted, and having no protection in the shape of trees and shrubbery, the loam is continually blowing off.

Though the citizens of this place, living so compact and owning pro-

perty in common, resemble in many respects one family, still they have lately formed a family, as it were, within a family, under the title of Nantucket Lodge, of the I. O. O. F. This Lodge is, and no doubt ever will be, one of the brightest stars in the firmament of our fraternity.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

In visiting several Lodges of our fraternity I find that most of them are making extensive preparations for attending the coming Celebration on the 19th of June instant. A number of the Lodges, not previously supplied, are about procuring Lodge banners, in most instances through the instrumentality of the ladies. Should the day be favorable, Boston will be graced with a large body of men united in a praiseworthy and benevolent cause, and the numerous banners and regalia will present a grand display.

The Acushnet Lodge, in New Bedford, is quite large, and everything connected therewith just as it should be. The hall occupied is one of the largest and best in the State.

At Fall River, the Mount Hope Lodge lately established there is yet small in numbers, but composed of the best material; and as the strictest care is observed with regard to the admission of members, it bids fair to be one of the best among us.

Prospect Lodge, in Waltham, now numbers about ninety members; their hall is finely furnished, and the full attendance of their weekly meetings, with the interest manifested towards the good and welfare of the Order generally, shows them to be true Odd Fellows.

Lafayette Lodge, at Watertown, is worthy the name it bears. It numbers about forty brothers, all good and true.

Concord Lodge, Concord, is composed of eighty members, several of them residing in the neighboring towns. As in the first struggle for liberty, 1775, old Concord was joined by the minute-men of Acton, Groton, Lincoln, and the surrounding villages, so in every good and noble work they are at this day ready to lend to, and receive from each other a helping hand. Within six weeks this Lodge has received two hundred and fifty dollars for degrees.

The Lodge situated in Saxonville is now composed of seventy brothers, including a host of sisters with bright eyes and smiling faces; for the ladies here, instead of opposing the Order (as some of the fair sex have heretofore done), are equally interested in its success with the lords of creation, and are about presenting them with a beautiful banner as a token of their affections and the confidence they place in the good principles inculcated by the benevolent institution of which Framingham Lodge is a worthy member.

Norfolk Lodge, of Dorchester, numbers fifty members. They occupy a beautiful hall, lately built by Bro. Stone expressly for the purpose.

S. G. D.

MASSASOIT LODGE, No. 69.

BOSTON, 30th April, 1844.

BRO. CHAPIN: — Massasoit Lodge, No. 69, I. O. of O. F., located at North Bridgewater, was instituted and its officers installed last evening. The following brothers are its officers, viz.: Robert Smith, N. G.; James F. Packard, V. G.; Cephas W. Drake, Secretary; T. S. Mitchell, Treasurer. Eight gentlemen were initiated. The degrees of our Order were conferred on eight. There were six petitioners, making now fourteen in number. Their Lodge meetings will be on Thursday evenings. Rev. Bro. McLeish presided during the evening in his happy, felicitous and usual manner.

Yours in F., L. and T.,

ESSEX.

Original.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

I Long to go in freedom forth,
To gather buds and flowers,
And spend, in bright and pleasant dreams,
The gentle, kindly hours;
To hear the merry, ringing voices
Of gaily leaping streams;
To see, through opening forest branches,
The braided, rosy beams;
To list to truthful spirit-whispers,
In sunlight and in shade;
To steal the gem like flower-thoughts
From caskets fairy-made;
To roam beyond my usual haunts,

To burst, like Spring, the band
Which binds the flesh and spirit too,
And seek the "better land."

I'm weary of the self-same faces,
On which, from day to day,
No newer, holier thoughts are traced,—
Alas! like me are they.
They need to wander far away
To Nature ever fair,
And she, with silvery voice, shall speak
And wreath a new smile there.

SARAH.

Charlestown, May, 1845.

CHURCH BIGOTRY. — We regret to see the course pursued by the Baptist church, at South Boston, in relation to its members who are Odd Fellows. One member has been expelled, we are informed, for no other cause than that he would not abjure Odd Fellowship. Eleven of the prominent members of this church, among whom is Deacon Solon Jenkins, have addressed a sound and spirited letter to the church, in which they protest against the right of the church to dictate to them in matters not properly subject to the discipline of the church. — *Odd Fellow.*

THAT virtue which depends on opinion, looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REFORM MOVEMENTS.

"ANNIVERSARY week" to us, as we write, is *coming* — to our readers, it will have *passed*. It is one of the most interesting weeks of the year. The spirit of the age, with all its tendencies, is fully represented in it. Every question that bears upon Divine Truth, or human welfare, is agitated and discussed. These movements present a mixed aspect. There is much to commend in them, something, perhaps, to alarm us, but for him who loves man, or has faith in the right, there is more to encourage and make glad. With all their foaming, noisy agitation, with all their increased and threatening boldness, there is a good heart in them — the tide of a strong, true principle sets through them.

But (we speak now, of course, of the more ultra of these movements) for our part, we are not so afraid of these manifestations as some seem to be. We hold these very ultraisms to be the concomitants of all vigorous and powerful mental action, temporary in their nature, and doing no ultimate injury. They are an extreme which must always exist where human thought and human reason are uncontrolled. They are indications of life. There must be imperfection in all human conduct, and the question is whether we will have imperfection with liberty, or without it; whether we shall cramp freedom of speech and thought, or let it loose to pursue its course, and to manifest its tendencies — to achieve its final good, though accompanied by inseparable yet transient evils. They are the accompaniments of free thought, universal education, and democratic freedom, in their progress to great and beneficent ends — they issue from the previous question agitated by Luther, and from principles maintained with blood, by Sidney on the scaffold, and Hampden on Chalgrove field. We do not say that these men urged the *conclusions* of our ultraists, but they set in motion the *premises*. All our levelling attempts, our attacks against authority, our extreme individualism, have grown out of these premises. We are aware that in saying this we agree with the Tory, the alarmist, the friend of absolutism, but our conclusions are widely different from his. He goes back and says the *premises* are wrong — we say No: but men have considered the premises too exclusively and have overrun them. They have taken one great truth and have not considered its connection with other great truths. They have acted as though this was the only truth in the universe, forgetting that in the intellectual and moral,

as in the natural world, every truth has its sphere, and is related to other truths, and that the great whole is a system of checks and balances. If one should heed only the centrifugal law, he would soon find himself forced to obey the centripetal — the earth has a free course around the centre of light, but must not entrench upon the orbit of Mars or Venus. So the great truths so active and prominent in our day, cannot be denied — they are everlasting principles — but they have their respective orbits. They are related to other truths that have their functions also, and they must and will be controlled by these truths. The ultraist has not mistaken his premises, then — the premiss is not false — but he has adopted a wrong mode in drawing his conclusions. He has not thought of anything else — he has reasoned wrongly; intensely and profoundly if you please, but wrongly — and hence his fantasies. But shall we therefore condemn the premises? shall we say that *they* are false? What is false — the right of each individual to freedom of body and mind? We say no. But, you reply, from this premiss the radical may draw the conclusion of no-government, no authority, in short, of absolute licentiousness. But is his conclusion legitimate? No. For he has not considered another proposition equally true — that every other individual has the same rights, and his actions must respect the rights of others. Freedom respects this "*must*" — it is a thing of order. It is only anarchy that knows no sphere, no limit. One has a right to act freely where he does not infringe that same right in another.

But what if he persists in his error — what shall convince him? We answer, his own self-interest. The moral universe is harmonious, and no human being can dislocate its motions beyond a certain limit. Extremes react — ultraism runs itself out, and is forced to obey that which it contemns. There can be no such thing as absolute individualism — there can be no such thing as no-government. Yes, there can be, in precisely the same sense in which there can be chaos in the physical world, anarchy in the social, insanity in the mental. But no premises *legitimately* run to such results. Look now at the meetings of those who contend for such fallacies. They must have a moderator, they must have order, they reject the consistent individualist by a pretty strong arm of authority, or else break up in confusion. Now is there any fear that society will ever come to such results? Self-preservation, self-welfare, will interfere to prevent it. To use a trite proverb — "the evil works its own cure."

Thus much, then, for the aspect and dangers of these more ultra manifestations which accompany the reform movements of our age. We are not afraid of them — nor do we reject the great principles which have occasioned them, any more than we can reject any truth because men have reasoned narrowly and acted wickedly about it. The remedy is in more truth, not in less. Better these excitements and ultraisms, than an age of mere authority and acquiescence, of absolutism and unity, of monotonous and obedient forms without, and ignorance and scepticism, mental and moral stagnation, within. These agitations leap from a live heart of truth. They are the dashing of the waters in their rejoicing progress. In an age of intellectual and

moral activity, there is always an excess of action, just as the sea, in flood-tide, throws up its waves higher than its mark. When the lively current of truth is at work — when it sweeps on its progress in a free, bold stream, released from the frosts of ignorance, or the vain impediments of a jealous and false conservatism, it will sometimes overswell its banks, and threaten external landmarks. But there is no such thing as an injurious truth. There is a law that circumscribes all laws — the law that holds firm the balance of things and secures the universal harmony. That stream will be subdued to its proper channel, and will accomplish only its appointed work. And the fear that these landmarks will fail or perish, is as idle as the fear that the pillars of the universe will fall. This outcry lest truth should be lost, lest order should be broken up, lest discord should triumph, is to us a more alarming feature than all the ultraism of our day. For it indicates not what it seems, a spontaneous faith in truth, order, and right, but a lack of faith.

So much for those who are alarmed at the rashness and radicalism of our age. For our part, for the reasons just stated, we are not alarmed. And now we ask, how much of this radicalism is there? Much less we presume than many think. The great body of these movements is free from it — or imbued only with the radicalism of justice, of love, of truth — a radicalism that aims not to destroy, but to build up — to uproot only the false and the wrong, and to plant the golden seeds of peace and righteousness. We sympathize with these movements. We believe in their final victory. They are not to be sneered down, nor laughed down, nor forced down — for the simple reason that they cannot be reasoned down. We believe them to be legitimate movements, the honest expression of the human heart moved by the great truths of Christianity, and developed by the progress of ages. There is no narrow, babbling fanaticism about them. They are broad and massive and deep like nature, and move calmly on in the light of eternal principles. The conservative cannot stay them, it is the point to which humanity has arrived in its cycle, they are the great results of a natural law, and they move forward like a natural force. The abuses and ultraisms of rash and heated men in their own ranks cannot permanently injure them, no more than the clouds called up by the rising sun can permanently veil his brightness or hinder his culmination.

One word more. There is a class of those enlisted in the ranks of reform who are fond of sneering at the Church. If by this they mean any sect of Christians, they do wrong to condemn all for the errors of some. If they mean by it any particular institution, why not blame the *men* who do wrong and not the organization? But if they mean to condemn and depreciate Christianity itself, we say boldly that they condemn the life-principle of all true Reform. We say so, because we believe so. Our testimony is from places where these reforms have had their rise and vigor. Those places are places of Christian influence. Our testimony is from men who have been most prominent in works of reform. They were and are men of Christian faith. We are speaking not of a sect, not of a church, but of a principle — the

Christian principle. We say that this is the life element of all true, of all permanent reform. Sneer not at it. Philanthropy owes to it her Howards, her Wilberforces, her Clarksons. Sneer not at it. Science enrolls its votaries among her noblest names. Sneer not at it. The great poets who have stirred the world's heart with noblest themes, and who shake the age with their stirring thoughts, have drawn from it their inspiration. The noblest friends of freedom, too, are of its believers. Sneer not at it, lest from the red spot by Sidney's scaffold, lest from Hampden's resting-place, and Washington's grave, the canonized bones of those whose last words were "God and Liberty," rise and rebuke ye!

It is because we detect the Christian element in these reforms, that we recognize their authenticity, their conserving yet progressive power, and their final triumph.

GRAND LODGE SESSION, MAY, 1845. — THE LAST QUARTER.

THE regular Quarterly Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge was held at Covenant Hall, in this city, on the 1st May. The attendance of Representatives was large. The session commenced at nine o'clock, A. M., and continued through the day, with a short intermission, until half past seven, P. M. Forty-nine Representatives elect presented themselves and were qualified. The following Lodges received Charters: — Mount Hope Lodge, No. 63, Fall River; Shawsheene, No. 64, Billerica; Golden Rule, No. 65, Wilmington; Nantucket, No. 66, Nantucket; Pocompuck, No. 67, Greenfield; Harmony, No. 68, Medford; Massasoit, No. 69, North Bridgewater; Quinobequin, No. 70, Dedham; Groton, No. 71, Groton; North Stoughton, No. 72, Stoughton; Wachusett, No. 73, Barre; Westfield, No. 74, Westfield.

The ordinary business of the Quarterly Session was transacted; the progress of preparation for the Celebration was reported and acted upon; candidates for the elective officers were nominated; and various items of special business were disposed of. The Returns for the quarter ending April 1st, exhibit proofs of the highest success and growth of the Order in Massachusetts. The number of initiations is 1337. The number of degrees conferred is 4239. The number of contributing members is 6700. Whole amount of receipts, \$25,951.93. Amount expended for benefits, &c., \$4,566.22. These are the aggregates of numbers and amounts returned from all but two Lodges in the State.

The last quarter has been a very busy and prosperous one in the Order. Not a Lodge but shows in its initiation and degree columns the indications of healthy increase. The new Lodges which have been created are in some of the most populous towns of the Commonwealth, and in active, intelligent communities. Some of them already have admitted a sufficient number of members to insure their permanency for years, even should they have no further accession, and all are rapidly gaining a position which will enable them to sustain actively and completely

the purposes of their institution. The petitioners for each Lodge are respectable and reliable men, in whose hands the interests of the Order may safely be trusted, and the popular sentiment, wherever a Lodge has been placed, is favorable to the Order.

The country now holds the majority of Odd Fellows in this State, and it is no disparagement to the members of the city Lodges to say, that under disadvantages of position, the Lodges in the country towns are unsurpassed in their efforts to uphold and improve the Order, and to aid its influence upon character and social life. The residents of the city are not aware, and cannot be aware without actual observation, with what faithful energy and care their brethren scattered in isolated Lodges over the Commonwealth, labor in the noble work, and how strictly they follow the rules and conventional requirements of the Order.

The Order throughout the State is perfectly harmonious. No conflict nor confusion disturbs the peaceful and beautiful operation of the seventy little communities which have dared to proclaim, and which delight to pursue, the high objects of benevolence and philanthropy, in their peculiar but efficient mode. The Order with its many Lodges works with the same simplicity and safety as when four years ago the first half dozen Lodges struggled into existence; and whatever may be the extent it is destined to reach among us, all derangement and disturbance can with the slightest care be avoided.

The numerical order of the Lodges since the revival of the Institution, is still an unbroken chain; and may the day be far distant when a break or interruption shall denote the extinction of any one of the Massachusetts Lodges.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

At the meeting of the R. W. G. Encampment held on the 30th April, a charter was granted for an Encampment to be located at Worcester, and known as Wachusett Encampment, No. 10.

Hezekiah Prince, Esq., Grand Patriarch, accompanied by Newel A. Thompson, M. E. H. P., C. C. Hayden, G. Scribe, and William Ellison, P. C. P. of Massasoit Encampment, repaired to that beautiful village and organized the Encampment on Friday evening, the 16th May. The applicants were members of Quinsigamond and Worcester Lodges, in Worcester, and Tisquantum Lodge, in Milford. The several Lodges recommended the grant of the charter, and will be interested in the success of the Encampment.

After the Encampment was constituted, the Grand Officers were invited to take the chairs and perform the duties of the evening. Thirteen brothers, having been previously proposed, were balloted for, and on being elected, they received the Encampment degrees. Nineteen others were proposed for admission. Harmony and good will exist between the above Lodges and brethren, and the prospects of the new Encampment are very flattering. The names of the officers for the present term will be found under their appropriate head.

NEW ENCAMPMENTS.

☞ We learn by a communication from our correspondent "Essex" that at a special meeting of the Grand Encampment on the evening of the 15th ult., charters for two new Encampments were granted, one to be located at New Bedford and the other at Malden, and to be known as Annawan Encampment, No. 8, and Middlesex Encampment, No. 9. On the 17th, at the request of the petitioners, a deputation from the Grand Encampment left this city for Malden for the purpose of instituting Middlesex Encampment, at which time the officers were elected and installed. The officers and members were then addressed by the Grand Patriarch in a brief but comprehensive speech, in which he congratulated them upon the great unanimity of sentiment and feeling manifested in favor of this branch of the Order in that neighborhood. At the conclusion of his remarks, the Scribe announced fourteen propositions for membership, which had been canvassed at a preparatory meeting, and the candidates were balloted for and unanimously elected. Twelve brothers also presented themselves, and were initiated and exalted in the several degrees.

BANNER FOR NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F.

Bro. L. WYMAN, Jr., has kindly furnished us with the following communication in relation to a beautiful specimen of banner painting by Bro. T. C. Savory of this city:

A beautiful banner has recently been painted for the Narraganset Encampment of Odd Fellows, R. I., by that well known, talented artist, Mr. Thomas C. Savory, which, as a work of art alone, reflects great credit upon the artist. We often look upon a mere work of art with pleasure, and admire the skill and handywork displayed by the artist as he speaks to the heart through the medium of the eye, but we have rarely seen a painting of the kind which developed more of the really excellent, the truly beautiful in conception, expression, &c., than breathes forth from the lineaments of the chieftain of the Narragansets. The well drawn, expressive features of the primitive lord of the soil, the bold and commanding cast of countenance and attitude, at once speak to us of the past, and forcibly remind us of those days when Philip of Mount Hope, with a band of armed warriors, wandered sole regent of our loved New England. It is with true pleasure we witness any effort to preserve the simplicity of the Native Aborigines, — that wronged and almost forgotten race, whose footsteps now tend towards the setting sun, and whose hunting grounds must now be sought far beyond the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Bro. Savory has given to the Narraganset Encampment a beautiful and truthful delineation of the American Indian, and one which we doubt not will be duly appreciated, not only as a beautiful and chaste work of art in itself, but doubly prized for fidelity and life-like conception. The drapery of this banner is an elegant combination of royal purple satin and gold bullion fringe, hung in tasteful festoons on a field of black satin, upon one side of which is delineated in gold and shade the Narraganset Encampment, with appropriate mottoes; on the other, an *original design* of the artist, and the arms of the State of Rhode Island, in form of a richly emblazoned shield, upon which the proud chieftain of the Narragansets is seen in a natural and graceful posture; one arm, bearing the arrow, reclines upon the shield, and the other rests upon the unstrung bow; while above him, amid the regions of light, floats in

proud security and beauty the American eagle. The staff is surmounted by a white dove.

Bro. Savory has also just completed a most beautiful and chaste banner for Meenotomy Encampment, No. 3, of West Cambridge, Mass. The design is a landscape with the Encampment in full view, and is a most gorgeous specimen of the arts. Both the above banners will be borne in the procession on the 19th, and we doubt not will add to the already rising fame of the artist.

PHONOGRAPHY.

WE are glad to learn there is a strong interest manifested in this subject by a large number of our citizens. Large classes have been formed, including many of the most intelligent and popular teachers of our public schools, who speak of this science in very flattering terms, and have taken hold of the matter with much earnestness. During the last month, a public exhibition was held at the Tremont Temple for the purpose of showing its superiority over any other system of long or short hand writing; and in this Mr. Boyle was successful. — Boys and girls, some of them not over twelve years of age, pupils of Mr. Boyle, were called upon to give sounds which enter into the composition of one word in the English language, and to read words and phrases written in phonetic characters on the black-board, and this they did with great facility. Phonography teaches that each character represents an *invariable* sound in our language, and that it requires but a thorough knowledge of the manner in forming and combining these characters, to enable a person to follow the most rapid speaker. The pupils of Mr. Boyle, on the above occasion, wrote down in phonetic short hand a speech delivered at the time; and though it was perhaps delivered somewhat slower than in ordinary cases, yet with but one exception, (a gentleman who had practised stenography for ten years,) there was not a stenographer present who made it manifest that he had taken the speech down verbatim. The speech was written by his pupils with ease, and so correctly that copies of it were exchanged one from another, and read as easily as if it had been printed! When it is taken into consideration that these scholars had been under the instruction of Mr. Boyle but five or six weeks, no one we think can for a moment doubt that this system, to say the least, is deserving the attention of the public. Mr. Boyle has kindly favored us with some books and papers which treat on Phonography, and we are confident that with an hour's attention to the subject each day, the art of reading and writing it can be easily acquired. Those who desire to become acquainted with this science, have now an excellent opportunity presented to them. The rooms of Messrs. Andrews & Boyle are at No. 21 School street, where persons who wish to join a class, are requested to call and subscribe their names. At the same place there may be found publications devoted to, and illustrative of this science. *

☞ Will the publisher of the *Odd Fellow's Advocate* have the goodness to exchange with the *Symbol*? We have not received a number of the *Advocate* for the last five or six weeks.

NAHANT ENCAMPMENT, NO. 11.

Boston, 22d May, 1845.

BRO. PRINCE: — On Thursday evening, 15th inst., Nahant Encampment, No. 11, I. O. of O. F., located at Lynn, was instituted and its officers installed, a deputation from the Grand Encampment having appeared there for that purpose. The following are its officers, viz.: Henry A. Breed, C. P.; William Reed, H. P.; Franklin Williams, S. W.; Wm. B. Hanners, J. W.; J. R. Bigelow, Scribe; Edmond Carroll, Treasurer. There were nine petitioners, two of whom, not appearing in season, were afterwards admitted by card. Fifteen candidates were proposed for membership, all of whom were elected, and seven were initiated and had the several degrees conferred upon them. After some happy remarks from Grand Patriarch Prince, we left, in the full confidence that nothing would be lacking in the members to insure the future prosperity of the Encampment, and their advancement in the Order. Linked together by Friendship, Love and Truth, and further bound together by Faith, Hope and Charity, we need not fear but they will maintain a high reputation. That peace and tranquillity may attend them in their deliberations, and joy and happiness be with them always, is the sincere wish of
ESSEX.

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF OHIO.

WE have been favored with a copy of the proceedings of this body for the year 1844. We extract the following:

Number of Lodges, 34; number initiated, 774; number of contributing members, 2251; amount of receipts, \$17,283.03; amount paid for benefits, \$3,480.22; amount expended for charity, \$324.72; amount paid for relief of widows and orphans, \$295.50; number of P. G.'s, 400.

☞ We learn by the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal* that the Odd Fellows of that city had a very fine parade, in full regalia, Saturday, May the 10th, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the splendid Hall which they propose building the present summer. The assembly was very large, including many of the delegates to the Methodist Convention. Rev. Bros. T. H. Capers and J. H. Linn assisted as Chaplains. Bro. Tal. P. Shaffner acted as master of ceremonies on the occasion.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1. — "The number of contributing members," says Bro. Nichols, in writing to the Editor of the *Odd Fellow*, "up to April 6th, 1845, was four hundred and forty-two, being nearly or quite double the number of any other Lodge in this State. We have a large, elegant hall in Union street, built expressly for this Lodge, which is also occupied by the Ligonias Lodge, and Eastern Star Encampment. The Order in this city stands well, and is on a healthy increase, and may have reason to remember the day with gratitude that an Odd Fellows' Lodge was established among us."

THE CELEBRATION.

IN a few days the details of arrangements will appear in the papers of the day. We believe that they have been made judiciously, and the brothers of the Order ought by all means to lend a helping hand in carrying into effect the measures recommended by the various sub-committees.

The Oration will be pronounced early in the day, and most probably in the Marlboro' Chapel. The procession will be formed on the Common at twelve o'clock, and will march through the principal streets of the city, arriving at the Dinner Pavilion at the hour of two. It is a matter of regret, and yet it is irremediable, that no arrangements can be made by which the ladies may attend at the Oration or dinner. But the crowd will be too great, and the confusion too perplexing and unavoidable, to warrant the Committee in attempting to provide conveniences for this purpose. An opportunity will probably be afforded to brothers who bring their ladies to the city on the day of Celebration, to meet at a social Levee, now in contemplation if not in preparation, to be holden in the evening at Faneuil Hall. A party of this character would be a very pleasant feature in the Celebration, and from the strong approbation with which it has been named by many brothers, we doubt not it will take place.

Brothers in the city and vicinity cannot be too attentive to the suggestions of the Reception Committee. It is hoped that the reception billets with which Lodges have been furnished, will be promptly filled up, and returned. There cannot possibly be any reluctance to accommodate visiting brethren, and it would be mortifying in the extreme if our friends from abroad should suffer inconvenience from the remissness of brethren here.

We are very glad to find that in the New England States especially, the brothers of the Order have entered into the plans of the Celebration so warmly. We believe that they will not be disappointed in the enjoyment which they evidently anticipate in joining our festivities.

POCOMPTUCK LODGE, NO. 67.

THIS Lodge was instituted in Greenfield on the 6th day of May, by D. Grand Master Newell A. Thompson; G. Secretary Wm. E. Parmenter and P. G. J. A. Cummings assisting. Several of the officers and members of Nonotuck Lodge of Northampton were present, and aided in the ceremonies of initiation of twenty members. The officers chosen and installed are — Wendell T. Davis, N. G.; Stephen Gates, V. G.; R. R. Taylor, Secretary; J. P. Rust, Treasurer.

The Hall of the new Lodge is a model of taste and elegance. Our good friends and brethren Bacall & Woodward have arranged the decorations of the Hall tastefully and beautifully, and the members of the Lodge have taken care that no external convenience shall be wanting to promote their pleasant and harmonious intercourse. The institution

of Pocomtuck Lodge introduces the Order into Franklin county, and completes the line of outposts along the magnificent valley of the Connecticut. The true spirit of Odd Fellowship has there found congenial soil, and will rapidly pervade the large and prosperous towns which lie on either side of the river. It is a matter of particular congratulation that the Order has gained the confidence and active interest of those who are among the most useful and influential citizens of Western Massachusetts.

The Order is now established in every county in the State, save Barnstable.

CELEBRATION OF PISCATAQUA LODGE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THIS Lodge celebrated its anniversary on Thursday, 22d ult. The day was a very fine one for that purpose, and everything went off well. A number of brethren were present from Boston, Portland, Dover, Exeter, Newburyport, &c., who, together with the large number belonging to Portsmouth, formed an imposing procession as they marched through the streets. Previous to commencing the march, a banner was presented to Piscataqua Lodge by the Ladies of Portsmouth. The presentation address was delivered by Miss Barnabee, and responded to on behalf of the Lodge by Bro. Senter. The services in the church consisted of singing by the choir (and a fine one it was), prayer by Rev. Bro. McLeish, and an address by the writer. After the services in the church were concluded, the members of the Order formed in procession again, and proceeded through several of the streets of the town, to a collation under a large tent. The tables were most bountifully arrayed and well filled, and did great credit to the host, Bro. Barnabee. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, Bro. Kinsman of Portland presiding, and the occasion was enlivened with several excellent toasts and speeches, which we should be happy to furnish to our readers, but they are not at hand. At about five o'clock, P. M., the brethren separated for their respective homes, all, no doubt, gratified by the occasion. The Order appears to be very flourishing in this ancient and beautiful town, and numbers among its members many of the best men of the place. It is to be regretted that their celebration should have occurred so near the time of that in Boston, as undoubtedly there would have been many more Odd Fellows present had it been otherwise. As it was, the gathering of brothers was large, and the celebration passed off in the most gratifying manner. We cannot forbear alluding especially to the presentation address by Miss Barnabee, which was well written and finely spoken, with great modesty and at the same time great self-possession. The banner was a beautiful one, highly creditable to the ladies by whom it given.

Lardner's Lectures on Science.

This is a work now issuing in numbers by Greeley & McElrath of New York. It is handsomely got up, with many wood cuts, and is a very interesting and instructive work. To be purchased at Haliburton & Dudley's, 12 State street.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, NO. 62, CABOTVILLE.

We regret that we have omitted to notice the formation of this Lodge, the charter of which was granted at the February session of the G. L. The date of its actual establishment we have not by us. Our neglect has not been intentional. We are in possession of only the names of the N. G., Bro. A. A. Folsom, and the V. G., Bro. L. H. Brigham, as officers of the Lodge.

We would say here that we mean to notice the formation of all new Lodges, but we are not always apprised of the fact. We hope that by the aid of Bro. Parmenter we shall in future keep this matter straight.

HALIBURTON & DUDLEY.

We would again call attention to the new depot for the sale of newspapers and cheap literature, recently established by this firm. They are prompt, obliging, and enterprising men, and keep on hand all the cheap rarities in the way of papers and periodicals, English and American, which can be found at any similar store in this country. They deserve, and we hope will receive a liberal patronage. Thirst, bodily and intellectual, can be gratified at their counter, the one by literature and the other by excellent soda water.

UNFINISHED ARTICLES.

THE article which appeared two months since on the Library, we intend to continue, when circumstances shall render it more applicable than just at present.

The article in our last number, we intend to finish in our next. We have mislaid some manuscript notes we have on the subject.

☞ We are happy to announce that we have made arrangements with WM. E. PARMENTER, Esq., Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, by which we shall be enabled to avail ourselves of the facilities which his position affords, in obtaining information of interest and importance to the Order. Our readers may hereafter rely upon a prompt communication of the transactions of the Order in this State, and we shall thus secure to the whole fraternity the knowledge of each other's operations, and follow from month to month the growth and changes of the Order.

☞ Petitions have been received by the Grand Officers to grant dispensations for

Pilgrim Lodge, No. 75, South Abington,
Rising Star Lodge, No. 76, Randolph.

☞ TO AGENTS. ☞

We should esteem it a favor if our agents would forward us what monies they may have on hand on account of the Symbol. Our expenses press heavily upon us, and we look to our agents as the only source for assistance.

We would ask of our subscribers once more if they will not attend to the settlement of their bills. The amount to each is but a trifle, and yet to us the aggregate would assist us very much. We hope those who are indebted will make immediate payment.

ENGRAVING OF THE EDITOR.

OUR readers will not be more disappointed than we are in not having the promised engraving of the Editor appear in the present number of the Symbol. The fault is not ours. The plate has been handed us by the engraver, but we do not like it well enough in its present state to have an impression from it appear in the magazine. If it can be made to appear well, we shall use it; if not, we shall have another engraved. — PUB.

A Brief History of the Rise and Progress of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, brought down to the present year. Boston: published by Haliburton & Dudley.

This is a pamphlet of 32 pages, "compiled from authentic sources," by a brother in Portland, Me. We have not yet read it, but should judge it to be a convenient and compact compendium of the subject upon which it treats. We know of nothing that exactly occupies its place, and should think it an excellent volume for reference. Price, 12 1-2 cents, to be purchased, with all the cheap literary varieties of the day, at No. 12 State street, of Haliburton & Dudley.

GLANCES AT THINGS IN GENERAL.

One pleasant morning in the early part of May we rose up early — that is to say, a little before six o'clock — and took our accustomed walk upon the Common. The sun shone as brightly as if darkness had never been and never was to be; the birds sang as joyously as if no hearts had ever ached, and there were nothing but gladness in the world; the turf was as green as the turban of the Prophet, or as the verdure of the paradise which he promised to "the faithful;" and the tender leaves were putting forth as freshly and confidently as though no frosts would come to turn them sere. But Nature there, after all, was a little too artificial, a little too straight-laced. We felt an irresistible inclination to ramble — we "could not choose but go," and therefore went. Imagine us, then, at Mount Auburn Cemetery, miles away from the dust and din of the city. This is the city of the dead, but it is a beautiful, cheerful place. The workmen are busy in preparing new dwellings for the pale inhabitants who are yet to come, and rough and carved blocks of granite and marble lie scattered upon the ground. But now, after following the winding paths among the trees for a short distance, we are in a charming solitude, seated upon a high grassy knoll, under the shade of a cedar. Low, melancholy, silvery whispers are borne from the pines upon the gentle breeze; there is a full orchestra of the feathered denizens around and overhead; the blithe squirrels chase each other in flying leaps,

and chatter merrily as they go; early flowers are sprinkled upon the ground; and scattered among the little hills and dells, half hidden by trees and shrubs, are the white monuments of the sleepers. Meet is it that the dead should be so surrounded. One can here realize, though with feelings totally different from those of the dark-souled Manfred, that " 't is not so difficult to die." Nature woos us to lie down and be at peace; assuring us, by manifold tokens of beauty and melody, if we are pure in heart, of "a glorious morrow." Let us, then, put away all the sable trappings with which we surround Death, as if to make his approach as terrible as possible. Instead of a ghastly skeleton, associated with all the noisomeness of putrefaction, let us, like the wiser ancients, — wiser at least in this, — paint him as a beautiful youth, who comes to conduct us — not to the "land of shadows," but to the world of only true and substantial realities — filled with beauty unpictured by our highest ideal conceptions, made light and glad by the perpetual presence of God. Let the vestibule of the temple of immortality be hung with flowers, the emblems of eternal spring! . . . As we saunter back towards the gateway, let us observe somewhat particularly two or three of the more striking monuments. Here, upon a considerable elevation, overlooking its less pretending neighbors, stands a beautiful little Grecian temple of the whitest marble, its sides sculptured with various emblematic devices, and its top crowned with urns from which flames stream upward. A little farther on, in a quiet, shaded nook, stands a plain white shaft, which appears as if broken off by sudden violence. As we draw nearer, its fitness and propriety are apparent, for the short and simple inscription informs us that it marks the resting-place of one who passed away in the freshness of early manhood. But what have we here within this iron railing? Ah! a sweet little child, of some seven years perhaps, beautiful as an angel, her meek face wearing a smile of heaven, her pale, almost transparent hands folded upon her breast, and her tiny feet struggling out from the marble drapery of her couch, — the "counterfeit presentment," we are told, of what she was in life. Forever honored be the noble art which can thus perpetuate in undecaying forms objects which speak so eloquently to our hearts, which so elevate and purify the highest sentiments of the soul! With this image of loveliness last in our thoughts, we will pass out once more into the busy world of the living, greatly refreshed and strengthened by the few hours spent in this calm retreat.

The following interesting little incident is related in the Boston Journal. The mere act itself, on the part of the young lady, was but of trifling moment, yet it spoke volumes in her praise. A heart that is prompted to such little deeds of generosity, may be confidently relied upon on all occasions, great as well as small, and is to be prized above all things else. We have been made acquainted with her name, and are assured that in her the charms of grace and beauty are but the reflex of a beautiful soul: — "A STREET INCIDENT.—Passing along the street the other day, we noticed that a cleanly clad laborer, with his arms full of loose books, had the misfortune to drop one from his pile to the pavement. It was the fashionable promenade of the city, and, as usual, well filled with those whose pursuits or inclinations led them forth. The poor fellow was in a stress. He could not stoop for his lost parcel, else the others would follow the example of the inconstant one; his arms were firmly clasped around his bundle, therefore he was prevented from reaching down to reclaim it. In this emergency, a lady of sweet countenance and easy demeanor, perceiving at once the difficulty of the man, though the thoroughfare was crowded with a gay throng, and the sidewalks somewhat wet and muddy from previous rains, hastened to his assistance, and stooping to the pavement, raised the book and placed it upon the pile, without embarrassment or seeming abashed in the least. Her dress and demeanor indicated a position in high life — her beneficiary a common day-laborer. A smile accompanied her generous action, while a look of pleasure from him betokened a kind heart, though covered with a coarse garment. A very simple proceeding on her part, and one which should be practised always, under similar circumstances — and yet we fear there are very few who in such a place, and at such a time, would have followed a like course."

A waggish letter-writer at Washington makes a Sucker applicant for office talk rather comically to "the man of influence." All, whether on one side or the other of the political "fence," or astride of it, must be amused by his original appeal:—"Now, stranger, look at them papers. Them names is the fust in our town. There's Deacon Stiles—there aint a piousser man in all the county; and then there's John Rodgers, our shoe-maker; he made them boots, and a better pair never tramped over these diggins. You would n't think them soles had walked over three hundred miles of Hoosier mud, but they *have* though, and are sound yet. Every body in our town knows John Rodgers; just go out to Illinois and ask him about *me*; you'll find how I stand. Then you ask Jim Turner, our constable, what I did for the party; he'll tell you I was a screamer at the polls. Now, I've come all the way from Illinois, and on foot too, most of the way, to see if I can have justice. They wanted me to take a town office at home, but I must have something that pays beforehand; such as them *char-gees*, as they call 'em. I haint got but seven dollars left, and I can't wait; just get me one of them *char-gees*, will ye? Tell the old man how 'tis—he'll do it. Fact is, he *must*; I've aint the office; darned if I haint!"

Punch, having completed the "Comic Blackstone," continues its amusing travesty of the law under the head of "Punch's Noy's Maxims." Take this as a sample:—"39. *When two titles concur, the elder shall be preferred.*—This maxim has given rise to some dispute, and a curious case was once put in the following terms:—"Suppose I have two sorts of wine, and the titles of both concur, both of them being called red wine, though one happens to be port, and the other elder." It then becomes a question whether the elder is to be preferred, a question which all the best judges during the evening sittings have agreed to answer in the negative."

As the much-needed rain "comes dancing to the earth," making brighter the fair face of this "rich month of May," we are reminded of the striking observation of a late English traveller touching the upper water-fountains:—"It is interesting to trace the rivers upward to their last fibres; they have their roots in the skies; or they may be considered as the roots of the sea, which thus grows in the heavens, and draws its supplies from thence."

MARRIED,

In West Cambridge, May 4th, by Rev. Francis Horton, Bro. Michael Kenny, of Bethel Lodge, to Miss Hannah M. Woodell, of Claremont, N. H.

In South Reading, by Rev. Bro. John H. Willis, Bro. Elbridge Copeland, of Columbian Lodge, to Miss Ruth B. Mead, of Reading.

In Eastport (Me.), April 25th, Bro. George Prince, C. P. of Churchill Encampment, Thomaston, to Miss Lucy M. Rice, of Eastport.

(Accompanying each of the above notices was received a portion of the bridal loaf. We would return our thanks for the same by saying something very pretty to the parties; but after "many hours of severe study," we have failed in the attempt; and have therefore concluded that what we had to say, has been entirely expended upon past favors. We hope, therefore, if one of our friends who kindly remember us at the "marriage feast," will also consider our misfortune, and if they desire it, send for publication such "notice" as they may wish, and the same shall be duly inserted.—Pa.

DIED,

In this city, on the 19th ult., Bro. Charles H. Coburn, of Tremont Lodge and Massachusetts Encampment, aged about 30 years. Bro. Coburn's death was occasioned by falling from a building now being erected in Congress street. He has left a wife and one child.

In Waltham, April 30th, of consumption, Elvira, wife of P. G. John M. Peck, aged 33 years.

19th OF JUNE.

LODGES in want of MARSHALL'S BATONS for the 19th, can be supplied on reasonable terms, by leaving their orders at Ireland's Pocket Book Factory, No. 11 Devonshire street, opposite the Exchange Coffee House. June 1.

SAMUEL J. WALL,

Boot and Shoe Store, 46 Cambridge street, corner of Hancock street, Boston, intends keeping as good an article of Boots and Shoes as can be found, and warranted in every respect. Brothers of the West are respectfully invited to call and examine. * June, 1845.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

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 KENDUSKEAG, No. 12.—D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenzo Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
 PEJEPSCOT, 13.—Joshua D Coburn, NG; Giles Bailey, VG; Asher Ellis, Sec; Cyrus M Purrington, Treas.
 CUSHNOC, No. 14.—H W Fairbanks, NG; Daniel Cony, VG; G L Carpenter, Rec Sec'y; J D Peirce, Per Sec'y; G White, Treas.
 PASSAGASSAWAKKAG, No. 15.—F A Hodgson, NG; S R Wing, VG; Wm H Burrill, Rec Sec; D K Lothrop, Per Sec; Rob't White, Treas; Rev S G Sargent, Chaplain.
 HOBOMOK, No. 16.—Thos Bowles, NG; E H Mitchell, VG; Augustus Arnold, Rec Sec; CCG Todd, Per Sec; Wm Clifford, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
 WASHINGTON, No. 17.—Merritt Coolidge, NG; Carlton D Elmes, VG; Thomas W Newman, Rec Sec; Franklin Seamon, Per Sec; Wm H Clark, Treas.
 ORONO, No. 18.—John Read, Jr, NG; Chas Buffum, VG; Jared T Eveleth, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Gideon Mayo, Treas.
 PASSAMAQUODDY, No. 19.—Jas B Ricketts, NG; John B Knight, VG; Daniel P Hayden, Rec Sec; Joe A Coolidge, Per Sec; Smith Tinkham, Treas; Rev Charles Farley, Chaplain.
 HARRISON, No. 20.—Algernon S Howe, NG; Cyril Pearl, VG; Sam'l Andrews, 2d, Sec; Benj J Caraley, Treas.
 SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN, 21.—F W Moores, NG; L M Stillman, VG; J P Emerson, Sec'y; E D Johnson, Treas.
 MEDOMAK LODGE, No. 22.—John H Kennedy, NG; Thomas Genthner, VG; A Jackson, Sec'y; I Read, Treas.

ANDROSCOGGIN, No. 24.—Edward P Weelen, NG; Joel C Lane, VG; Wm R Frye, Sec'y; Nelson B Reynolds, Treas.
ACADIA, No. 25.—

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—E P Emerson, CP; O D Murray, HP; Cha's T Ridgway, SW; A Mitchell, JW; C B Fletcher, Scribe; N P Kimball, Treas.
WONOLANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Charles H Chase, Treasurer.
PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe; Wm Walker, jr, Treas.
QUOICHEHO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—S H Parker, CP; E O Loughton, HP; Jonathan Cutler, SW; Bethnili Keith, JW; Wm Tredick, Scribe; N Demeritt, Treas.
STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—George W Towle, CP; George W Montgomery, HP; Joseph Cheever, SW; J M Locke, Jr, JW; Emerson Shurburne, Scribe; David Moulton, Treas.
PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE.—Geo W Montgomery, DM; Geo W Towle, DDM; James M Carr, ADM; Elias Ayres, PG; Cha's A Colcord, NG; Nath'l March, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.
GRANITE, No. 1.—E P Emerson, NG; N P Kimball, VG; Benj. Hosmer, Secy; Wm S Atwood, Treas; L C Browne, Chaplain.
HILLSBORO', No. 2.—John B Fish, NG; Luther Smith, VG; Charles B Rollins, Rec Sec; Charles H Chase, Per Sec; Edward McQuesten, Treas.
WECOMAMET, No. 3.—Elijah Wadleigh, NG; William Tredick, VG; Moses Fiske, Rec Sec'y; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec'y; Edward Luther, Treas; James Ashton, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Darius Withersell, NG; J W S Drew, VG; D W Quinby, Rec Sec'y; Joseph Plumer, Per Sec'y; Ezra Hartson, Treas.
WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—Joseph G Wyatt, NG; J E Lang, VG; N Evans, Jr, Rec Sec; John C Wilson, Per Sec; A B Currier, Treas; W P Tilden, Chaplain.
PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—David Moulton, NG; Charles A Colcord, VG; Nathaniel March, Rec Sec'y; Samuel F Cobb, Per Sec'y; Edmund M Brown, Treas; Timothy G Senter, Chaplain.
WINNIPISSEOGUES, No. 7.—John C Moulton, NG; Charles Robinson, VG; John M Pitman, Sec'y; J V Barron, Jr, Treas; E W Coffin, Chaplain.
SWAMSCOT, No. 8.—Thomas G Peckham, NG; Geo O Hilton, VG; G W Furber, Sec; Elijah Knight, Treas.
SAGAMORE, No. 9.—G F Waters, NG; A W Seamans, VG; T L Newell, Sec; John Foss, Treas.
SUNCOOK, No. 10.—G L Remick, NG; Oliver N French, VG; Geo P Prescott, Sec; Charles Sander-son, Treas.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—James Wood, MWGM; Joe G Chandley, RWDGM; John Hulley, RWGM; John Harper, RWGS; Wm E Rutter, RWGR; Matthew Taylor, RWGT.
NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—James Wood, CP; H L Webster, HP; Robert Westall, SW; E D Pierce, Scribe; Charles E Richards, Treas; Frank Munroe, JW.
FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Wm G Percival, NG; Charles E Richards, VG; Benj F Moore, Rec Sec'y; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; Franklin White, Chaplain; Geo Capron, Physician.
EAGLE, No. 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calhoun, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.
ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Jared W Scovill, NG; Israel Ambsbury, VG; P M Matthewson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Walcott M Scott, Treas.
HOPE, No. 4.—Arnold C Hawes, NG; N A Eddy, VG; Levi Salisbury, Rec Sec; W Rathburn, Per Sec; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Sam'l A Parker, NG; Henry Tisdale, VG; Charles Devens, Jr, Sec; Wm Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.
AMITY, No. 6.—Wm P Freeborn, NG; Wm B Snell, VG; Joseph M Smith, Rec Sec'y; George Cole, Per Sec'y; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Almond Gushee, Physician.
NARRAGANSETT, No. 7.—Horace Babcock, NG; Charles H Denison, VG; Levi L Derby, Sec; Peleg Noyes, Treas.
GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—Nathaniel S Alexander, NG; Harrison Wilmarth, VG; J B Swasey, Rec Sec; Rarton Miller, Per Sec; Zelotus Withersell, Treas; Seth Blanchard, Chaplain.
CONANICUT, No. 9.—Mark Graves, NG; Wm L Hopkins, VG; Daniel Easton, Rec Sec; B F Her-rick, Per Sec; Wm Hicks, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW, Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SABASCHUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Esels, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Tho's L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.
UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Orrin F Smith, CP; George W Brown, HP; C C Culver, SW; J A Smith, Scribe; N Beckwith, Treas; Chas E Hewitt, JW.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.

SOWHEAG ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Origen Utley, CP; T C Simpson, HP; J S Parmelee, S W; P Fagan, Scribe; Alfred Hall, Treas; S M Shaddick, J W.

MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, S W; E Fessenden, Scribe; W S Crane, Treas; Henry L Miller, J W.

GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Croswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.

QUINNIPAC LODGE, No 1.—Geo N Seagrave, NG; S B Gorham, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Mason Smith, NG; Samuel Woodruff, VG; Joseph W Hale, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; S H Havens, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Daniel Cone, NG; Wm S Tyler, VG; Richard S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PEQUANOCK, No 4.—Jared B Collins, NG; Philo F Barnum, VG; Isaac L Young, Rec Sec; Wm L Watson, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No 6.—Wm H Stanley, NG; John Humphrey, VG; Samuel Tolles, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

OUSATONIC, No 8.—Charles Smith, NG; Chipman S. Jackson, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Sidney Alling, Treas.

SAMARITAN, No 7.—Ethel T Farnum, NG; Thomas Weed, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—John W Danforth, NG; Charles Spencer, VG; Benjamin Stevens, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.

THAMES, No 9.—Andrew C Lippitt, NG; Samuel Barry, VG; C L Daboll, Rec Sec; Hiram Wilkey, Per Sec; ——— Cotherell, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—S H Barley, NG; Levi Clark, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Henry H Smith, Treas.

UNCAS, No 11.—David Young, NG; Wm L Brewer, VG; Henry A Barrows, Rec Sec; Jno L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treasurer.

CENTRAL, No 12.—James S Parmelee, NG; William Willard, VG; Dennis Sage, Rec Sec; James E Bidwell, Per Sec; Edward Revell, Treas.

CHARITY, No 13.—E T Lewis, NG; R Brown, VG; J C P Park, Sec; F H Rogers, Treas.

WOPOWAGE, No 14.—Ralph Augur, NG; Jonas G French, VG; William Bush, Secretary.

MONTAUBAN, No 15.—Smith Collins, NG; Wm E Sanford, VG; L P Bradley, Sec; Frederic Croswell, Treasurer.

WASHINGTON, No 16.—Joshua B Lord, NG; Asa W Jillson, VG; Wm H Osborne, Sec; D W Brigham, Treas.

TAUMBULL, No 17.—Wm S Noyes, NG; Wm Mercer, VG; J. N Harris, Sec; John H Lester, Treas.

NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Henry F Gardner, NG; Solomon L Griggs, VG; Wm Brace, Sec'y; Edwin Kilbourn, Treas.

MYSTIC, No 19.—Leander F Smith, NG; Barton Saunders, VG; Albert Saunders, Sec; Hallam Whitney, Treas.

FANWICK, No 20.—Junius M Willey, NG; Nathan Pratt, VG; James Phelps, Sec; A J Foster, Treasurer.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

The Encampment terms, in Connecticut, commence on the first regular session in July, and the first regular session in January.

LIST OF LODGES IN NEW ENGLAND—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.	
GRAND LODGE.	
Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.	
SUBORDINATE LODGES.	
1 Massachusetts.....Boston.....Mon	23 Howard.....Charlestown.....Fri
2 Siloam.....do.....Thu	23 Franklin.....Boston.....Fri
4 New England.....East Cambridge.....Fri	24 Winnisimmet.....Chelsea.....Tue
7 Merrimack.....Lowell.....Mon	25 Boston.....Boston.....Fri
8 Suffolk.....Boston.....Tue	26 Essex.....Salem.....Mon
9 Crystal Fount.....Woburn.....Mon	27 Hampden.....Springfield.....Mon
10 Oriental.....Boston.....Wed	28 Oberlin.....Lowell.....Tue
11 Mechanics'.....Lowell.....Fri	29 Columbian.....Stoneham.....Tue
12 Bethel.....West Cambridge.....Tue	30 Bethesda.....South Boston.....Mon
13 Nazarene.....Ware Village.....Mon	31 Lafayette.....Watertown.....Wed
14 Bunker Hill.....Charlestown.....Mon	32 Ancient Landmark.....Boston.....Mon
15 Tremont.....Boston.....Wed	33 Montezuma.....do.....Wed
16 Covenant.....do.....Mon	34 Hope.....Methuen.....Wed
17 Middlesex.....Malden.....Wed	35 Prospect.....Waltham.....Mon
18 Warren.....Roxbury.....Tue	36 Maverick.....East Boston.....Mon
19 Monument.....East Lexington.....Thu	37 Shawmut.....Boston.....Tue
20 Friendship.....Cambridgeport.....Mon	38 Soubegan.....South Reading.....Mon
21 Fidelity.....Andover.....Thu	39 Quasacuncquen.....Newburyport.....Thu
	40 Bay State.....Lynn.....Tue
	41 Acushnet.....New Bedford.....Wed
	42 Pacific.....Boston.....Thu
	43 Quinsigamond.....Worcester.....Mon
	44 King Philip.....Taunton.....Tue

45 Framingham.....	Saxonville.....	Wed
46 Tiaquantum.....	Milford.....	Mon
47 Macedonian.....	Bedford.....	Wed
48 Norfolk.....	Dorchester.....	Wed
49 Veritas.....	Lowell.....	Mon
50 Concord.....	Concord.....	Tue
51 Mystic.....	Chelsea.....	Mon
52 Agawam.....	Ipswich.....	Thu
53 Hobah.....	South Boston.....	Fri
54 May Flower.....	Plymouth.....	Tue
55 Atlantic.....	Marblehead.....	Wed
56 Worcester.....	Worcester.....	Fri
57 Berkshire.....	Pittsfield.....	
58 Elliot.....	Newton Upper Falls.....	Thu
59 Takewambait.....	Natick.....	Tues
60 Harvard.....	Harvard.....	Mon
61 Nonotuck.....	Northampton.....	Mon
62 St. John's.....	Cabotville.....	Tue
63 Mount Hope.....	Fall River.....	Thu
64 Shawheene.....	Billerica.....	Mon
65 Golden Rule.....	Wilmington.....	Thu
66 Nantucket.....	Nantucket.....	Tue
67 Pocumtuck.....	Greenfield.....	Tue
68 Harmony.....	Medford.....	Mon
69 Massasoit.....	North Bridgewater.....	Thu
70 Quinobequin.....	Dedham.....	Thu
71 Groton.....	Groton.....	
72 North Stoughton.....	North Stoughton.....	Mon
73 Wachusett.....	Barre.....	
74 Westfield.....	Westfield.....	

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union.....	Boston.....	Sat
2 Maverick.....	East Boston.....	Thu
3 Warren.....	Roxbury.....	2 4 Fri
4 United Brothers.....	South Boston.....	
	2 Mon and 4 Fri	
Norfolk.....	Dorchester.....	1 3 Mon

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesday next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massasoit.....	Boston.....	1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount.....	do.....	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy.....	West Cambridge.....	2 4 Fri
4 Monomake.....	Lowell.....	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill.....	Charlestown.....	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington.....	South Boston.....	2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack.....	Newburyport.....	2 4 Mon
8 Annawan.....	New Bedford.....	2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex.....	Malden.....	2 4 Fri
10 Wachusett.....	Worcester.....	
11 Nahant.....	Lynn.....	1 3 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine.....	Portland.....	Mon
2 Saco.....	do.....	Tue
3 Georgian.....	Thomaston.....	Mon
4 Ancient Brothers.....	Portland.....	Thu
5 Ligonia.....	do.....	Sat
6 Sabbattis.....	Augusta.....	Wed
7 Penobscot.....	Bangor.....	Thu
8 Relief.....	East Thomaston.....	Fri
9 Natahnis.....	Gardiner.....	Fri
10 Lincoln.....	Bath.....	Mon
11 Sacarappa.....	Sacarappa.....	Wed
12 Kenduskeag.....	Bangor.....	Mon
13 Pejepscot.....	Brunswick.....	Thu
14 Cushnoc.....	Augusta.....	Fri
15 Passagassawakeag.....	Belfast.....	Mon
16 Hobomok.....	Bath.....	Fri
17 Washington.....	Hallowell.....	Mon
18 Orono.....	Orono.....	Sat
19 Passamaquoddy.....	Eastport.....	Mon
20 Harrison.....	Harrison.....	Fri
21 Somerset & Franklin.....	Mercer.....	
22 Medomok.....	Waldoboro'.....	
24 Androscoggin.....	Lewiston Falls.....	Fri
24 Acadia.....	Bangor.....	Tue

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Machigonne.....	Portland.....	1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Star.....	do.....	2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore.....	Augusta.....	1 3 Tue
4 Kaiahdn.....	Bangor.....	
5 Hobah.....	Saco.....	1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock.....	Bath.....	2 4 Tue
7 Churchill.....	Thomaston.....	

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite.....	Nashua.....	Tue
2 Hillsboro'.....	Manchester.....	Mon
3 Wecohammet.....	Dover.....	Tue
4 Washington.....	Somerworth.....	Tue
5 White Mountain.....	Concord.....	Fri
6 Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	Mon
7 Winnipesiogee.....	Meredith Bridge.....	Tue
8 Swampscot.....	Newmarket.....	Sat
9 Sagamore.....	Exeter.....	Thu
10 Suncook.....	do.....	

DEGREE LODGE.

Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	1 3 Fri
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SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon.....	Nashua.....	1 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset.....	Manchester.....	2 4 Fri
3 Penacook.....	Concord.....	
4 Quochecho.....	Dover.....	2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank.....	Portsmouth.....	2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....	Providence.....	Thu
2 Eagle.....	do.....	Wed
3 Roger Williams.....	do.....	Tue
4 Hope.....	do.....	Mon
5 Ocean.....	Newport.....	Fri
6 Amity.....	Warren.....	Wed
7 Narragansett.....	Westerly.....	Tue
8 Good samaritan.....	Pawtucket.....	Fri
9 Conanicut.....	Providence.....	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narraganset.....	Providence.....	2 4 Fri
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STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinnipiac.....	New Haven.....	Mon
2 Charter Oak.....	Hartford.....	Tue
3 Middlesex.....	East Haddam.....	Wed
4 Pequannock.....	Bridgeport.....	Tue
5 Harmony.....	New Haven.....	Tue
6 Ousatic.....	Derby.....	Mon
7 Samaritan.....	Danbury.....	Wed
8 Mercantile.....	Hartford.....	Fri
9 Thames.....	New London.....	Mon
10 Our Brothers.....	Norwalk.....	Mon
11 Uncas.....	Norwich.....	Mon
12 Central.....	Middletown.....	Thu
13 Charity.....	Lower Mystic.....	Wed
14 Wopowage.....	Milford.....	Wed
15 Montawese.....	New Haven.....	Wed
16 Washington.....	Willimantic Village.....	Sat
17 Trumbull.....	New London.....	Tue
18 Nathan Hale.....	Tolland.....	Wed
19 Mystic.....	Mystic.....	
20 Fenwick.....	Essex.....	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sassacus.....	New Haven.....	1 3 Fri
2 Oriental.....	East Haddam.....	2 4 Fri
3 Palmyra.....	Norwich.....	1 3 Fri
4 Unity.....	New London.....	2 4 Thu
5 Souheag.....	Middletown.....	1 3 Tue
6 Devotion.....	Eastbury.....	1 3 Fri
7 Midian.....	Hartford.....	

THE SYMBOL,

AND

ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1845.

NO. VII.

HOBAB LODGE—*Banner Presentation.*

We had the pleasure of being present at the presentation of a Banner to Hobab Lodge by the ladies of South Boston, Thursday evening, May 29th, at the Universalist Church. The members of Hobab and Bethesda Lodges, and Mount Washington Encampment, together with a number of brethren from the city, were present and appeared in regalia. The exercises of the evening consisted of a Voluntary by the Masters Hollis, singing by the Choir, an Address by Rev. Bro. J. McLeish, and presentation of Banner. The Banner was presented by Mrs. S. B. WARD, and a splendid one it is. The front is of white satin, and presents an original design, representing in the centre the three figures of Friendship, Love and Truth in sitting posture, and embracing each other, forming a group of peculiar beauty and truthfulness. Beneath, encircled by rich scroll work of gold, are two smaller pictures representing the Altar and Hive. Above, in emblazonry of golden rays, is the All-Seeing Eye, together with the motto—" *In Deo Confidemus.*" On the back is painted the seal of the Lodge. The whole is suspended from a beautiful silver burnished bow, and the top of the staff surmounted by three Doric columns, resting upon a richly carved base.—The trimmings are of silk drapery and silver fringe, tassels, &c. The ladies certainly deserve great credit for the admirable style in which they got up this Banner, and they could not have manifested their respect in a more welcome and appropriate manner for our Order, than by the presentation of so beautiful a token. In behalf of the ladies who thus contributed, Mrs. WARD presented the Banner, accompanied with a very neat and appropriate speech, which was delivered in a style highly creditable, and with a feeling that plainly told she fully realized all that her words implied. Her address was responded to by Bro. CHARLES H. WHITE, P. G. of Hobab Lodge, in a most happy manner. The Lodge could not have been more fortunate in their selection for the occasion. The Banner was painted by SAVORY, whose superior skill and knowledge in this branch of his profession is too well known to receive from us at the present time renewed praise.

The following are the Addresses of Mrs. WARD and Bro. WHITE, a copy of which we have been kindly favored with.

Address of Mrs. Ward.

SIR: — The Ladies, believing the principles professed by the members of Hobah Lodge as worthy of approval, wish to extend to you some token of their approbation.

We are aware that uncharitable views of your Order have been entertained, by those who deem the veil of mystery which is thrown over its proceedings as sure evidence of an evil tendency, but as far as our knowledge extends, *we* are assured that without this shield the most essential objects of the institution could not be accomplished. And not until very many gentlemen, whose names stand pre-eminent in the annals of philanthropy and justice, who have united with you and who occupy your high stations, shall have withdrawn their fellowship and their influence, can we cease to respect your motives and to confide in the integrity of those motives for the amelioration of human suffering.

With these impressions, we welcome the dawning of this *new Star* in the canopy of the moral heavens.

May the bright "Bow" of promise and of peace be ever visible to guide and direct your steps; and beneath the "All-seeing Eye" of wisdom and mercy, may the graces, "Friendship, Love and Truth" preside at your altars.

We think we have witnessed the fruits of this institution manifested in the thousand daily acts of kindness, — those *little* acts which every human heart needs, and which, though they *seem* trifling, make up the sum of life's joys. The fever-flush on the brow of disease has been allayed by the hand of Love; and through the long night the ready watcher has sat by the couch of pain, pale though he may be with weariness, yet nerved by the strong power of sympathy to soothe the distress he cannot relieve, of the suffering one.

The dying husband has lain down his burthen and departed to his spirit-home in peace. The lone widow has been persuaded that the sympathy of *true* friends will cheer her weary path through this vale of tears, and the destitute orphan has been provided with a home. Therefore, if our humble efforts avail anything, would we wish to aid and encourage you in accomplishing those deeds of benevolence which dignify the human character and elevate it for its true sphere, the society of angels.

Entertaining these sentiments, we most gladly present you, as the Representative of the Institution, this *Banner*. Accept it, as a testimony of our best wishes for your usefulness and happiness. And may it wave over a band of brothers, — a union that shall represent what the common Brotherhood of Man *should* be, — *one in soul, one in heart, one in purpose*.

From the clear heavens may this star shed its rays, and illumine the dim atmosphere beneath, until it shall dispel every obstacle in its progress to *perfect* "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Be *true* to your chosen motto, *firm* in its spirit, and success will attend your efforts and peace abide within your walls.

Bro. White's Reply.

MADAM:— This Banner, which you have so kindly presented, we most cheerfully accept, and we hereby return you our warmest thanks. The present occasion is one that inspires our hearts with deep and lasting gratitude to the *Ladies* who have so cheerfully lent their assistance in procuring this token of their esteem, and in behalf of the Lodge which has received from you this testimony of your kindness. I hereby assure you that none but those who understand and practise those noble principles of Benevolence and Charity, shall ever gather around its folds. It gives us much pleasure to witness the zeal and ambition which characterize the Ladies in the furtherance of those principles which we are anxious to disseminate. I can assure you that the cause in which we are engaged is a noble cause, one which should enlist in its ranks every philanthropist. The principles which govern us are the very elements in which the gentler sex do move, and in which we have just enlisted. I do not wish to be understood, however, that before joining the society we were without feelings of sympathy. But I would say that by joining the society of Odd Fellows, that which has always been our duty has since been more clearly and forcibly pointed out. The question has been often asked why we do not admit the ladies to our regular meetings, and some have thought it improper for us to meet without them. I will merely say that man has many cares and perplexities to contend with in his various walks of life, which are never found in the domestic circle. He therefore needs something to remind him of those duties which as a citizen he should and ought to perform, and this is accomplished by our institution. He can never enter there without having his duty constantly pointed out to him. On the other hand, the ladies seem to occupy entirely a different sphere. They are in the continual practice of those virtues which we are trying so hard to inculcate. They are not compelled to use any extra exertions in the accomplishment of any benevolent object. Therefore there seems to be a necessity for the united action of men, while a great amount of good may be accomplished by the gentler sex individually. And if we should meet together, we have so little experience in the business that I think the ladies would have the whole duty to perform, for most certainly we should wish the most experienced to lay the plans of all our benevolent objects, and then it might be said that we were very ungallant, and more than all, very idle. But I can assure you that although we do not admit the ladies to our regular meetings, it does not in the least diminish the high respect we entertain in their behalf. We are proud to acknowledge that we are dependent upon them, in many acts of love and kindness. Who, I ask, is so ready and willing to watch by the bed-side of the sick, who so anxious to relieve the distressed? I answer, that sex to whom has been given a greater share of gentleness and patience than to ourselves. But the Order to which we belong calls forth the practice of those virtues in which the gentler sex are constantly engaged, and every wife, mother and sister should rejoice that there is a

society where the heart of man may be made to sympathize with his fellow man. I notice that you have not forgotten to remind us of those principles which should ever be our guide,—“Friendship, Love and Truth.” May those principles be constantly practised by every member of our Order. You have also reminded us by whom this Banner has been presented, viz., by the Ladies, and let me assure you we shall ever hold in memory this exhibition of their kindness. The motto which you have selected is well deserving of notice, “*In Deo confidemus*” (or, in God we trust), and may the heart of every Odd Fellow correspond with the sentiment therein contained. I also notice that you have selected other very appropriate devices. The Bee Hive: May industry, that noble quality, ever be found among the most prominent traits in our character. The Horn of Plenty: May we ever be found ready to provide for the sick and needy and always maintain generous feelings, and may our sympathy ever be boundless. The three Links: May they always be found of sufficient strength to bind us together in peace and harmony. The Altar of Incense: May all our deliberations and doings be conducted with a spirit as pure as the incense which ascends from the altar. The Bow and Arrows: May our bow of charity ever be found ready to shoot the arrow of assistance and sympathy wherever it is needed. The All-seeing Eye: May all our pursuits in life, our thoughts, words and deeds be such as our heavenly Father will approve, and may we always look up to him as our great guide and protector, and constantly realize, that whatever we do, God seeth us. And in conclusion, permit me once more to return you our warmest and sincerest thanks for this public manifestation of your esteem.

The following Odes were written for and sung on the occasion :

ORIGINAL HYMN.—BY CHARLES H. BRAINARD.

Bright Charity smiling goes forth on her mission,
Attayed in the garments of seraphs above,
By God was imparted her blessed commission,
And stamped on her brow the fair impress of love.

Though dark be her pathway as onward she presses,

To comfort the mourner and bid him rejoice,
She speeds on her errand of mercy and blessing
Pale penury's child with her life-giving voice.

Her visits bring peace to the weary and sighing,
And banish all traces of sorrow and care,
She whispers of hope in the ear of the dying,
And lights up a smile in the face of despair.
To the mother bereaved and burdened with anguish

She offers the aid love alone can impart,
In sorrow no longer the mourner shall languish,

Her hand heals the wound grief hath made in her heart.

To woman, dear woman, hath Charity given
Her sceptre of mercy and banner of peace,
She bids her press on in the pathway to heaven,
And man from the bondage of sin to release.

We'll follow her footsteps where'er she may lead us,

Her beautiful banner still waving above,
Our strength shall not fail while she utters God speed us,

And points to her motto—Truth, Friendship And Love.

DUETT.—BY G. J. WEBB.

'T is sweet when cloudless suns arise,
As through the vale we move;
But oh, more sweet to recognize,
Through dreary nights and starless skies,
The smiling face of love.

I hail the breeze that, soft and clear,
Wafts influence from above,
But chief the storm delighted hear,

While breathes o'er faith's attentive ear
The whispering voice of love.

Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove;
Each cloud that dims thy upward way,
Shall more endear the glorious day
That yields the land of love.

ORIGINAL ODE OUR BANNER. — BY REV. BRO. J. H. CLINCH.

Our banner waves high,
And it flashes to view
On glad hearts and glad eyes
Of the good and the true;
See! how brightly is glowing
The motto we bear,
See! lovely friendship is showing
Her characters there!
Ah! for long on our sight,
Shining bright through the storm
Of affliction's dark night,
May we hail its loved form!
And with gratitude thrilling,
Each heart shall confess,
It is ready and willing
Its brother to bless.

Our banner waves high:—
There the widow may gaze,
For it bids the hot tear
Pass away from her face.
See! how gladness is flushing
O'er features of pain—
See! how new life is gushing
Again through each vein!
That banner of love,
Wheresoever it flies,
Care and pain shall remove,
And bid happiness rise;
And shall stand as a token
That ne'er shall decay,
To hearts sad and broken,
Of hope's cheering ray.

ORIGINAL CHORUS.—BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

Gaily to meet the spring's soft breeze fair Ho-
bah's banner floats;
Its motto let us well observe, and mark what it
denotes.
We rise to thank our generous friends, but words
can ne'er express
The ardent wishes of our hearts to increase their
happiness!
For them, for them the joyous song, the joyous
song we'll raise,
And speak in music's gentlest notes their well
deserved praise.

Our secrets shall be kept for them,—they sure
shall all things know,
Who soothe our griefs, assuage our fears, and
mitigate each woe.
A blessing rest upon their homes,—may Friend-
ship, Truth and Love
Attend them through life's journey, till we meet
in realms above,
In that Grand Lodge whose Master here we own
and we adore,
And all mankind as brethren love—zealots can
do no more.

ANNAWAN ENCAMPMENT.

Boston, 3d June, 1845.

BRO. CHAPIN: — Annawan Encampment, No. 8, I. O. of O. F., was instituted and its officers installed on Friday evening, 23d ult. A deputation from the Grand Encampment of this State left this city in the train of cars for New Bedford for the above object, and arriving at a quarter before seven o'clock, we took up our quarters at the Parker House, under the supervision of "mine host" Mitchell, who extended to us much kindness and courtesy. We sincerely advise any of the brothers of our Order who may be journeying that way to give him a call, for they will find in him a gentleman of kind deportment and urbanity, ever ready and willing to meet the wants of the travelling public. We are informed that he is not an Odd Fellow, but really he is a good fellow. We have no doubt he will become an Odd Fellow soon.

After relishing a cup of tea and other necessities provided for us, we repaired to Acushnet Hall, and proceeded to institute the Encampment. The officers were then duly elected and installed; after which, they surrendered their chairs for the evening to the Grand Officers, who proceeded to business. Seventeen propositions for membership having been deliberated upon at a preliminary meeting, the several

candidates were elected and received the three first degrees of the Encampment. On account of the lateness of the evening, four only were exalted. We then closed, in the highest confidence that success and unanimity would attend them always. ESSEX.

GROTON LODGE.

Boston, 3d June, 1845.

BRO. CHAPIN : — In company with a delegation from the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of this State, we left Charlestown in the Fitchburg train of cars on the afternoon of May 28th, and stopped at Groton, our destined place, for the purpose of instituting and installing the officers of Groton Lodge, No. 71, I. O. of O. F. We reached Groton at about seven o'clock, and registered our names at the Temperance House. After tea, we repaired to the Hall, to be known hereafter by the name of Odd Fellows' Hall, and had the pleasure of meeting many of our friends from the adjoining towns. We were informed that the Hall was dedicated on the evening previous. Not having been present, we are unable to give a full description. This much will suffice. Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells, of this city, delivered an eloquent and beautiful discourse on the occasion, portraying, as he proceeded, the principles of our Order in a bright but candid manner. The house was crowded to overflowing, and many were obliged to return without gaining entrance, so great was the interest to hear an address on Odd Fellowship from our reverend brother.

The following are the names of the officers of the Lodge, viz. : — Edwin Coburn, N. G. ; E. M. Taylor, V. G. ; Geo. H. Brown, Secretary ; Joshua H. Searle, Treasurer. Two brothers were admitted by card, and there were five propositions for membership. The candidates having been elected, they were admitted into the pale of the Order. Yours, **ESSEX.**

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Boston, 9th June, 1845.

BRO. CHAPIN : — Grand Encampment I. O. of O. F. of this State convened at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, 30th ultimo, per order of the Grand Patriarch, for business and reception of petitions. Two charters for subordinate Encampments were granted, one to be located in Roxbury, under the name and style of Shalom Encampment, No. 12, the other at Salem, to be hailed Naumkeag Encampment, No. 13.

Amongst the business done was the adoption of a Regalia for the G. Encampment, and jewels for the P. C. P. and P. H. P., which may be described as follows : A royal purple velvet sash trimmed on the outer edge with wide gold lace, and an inner lace an eighth of an inch wide, with a rosette and golden star upon the shoulder and hip, and gold bullion fringe on the bottom ; the jewels to be suspended by a very small collar.

Several resolutions were adopted, the most important one of which is as follows: "That the Grand Encampment deemed it inexpedient to grant any further charters for subordinate Encampments until the annual session of that body." A committee of five was appointed to report at the annual session a wise and consistent policy to be pursued in granting charters for Encampments in this State. ESSEX.

SHALOM ENCAMPMENT.

Boston, 14th June, 1845.

BRO. CHAPIN: — Shalom Encampment, No. 12, of Roxbury, was instituted on Friday evening, 6th inst. The following brothers are its officers, viz.: — Rev. Daniel Leach, C. P.; Dr. H. G. Morse, H. P.; James Anderson, S. W.; A. J. P. Whitcomb, J. W.; Geo. P. Burnham, Scribe; Ira Allan, Treasurer — they having been duly installed into their respective chairs. There were nine petitioners. Thirty-two propositions for membership were offered; all the candidates named were duly elected, twenty-seven of the number presented themselves and received the three first degrees, and seventeen were exalted to the Royal Purple degree.

A large deputation from the Grand Encampment was present, including delegates from the several Encampments, and among them several of the presiding officers of the latter, showing the deep interest that is felt in the advancement of our Order. ESSEX.

Original.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY J. E. WHEELER.

In the blue clearness of the upper ocean
Heaven's drapery hangs in many a gorgeous fold,
Now floating on with slow, majestic motion,
Anon in gloomy grandeur wide unrolled
Before the whirlwind's breath, while crashing thunder
Shakes the whole concave of the murky sky,
And fiery serpent-tongues leap madly under
The storm-king's banners as they proudly fly.

Like gentle swans upon the water dreaming
The snowy clouds lie in the summer air,
Or like to blessed isles are they in seeming,
In heavenly seas, above all soil or care; —

But quick a change! for lo, the vapory volume
Grows into temples, palaces and towers,
Then, while we gaze, wall, capital and column
To ruin melt, like wrecks of kingly powers!

O'er hill and mountain dance their fleeting shadows,
Like ghosts glide o'er the streams, along the plain,
A moment veil the green and sunny meadows,
Or with a frown eclipse both earth and main;
As you may see a laughing face beclouded,
A shade steal o'er it in the hour of glee,
Or see that face by grief or passion shrouded,
When nought but time may bid the darkness flee.

So through the mind a shadowy host are sweeping,
Tinged with the hues of beauty or of gloom,
Things which the Future hath in its dim keeping,
And all that Memory hoards of blight or bloom:—
Visions of smiling and of tearful faces,
Whose looks of love we never may forget,
Of vanished years, when oft in trysting-places
Heart flowed to heart like streams in confluence met—

Aspirings high—black disappointment, flinging
Its length'ning shadows o'er the coming days—
Hope even then on seraph-wings upspringing,
A youthful phoenix from the funeral blaze—
Thoughts of the deeds which blest us in the doing,
Of those which sadden us when most elate—
And yearnings strong, though silenced still renewing,
With our scant line to fathom endless fate.

I do bethink me of a youth who wandered
Sad, weary years beneath a sullen cloud;
Upon life's deepest themes he vainly pondered
Till mountain doubts his struggling spirit bowed,
Yet stumbled on, no light his pathway cheering,
No glimpse of heaven seen through a parting rift—
He saw no guiding Hand, but wild careering,
The mighty universe seemed all adrift.

But Nature's voice had ever kindly spoken,
Her gentle smile oft melted him to tears,
For leaf, flower, star, of love he deemed the token,
And clung to her as children in their fears
To mothers cling. . . . At length, one summer even,
As was his wont, he watched the changing west,
The great, calm sun slow sinking into heaven,
With curtains rosy-golden round his rest—

When lo! the cloud that long had hovered o'er him
 Was glory-tinted by a higher Sun—
 The hidden Father's face shone clear before him,
 And mid the flowers, unto that mighty One,
 As when a child, he knelt in mute appealing—
 Then rose he up with spirit bathed in balm:
 Faith since that hour a clearer light revealing,
 He walks upon his way assured and calm.

OBJECTIONS.

“Odd Fellowship is no better than an Insurance Company; it asks a high premium, and will pay nothing after the policy is run out.”

THE objector does not mean by this, we suppose, to *condemn* Insurance Companies; so that if Odd Fellowship be only on a par with this method of securing against loss, his objection is not very strong against us. What he means, we conclude, is this: That Odd Fellowship has no more charity or benevolence than a Fire Insurance Company; the one will help you if you *pay* for it—so will the other. This, we think, is the objection in all its force. The objector means to say that an Insurance Company may with as much propriety claim to be benevolent as Odd Fellowship, and it would be just as appropriate to have “Friendship, Love and Truth” painted in the office of the one as on the altar of the other. A few plain facts may show that the cases are not parallel, and therefore the objection is not a valid one. For a certain premium, at a stipulated rate per cent., an Insurance Company agrees to secure one against loss by fire. While the building insured is burning, and its walls are tottering and its timbers crumbling to ruins, did you ever know an Insurance Company to send a committee to stop the flames, for the purpose of assisting the owner and saving his house and goods? Yet everybody knows that when the frail tenement of an Odd Fellow is wasting by disease and burning up with a fever, there is a “Sick Committee,” whose business it is to attend the sick and alleviate his sufferings. Did an Insurance Company ever gather up the fragments, and rake from the smoking ruins everything valuable, that might benefit the owner and his family? When did ever all the stockholders and directors turn out in procession to sympathize with the sufferers, and shed tears of fraternal feeling over the ashes of the dwelling destroyed? Yet it is well known that our Lodges pay a “funeral benefit” to the widow of a deceased brother, and render respectful tribute to the dead. Besides, Insurance Companies are organized for the specific purpose of *making money*; men would not invest their capital in them if they thought their money would bring more at something else. The two institutions are not parallel, which fact seems to us to obviate the objection. If the fire

consumes property that has been insured, the owner demands and receives its value, and that is all. But I would ask, is there no other sympathy, no other relief, no other benefit conferred on the sick and distressed by our Order than the prompt *payment of four dollars per week*? They who have been laid on a bed of pain and sickness, and heard the friendly voice of a brother, felt his warm grasp, and been cheered by his watchings and kind offices, will tell you there is something more than the mere receiving of money associated with this Institution. It is better, then, than an Insurance Company in a moral aspect. It is true that members are not entitled to receive benefits if their dues are left unpaid; but there is this difference between the two subjects before us: — Insurance Companies will not give what is known in such institutions by the term "*grace*," while our Lodges allow three months; and a still longer time, is given to members residing at a distance. Here is a superiority that seems to have the appearance of benevolence. Insurance Companies never pay anything to those who suffer loss if "the policy is run out;" but Odd Fellows have been known to assist their distressed brethren, although suspended from the Order by the non-payment of dues. This is another shade of difference in the benevolence of the two Institutions.

There is another fact which seems to have been overlooked by the objector: the difference of relation that exists between Insurance Companies and those insured, and that existing among the members of a Lodge. I am bound to aid my brother, to do him no injury, to do him all the good I can. Why? Because he pays me "the policy?" No: he has given me nothing, nor do I expect to receive one cent for all I can do to alleviate his wants or meliorate his condition. This obligation grows out of the relation in which I stand to my brother. In the case of the Insurance Company, it rests simply on the payment of money, "the rate per cent."

The objection under consideration, although presented by a friend whom we much esteem, has no weight with us. There is no comparison between the two subjects here presented. — *Golden Rule.*

SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE prominent and reiterated objection urged against Odd Fellowship is, "it is a secret society;" and the question is asked, "if it be good, if its objects are good, why do the Odd Fellows have secrets?" Indeed, some go so far as to say: "It must be a bad institution, because it has secrets." The inconsistency of this may at once be seen in the fact that those who make this allegation are wholly ignorant of what our secrets are; and it seems rather rash to pronounce that bad and pernicious of which we know nothing. It is admitted that we have secrets into which the eye of the world has never gazed; they are unknown to all but the fraternity. How then can it be known that they are evil?

Besides, only one half of the story is told in this matter. It is not a secret that we have attended to the sick and the dying, and bury the dead; it is not a secret that we have appropriated our funds to furnish the widow and the orphan with necessaries of life; it is not a secret that we have assisted the unfortunate, the poor, and the destitute; and that we now have an increasing fund to be drawn in the day of adversity. With these revealed facts before the world, established as they are beyond the refutation of the objector, the most reasonable and charitable view that could be taken of the matter seems to us to be, that our secrecy does not spoil us.

Who would think of a friend that had done us a great favor, he certainly intends to blow our brains out, because he said he had a secret which he would not divulge? Who supposes that the tree which produces delicious and wholesome fruit has also a deadly poison lurking in its heart's core, or the juice of the hen-bane in its roots?

It is a custom among our merchants to have on their goods a private mark: this is a *secret* unknown to the world, kept hid from even the buyer. But it would be a strange kind of logic that would denounce this large and respectable portion of our citizens as knaves and rogues, because of this secrecy. The sentinel at his military post has a secret, and none can come within the limits of his charge if they are not in this secret: they cannot pass the guard without "the countersign." It is not inconsistent with the principles of friendship to have secrets. Solomon says: "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." Concealeth what matter? evidently that secrecy which subsists between friends. If it is proper to have secrets between *two* friends, how can it be evil to have them among a society or an association of friends? Friendship loses none of its excellence, is despoiled of none of its fidelity, is not marred in a single feature of its glory, because of its secrets. It is so with our Order; we have a secret by which we know each other, and it is as harmless as Paddy's initials, which, he said, were on his coat that was claimed by another. "It is my coat," said he, "for it has two Ps." The search was made in vain, till the honest Hibernian ripped up one of his cuffs, and showed to the court two large dried *peas*, and this decided the case. Yet you might as well say that here was evil and only evil, because there was a hidden secret, as to say so of Odd Fellowship. This very secret showed to whom the coat belonged, and our secrets tell us who are Odd Fellows: none but Odd Fellows have the Ps under the cuff.

Indolence and Perfidy have turned beggars in this age of speculation; benevolent societies are imposed upon by the unworthy and the lazy. Our secrets guard us from fraud of this kind, and this is about the whole tale as respects our "awful secrets." One cries "*budget*" and the other "*mum*," and in this way we know each other; or if we should all wear red garters, or a brass nail in the heel of our boot, it would be about the same thing, and about as harmless. — *Golden Rule*. B. B. H.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery. — *Lacon*.

Original.

THE POOR PILGRIM.

 BY T. B. READ.

Poor pilgrim that toileth up poverty's steep,
 Where the cold rugged mountain of life looms high,
 Wild, wild on thy pathway the bleak tempests sweep,
 And few are the flowers that grow thereby.

The bright hopes of earth, and the bright gifts of God,
 Thy beautiful ones, in the dark ground lie;
 Their souls are above, and where swelleth the sod
 A few tender flowers may grow thereby.

Poor pilgrim, mourn not for those forms left behind,
 Nor gaze on the past with a tear-streaming eye,
 But press to the feet of the Saviour and find
 Thy loved ones are flowers that bloom thereby.

Poor toiler, the mountain is rugged and steep;
 But see, the far summit is hid in the sky!
 Press on for those paths where no tempest can sweep,
 For bright are the flowers that grow thereby.

 A FRAGMENT.

 BY BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

THE *unity* of the human race is a matter of vast practical importance. Fourier expresses the idea by the term "solidarity," and "Holy Writ" puts it forth in language like the following: "We are members one of another;" and so intimate is the relation, that when "one member suffers, all the members suffer with it, and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." But however the sentiment may be expressed, it is unquestionably a law of our being that we shall have an interest in the virtue or vice, the weal or woe, of all around us. Man is our brother—nay, more than brother. He is our other self. A common life animates the whole body—a drop of blood from the same great heart, runs in the veins of all that live, and the pulse will

beat fitfully and feverishly if that blood be obstructed in the remotest limb. An invisible tie unites us all, so that the sufferings and joys of our fellows become in a measure our own. Our neighbor's misfortunes are our own misfortunes — "his crimes are our diseases," his virtues our health, and all his sorrows are the aches and pains that shoot through the system and make life a feverish dream, and his happiness is the healthful glow that lights up our countenances, and makes life cheerful and serene.

A prominent error in society, as it is constituted, may be found in the fact that it disregards this fundamental law of man's nature. It makes each individual an isolated fragment cut off from the body to which he belongs, or rather belonging to no common body, but with all his interests containing in himself alone, and clashing with those of others by a necessary and eternal law. Hence that endless antagonism which marks all the intercourse of the work; and hence the strife, contention and bloodshed that so dreadfully mar the beauty and disturb the harmony of all human society. It is the business of Odd Fellowship to gather up those disjointed members, and place them in the body where they properly belong, so that each one shall feel that he has an interest in the whole, and that in all their successes and reverses they are now, and forever, one and indissoluble. The tie that binds the Fraternity is but the reflex image of that immutable law which runs through humanity, and whether they know it or not, binds the vast family of man in one body, whose duty, and interests, and wants are inseparable. He that would sunder that tie would cut off a limb from the body, — he that wars with it, wars against himself, against nature in her most steadfast laws, and his defeat is certain. — *Offering.*

INSTITUTION OF NEW LODGES IN MAINE.

TARANTINE LODGE, No. 27, I. O. O. F., was instituted at Oldtown, Me., on the 23d May, by D.D. G. M. CHARLES SNELL, and the officers installed as follows: —

Hiram Emery, N. G.
H. P. A. Smith, V. G.
E. D. Hoskins, Sec.
D. M. Hall, Treas.

A new Lodge of Odd Fellows was formed at South Berwick short time since, by the name of OLIVE BRANCH LODGE, No. 28. Quite a number were initiated into the sacred mysteries of the Order. They have a beautiful hall, and every thing seems to augur the success of Odd Fellowship in that beautiful village. The following brothers were elected and installed as officers: —

George S. Woodman, N. G.
Charles Trafton, V. G.
John B. Nally, Sec.
Caleb Sanborn, Treas.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The 19th of June.

THE Celebration is over. We rejoice to record the complete and brilliant success of the public demonstration which, in its preliminaries, has tasked, for many months, the attention and activity of the members of the Order. But one feeling in regard to it, that of unlimited satisfaction, prevails. The event will long be remembered with pride and delight, for the thousand beautiful occurrences and associations which attended its whole progress. It is a bright page in the history of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts.

By no means the least pleasant matter connected with the Celebration, is the reception of guests from abroad. For a day or two previous to the 19th, the reception rooms at the Marlboro' Chapel were thronged with brothers from other States, as well as from our own State; the former relying with the trustful faith of Odd Fellows upon the sincerity of earnest promises of hospitality, and the latter anxious to redeem the pledges which had been freely and widely extended. To the honor of the Order, to the honor of Bostonians, be it said, there was no stint nor failure in this respect. Our numerous visitors were promptly distributed among the comfortable homes of the Boston brethren, and the efficient Committee of Reception found at their disposal, upon closing their labors on the night prior to the Celebration, provision beyond the necessary demand, for the accommodation of not less than fifteen hundred individuals. The attentions extended by particular Lodges, to their guests specially invited by them, should not be omitted in the record of the interchange of those social feelings, which rendered the opportunity of their exercise so delightful, and which will lend an influence, more powerful than will the more splendid lineaments of the festival, to preserve and enhance the perfect confidence and mutual good will which should ever mark the intercourse of the members of the Order. Perhaps, among many instances of this particular hospitality, we may single out, without disparagement to others, Oriental Lodge, No. 10, of our city, the members of which received as their guests the members of their namesake Oriental Lodge, No. 68, of New York. The identity of name was not the only point of affinity which brought in close and social communion the noble bands, who, under the "crescent," are found among the foremost in their respective cities, in promoting the great purposes of the Order. We mistake greatly, if in their union in their private symposia, as well as

in their joint participation in the stirring events of the celebration, they have not established a friendship sure of permanency, inasmuch as it is based upon the perfect unity of sentiment and feeling.

But the day itself. The story of its joyousness, its magnificence, its intellectual triumphs of eloquence, its exhibitions of successful art, its pageantry and its banquets, has been spread as if by winged messengers over the land. A public parade of a society which, less than a year ago, was, in the opinion of our civic functionaries, "unknown to the law," has to that degree attracted the attention of our fellow citizens, that they cease from their daily business, and in their holiday attire gaze at the splendid show; nay more, it has to that degree secured their respect, that the whole press, in its accounts of the Celebration, does no more than justice to the public sentiment, in declaring, in flattering terms, the many particulars in which the Order has commended itself to the good opinion of the community.

The daily papers have been filled with long and interesting narratives of the Celebration; but we conceive it to be our duty to spread upon our pages a notice of the prominent points in the festivities of the occasion, that the fraternity may preserve in a convenient and authentic form the transactions of a day so important in its influence upon our institution.

And first the Oration, with its exercises. These took place at Faneuil Hall, on the forenoon of the 19th. Many distinguished members of the Order were present. In addition to the past and present officers of our own Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, we observed several of the officers of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and other prominent members of the Order, including Past Grand Sire John A. Kennedy, of New York, and our ever honored and beloved Past Grand Sire THOMAS WILDEY, the Founder of the Order in America. A large number of members of the Order attended, but the preparation for the procession, the late arrival of the country Lodges, and the fear that the Hall might be too greatly thronged, prevented the general visit which was expected and desired. The services commenced with the singing of an anthem by a select choir, which was followed by a prayer by our M. W. Grand Master Norris. The distinguished brother who had been selected as the Orator of the occasion, JAMES L. RIDGELY, Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, was introduced to the audience. Bro. Ridgely's oration is given below. We shall attempt no sketch or analysis of the excellent production which we are glad to place in the hands of the fraternity. Its literary merits are of a high order, and its faithful exposition of principles, and narrative of events, will secure from all an attentive perusal. In his oratory, as in his literary composition, Brother Ridgely possesses great elegance; and the impression which his talents and urbanity have made upon the Massachusetts brethren, has added to the respect which they already entertained towards him for his services and devotion to Odd Fellowship. The exercises in old Faneuil closed with an anthem, and with a benediction by the Grand Chaplain.

We dare not attempt a description of the procession. Its details we publish. Those who took part in it, will readily supply from their

own memories the brilliancy and magnitude of the whole pageant ; to those who did not witness it, we can give no adequate description. As a display merely, it has never been surpassed. The rich regalia, and ornaments, the banners, beautiful beyond comparison in painting and embroidery, the blending and contrast of colors, the drapery decorated with silver and gold, the glistening of jewels, combined to produce in observers a constant repetition of emotions of excitement and wonder. But not to Odd Fellows, not to the thoughtful of their fellow citizens, were these the most gratifying features of the procession. No argument so strong could be presented in favor of the Order, as a glance at this army of men, as rank upon rank they passed, every individual glowing with health and energy, strong in his independence and respectability, uncontaminated by vice, and proud to show his freedom in selecting a sphere of duty, in opposition to the frowns of the bigoted or the fears of the timid. No man there, from whatever part of the Union he might come, who is not in his community an active and responsible member ; no man there who does not bear a part in the labors as in the support of society, and who does not, like a true man, work with benevolent effort for the good of his fellows.

Eight thousand men, artisans and merchants, artists and professional men, wore in this procession the insignia of Odd Fellowship. Almost every state in the Union had its representatives ; and the New England States sent their thousands. But throughout the long line, no invidious distinction could be made in the apparent character of members from the different States. There was conclusive proof, in the similarity of appearance and bearing, that everywhere the qualifications of Odd Fellowship are the same, and that they are strictly and faithfully insisted upon.

We have appended a description of the Dinner and its concomitants. We have only to say further, that we fully believe that the moral influence of the Celebration will be good. The Odd Fellows of Massachusetts have brought into their midst their numerous brethren of the neighboring States ; the result has been an increase of friendly confidence and mutual reliance ; they have made an open demonstration of their number, their principles and their purposes to the public eye ; the response has been encouragement and commendation. A similar movement will not soon occur in our Order ; let us rest satisfied, since this Celebration, upon its every incident, has borne the impress of our love of peace, order, benevolence and fellowship.

ORATION.

MY BRETHREN : — In the spirit which I am sure prompted the invitation, I am here to-day, to unite with you in the interesting ceremonies, appropriate to the revival of Odd Fellowship within the borders of this Commonwealth. I cannot be mistaken in the fact, that the distinguished position, which by your kindness I occupy, has been assigned, rather from the too liberal estimate of a zeal well meant in the cause

to which we are all devoted, than from any expectation that I could be able to present the claims of our beloved Order in new lights, or with the aid of eloquence to add new virtue to the ties which bind to one another, and to the whole human race, true Odd Fellows throughout the Globe. Without therefore pausing to indulge in any vain regrets of my utter inability to rise to the level of this great occasion, which however unaffectedly entertained, few would be disposed to regard as sincere, I may be permitted to ask those of my brethren, whose anticipations may not be realized, to charge their disappointment to that spirit, which in the distinction I now occupy alike prompted the selection and influenced the acceptance. I am here to speak to you my brethren, and the remarks which I have to offer shall be addressed to the Order. I am here to give you some account of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; to indicate to you the true source of its principles, and to recount to you, without speculation or coloring, the time and circumstances of the application of those principles, or in other words the real origin of the Order.

First, then, concerning the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. There are means within our grasp, which elevate us, as to a lofty eminence, from which we may command a view of the past, at first dimly shadowed in mere glimmerings, but gradually, as enlightenment progresses, carrying our vision to the earliest periods of time, to creation itself. Through that immense past, covering an area of nearly six thousand years according to sacred authority, since God formed man, and breathed into him life and immortality, by the aid of the truthful light of history we are enabled to trace the creature in his progress from the state of bliss in which he was created, to sin, his fall and punishment, and to follow his fallen fortunes from age to age, witnessing the defilement of his nature, in the mastery which fierce passions obtained over the hallowed attributes of character with which in profusion a beneficent Creator had endowed him.

The first relation in which man was placed was that of companionship, in the helpmate which God provided for him. In the infliction of the penalty, which he had incurred by his first great act of disobedience, the justice of the Eternal was so tempered with mercy, that out of the very punishment pronounced against the woman, that she should "bring forth children in sorrow," he moulded the second relation of life, that of Parent, and in the fruit of this penalty, the birth of Cain and Abel, we witness the strong and peculiar relation of life, that of Brotherhood—all of which were gifts of Divinity, bestowed by the Creator, as promptings of his innate love. Here is the source of the principle of companionship—here the source of human Brotherhood—here also the period in which strife, murder, and all the evil passions entered upon the world, corrupting and blurring all over that original purity of heart, which as an emanation from the Deity so beautifully marked the similitude between God and man.

Corrupted nature triumphed; vice and crime held powerful sway upon the earth, until man and all animated creation were swept from being, except that favored remnant, spared alone as worthy of exis-

tence. In this awfully sublime desolation, which was visited upon the wickedness of man, the enduring mercy of the Creator is again predominant, staying the force of that vengeance which the degradation of human nature had so justly provoked. While the Father of the race in the language of history, is represented as "repenting that he had made man," the kindlier attributes of the Deity are eminently displayed in the restoration of the fallen creature under circumstances and accompanied with symbols and tokens, which evidenced his design to re-establish the primitive relations. The principle of companionship was still maintained in the preservation of two of each species of animated nature, and as a token of love, the message of Peace was personified in the artlessness and gentleness of the Dove.

Once more man, re-created, peopled the earth, and in the dignity of his nature walked after the councils of that Brotherhood in which he was first formed. This was the patriarchal state—man in this age reflected eminently the fraternal relations of life, in the pure and unadorned simplicity of his character—he was affectionate, truthful, obedient, and acted from a consciousness of his Divine origin, illustrating in the integrity of his life, the bright and exalted virtues of Brotherhood, especially in the supremacy which his reason and kindlier feelings achieved and maintained over human passions.

As time progressed, the creature degenerated, and in rapidly tracing his history, we are called to mourn over his departure from those high examples of humanity in the patriarchal state which perpetuate as monuments upon the surface of time the pure and fraternal spirit of the age. There is no more remarkable instance, at least for the moral which it affords, than that sereing of the innate principle of brotherhood, which ultimated in the elevation of Joseph, the son of Jacob, in a strange land. He was the victim of his degenerate brethren, and the very wrong of which he was the passive subject, was made, in the return which he rendered for the injury inflicted, a most touching, beautiful and sublime illustration of that sentiment of brotherhood which it was from the beginning, the controlling design of Deity to cherish and uphold. The character of the Ruler of Israel, and that of his brother, the High Priest, may be peculiarly cherished by Odd Fellowship, as presenting in after time, another remarkable instance of the prominence which has ever distinguished the exhibition of the natural principle of human brotherhood, in the fellowship and affectionate sentiment which prevailed between them in uninterrupted purity, notwithstanding the elevation of the younger, in all respects over the senior brother. The circumstances of the birth of the deliverer of his brethren from the captivity of him

" Whose ruthless hand had poured
From infant breasts the purple tide of life;"

his escape from the vengeance of a wicked king, the tenderness and compassion of the Royal Virgin, which preserved the offspring of the Hebrew mother, all mingled in one group, present, in remarkable contrast, the predominance of the gentler and kindlier qualities of the human heart over the evil passions which had almost universally

estranged the creature from all similitude with the image in which he was formed. It would be a profitless consumption of your time to follow the progress of the race of man further than the period we have reached, when the Egyptians had abused their learning and the Jews had polluted the institutions of God, and fallen into debasement from that high knowledge and reverence of the Deity which distinguished their fathers. We have ran over nearly half the period of time from the creation, and have discovered man to be designed by his great Creator to reflect attributes of character which are antagonist to his predominant passions. We have seen that his primitive and natural relation is that of brotherhood, and that the Deity has afforded the strongest indications in the early ages of the world of the inseparable association of this leading feature in the character of man with true happiness.

Here we find the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. We are banded as a Fraternity, concentrating our energies in one united effort throughout the world, to bring man back to those close relations of life, which from the beginning he was designed to occupy, and from the cultivation of which he is estranged by the mastery which passion has obtained over his better nature.

In tracing the source of the principles of Odd Fellowship to the first and only one of the human species, and in attempting to derive the principle of fraternity from the creation, I must not be suspected of falling into the absurdity sometimes taught that Adam was the first Odd Fellow. All that I mean to say is, that in creation is to be found the first source of brotherhood, the departure and estrangement from this principle superinduces the triumph of passion and vice,—has in all times and ages so done. Among the efforts of men to arrest the rule and power of the antagonist principle, Odd Fellowship intervenes with its system, and earnestly and incessantly, actively and eloquently, teaches and practices the truth of universal brotherhood. Thus you have, in the rapid review of Sacred History, presented to you the real source of the principles of Odd Fellowship. I know that it has been not unusual on occasions like the present, to claim for Odd Fellowship affinity with secret institutions which had their origin in periods of time when the passions of men were fiercest, and the midnight of idolatry overshadowed and blighted the gentler promptings of the human heart. I am here to repudiate such association. Pagan history has been invoked as affording among the votaries of science, the teachings of philosophy, and the Priests of her worship, the germs from which emanated the principles of our Order. Among the groves of the Druids, where man substituting the type for the great Original, as the object of his worship, bowed in adoration to the oak and the mistletoe, to the sun, the moon and the glittering firmament, it has been gravely said that Odd Fellowship dwelt in early times.

Such disquisitions may serve to gratify the fancy which weaves them, but do not advance the cause of the Order, because they do not reflect truth. The errors of the past are no longer hallowed; public opinion probes to their profoundest depths, systems and doc-

trines, and neither the record of centuries, nor the dogmas of their philosophy, can evade its scrutiny. Antiquity may lend a just influence to principles, which are in themselves right, proper, elevated, but **can** neither consecrate vice, nor cover up the degradation of man. **We** may linger in admiration among the desolated monuments of once great nations, whose attainments in the arts and sciences have perhaps not been equalled. We may revel in the beauty and sublimity of their literature, yet it were a work of profitless toil, in such scenes, to hope to discern evidences of the moral excellences of man which led him to association in the cause of humanity. It is true that the Priests and teachers of Egypt practised and taught what is called the secret principle. They had also certain rites, forms and ceremonies; they initiated candidates after certain preparatory training; they also conferred degrees from the lesser to the greater. It is not less true that the Philosophy of Greece had attained to the knowledge of the Divinity, and the great mystery of Pythagoras as derived from the secret institutions of the Egyptians, of which he was doubtless an initiate, may have been the Unity of the Deity, as opposed to the Polytheism of the age. It is certain that the subject of Religion formed a part of the purpose of their secret institutions, but it was not by any means their sole object. Egypt we are informed was the first among the nations of the earth to cherish learning. Geometry, Astronomy, and Astrology originated with this people.

Architecture was here first reduced to a science, and the high degree of perfection to which it attained is evinced in that admirable order of structure which has stood unrivalled for ages, still stands inimitable, and so long as time shall last is destined to endure. They excelled also in agriculture in so far that we are informed in scripture, that many nations were tributary to them for grain. It is not then improbable that the secret institutions of Egypt had their origin in the infancy of science and the arts, whose gradual development was made known only to the initiate.

There can be no doubt but the Priests taught, in the body of their seclusion, the arcanas of their religion, from which the masses were wholly excluded; and notwithstanding the gross darkness in which Egypt as a nation was involved in relation to the Deity, the doctrine of His Unity it is believed was derived by Pythagoras from Egypt, which he could alone have received from the learned of that nation in the recesses of their secret institutions. The general learning which the Magi of Egypt had compassed, including their proficiency in the arts and sciences as well as their theory of moral philosophy, was in all human probability cherished in those secret bodies, which were instituted doubtless to exclude from the vulgar gaze a knowledge which it is certain but few of that people ever possessed. Whatever may have been the object of the Egyptian secret institutions, whether employed as nurseries of science, or asylums for the free exercise of the true light of Deity, which had dawned upon the elevated genius of their priest, or whether a mere device to secure the permanence of the idolatry of the age, is wholly unimportant in this inquiry. Although we may discover a similitude in the fact of initiation, in rites, ceremonies and in gradation

of degrees, between those institutions and Odd Fellowship, we will find no trace of the principles of Fraternity which distinguish eminently our affiliation; on the contrary it is scarcely to be doubted that the religion and philosophy of the age, constituted the leading objects of their formation and existence — nor from the secret principle which was cherished in Greece, can any other object be deduced, unless it may be found in the enlargement of that Philosophy which rent in twain the veil that had long secluded truth, and openly proclaimed the Unity of God. Nor again is there less of fable in the ingenuity which would discover the origin of Odd Fellowship in the Roman camp, distinguished as it was for subservience to the basest passions, where strife and discord held supreme sway, and the uplifted arm of man was ever ready to strike down his brother man — where the high culture in science and literature which prevailed, so far from affording those salutary checks and restraints upon human passions which is its peculiar office, was whelmed amid the din of war, in fierce struggles for power and dominion, in the violence of might over right, in the triumph of the strong over the weak.

We must turn my brethren from the contemplation of ages and nations, whose education and history indicate nothing of the gentleness of man's original nature, nor of those elevated qualities of mind and heart which are inseparable from that Fraternity which Odd Fellowship seeks to re-establish and maintain as the true relation of men. We must leave behind the enemies of *eternal truth*, the ministers and priests of idolatry, renowned for learning it is true, but a learning incomprehensible to us, since it but served to lead them from the proud eminence of intellect to the depths and degradation of idolatry. We must turn from the martial sentiment, to which all else became obedient in the councils of the Roman people.

Our principles could have no resting place among a people, where the returning brother, bearing thick upon him the trophies of his triple murder, struck in death the sister whose loud wailings at the fate of her betrothed intervened to check the exultations of his bloody triumph — nor in the amphitheatre where deafening shouts were wont to rend the air in revelry amid the moans of the dying gladiator — nor in the heart-rending scenes and cruelties which distinguished the dawn of that glorious era, which bursting upon the world in the ripeness of time, proclaimed once more the vivid truth of man's fraternity, and taught the binding of the nations in the bonds of peace. No, my brethren, we do not seek such sources for the origin of our Fellowship, nor do we find in them a similarity of character. The Spirit of Love and Truth, nor the genius of Benevolence may be found among the Pagan race. However refined in science and literature, they lacked that elevated and peculiar culture, which prompts to fraternity — the culture of the human heart. Strong and ardent as was their love for learning, they were not less devoted to sin and crime — sympathy for distress, relief to suffering humanity, care for the dead, formed no part of the objects of their mystic rites — to augment the sum of human happiness, or lessen the weight of human sorrow, failed to enlist their energies, and turning from the cultivation of Benevolence, for the more congenial promptings

of ambition, their history indicates the continuous triumph of passion over reason, and the very monuments which immortalize their skill, evidence often their love of violence and insatiate thirst for power.

Odd Fellowship invokes not the aid or sanction of such ages to consecrate its principles, and if in truth these could be summoned to attest its antiquity, they would rather awaken just indignation against its character, than serve to commend its merits to an enlightened public opinion.

Dismissing therefore, and I hope forever, the Oracles of Egyptian or Grecian Philosophy, and the still more absurd pretences which would discover the source of Odd Fellowship in the Roman Camps; and assuming that its benign principles have been drawn from the image reflected upon man in his creation, let us turn to a truthful narrative of the origin of Odd Fellowship, and its capacity to compass the brotherhood of man.

Benevolence was from the beginning, and was most purely illustrated among the nations who recognized and worshipped in sincerity the true God. The history of Fraternity is but the history of such people from the earliest ages of the world, of which the Old Testament affords an authentic record. It, therefore, is the Fountain from which flow the great moral lessons that Odd Fellowship aims to inculcate. Here we may look alone for the source of the principles of our Order, indicating as they do the social ties in the greatest vigor among men by whom the distinctions of life were only regarded as incidents to human happiness, and among whom elevation of character was successfully attained in the rivalry of generous and kindly offices; and from this authority, my brethren, we learn that man was constituted one vast brotherhood, with principles of love deeply planted in his bosom and co-extensive with life itself. So great has been the publicity given to the real history of Odd Fellowship, that, I presume, there is no brother here who is not fully informed on the subject. All that we know of it has over and again, in a variety of forms, been imparted to the brotherhood, and I shall not therefore weary you with a recapitulation of details, with which the official documents of the Order have made you perfectly familiar. However humble the origin of Odd Fellowship, and I may add, however ill adapted in its inception to the great end for which it now so successfully exerts its unremitting efforts, we take no reproaches in openly proclaiming its truth. We do not claim that its capability for good, its value to man, and its usefulness to society at large, are commensurate with its origin in England or America. You art not ignorant, nor is the world ignorant of the fact that Odd Fellows were originally convivial men, and as such, were the subject of reproach in both hemispheres for many years. Nor is it to be wondered that public opinion firmly and successfully opposed the progress of the Order in its early day. It must in candor be admitted, that much of the prejudice to which it was then subjected was not wholly unmerited. It could not be expected that an enlightened community would regard favorably the professions of an order of men, which, while it claimed by its influence and principles the office of elevating the standard of human character, afforded but little evidence of the

truthfulness of such professions in the practice which was known to constitute its leading element. However beautiful its theory, men were indisposed to confide in its fitness as an agent of good, when they regarded its example as wanting in a proper deference to a healthy public sentiment. Honor, enduring honor is due to the spirit which in appreciation of the adverse tone of public opinion and its just condemnation, imparted that regenerating influence, which, acting like the vivifying dews of heaven upon the drooping plant, first gave health and vigor to its principles. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which we are a scion, it is known to you had its origin in Manchester, Great Britain, in the year 1809. Odd Fellowship as a germ is of much earlier date, and may be traced to the middle of the eighteenth century. James Montgomery, the celebrated Poet, composed, in 1788, an Ode, as we are informed in his Biography, for a Society in London, whose motto was "Friendship, Love and Truth," which beyond all doubt was a Society of Odd Fellows.

" When Friendship, Love and Truth abound
Among a Band of Brothers,
The cup of Joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others."

It is no difficult thing to determine from the sentiment conveyed in the lines of the Poet, that this was the early Odd Fellowship from which we derive the name. We have but little concern with the origin of Odd Fellowship, and it would therefore be a profitless research to carry our inquiries into its history, since there is nothing but the name by which any similitude between original Odd Fellowship and that of the Independent Order may be discovered. It is perhaps appropriate, however, to inform you, that there are many ramifications of Odd Fellowship from the parent stock in England, all of which form distinct communities, holding no intercourse with each other, and each claiming to strive in the cause of human benefaction, under the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth. Among the most prominent are the following. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Manchester Unity, from which we derive our being, numbering about 400,000; The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows, Sheffield Unity; Ancient Order of Odd Fellows, Bolton Unity; Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Nottingham Unity; United Order of Odd Fellows, Leeds Unity; Imperial Order of Odd Fellows, Paddock Unity; Independent Reformed Order of Odd Fellows. The last, it is to be hoped, may prove what its name indicates, a Reformed Order of Odd Fellows in England.

The Grand Lodge of the United States has recognized the year 1819 as the period in which the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was first introduced into this country, in the formation of Washington Lodge, No. 1, at Baltimore, under the lead, and by the efforts of P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey. Of the several scattered Lodges which are authenticated as in existence before that period, it is wholly unimportant for our history to claim any relation with them, since, as a body, official sanction has fixed and limited the existence of our Order to they ear 1819. I have already said that the value of our Order, as a pure unmixed scheme of philanthropy, was by no means commensurate with its first institution. This is a truth which belongs to a faithful review

of its history. That elementary reform to which all that is great in the present vast affiliations of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in this country owes its being, took place about the year 1824, by the concurrent vote of Washington and Franklin Lodges in the city of Baltimore.

From this period, Odd Fellowship, which had hitherto languished under the influence of public disfavor, advanced. Its steps for a few years were feeble, not unlike the slow and gradual struggle to convalescence. The year 1828 was the true period of its healthy motion — here commenced a new era in its history. Fourteen Lodges, four Grand Lodges, and a constituency of some five hundred in number, formed its entire force in September, 1828. In the succeeding year its strength was increased two fold, and borne forward from thence in one uninterrupted flood tide, it has extended itself to every part of North America. With its increase in extent and numbers, also commenced a corresponding improvement in the details of its work and discipline, which, gradually maturing from year to year, has given to it a system of government conforming in all respects to the political institutions of the country.

Odd Fellowship now awoke from its lethargy, attracting to its temples crowds of the virtuous and the wise, and the institution which but a few years before was too little known to be respected, took rank among the benevolent efforts of men to promote the happiness of the race. The germ which had long lain dormant, vivified by the impulse it had received from the brethren of 1824, rapidly overcame every obstacle which hitherto had successfully impeded its growth. Every year of its succeeding course "teems with fresh proofs of its utility and blessings." The first cause which gave being to the Order, was thus made the real principle which advanced it to honor and value. In 1823 it was under the control of the G. Lodge of the United States, introduced within the borders of this Commonwealth. Massachusetts Lodge and the Grand Lodge of the State were first formed, to which succeeded six other Lodges. The Order progressed for a few years with limited success, until 1829, '30, '31, when the first five numbers gave way; to these No. 6, and the Grand Lodge were added in the succeeding year, and finally No. 7, which had struggled on until 1836, completed the common fall of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts. The last hope for the Order in your State, it was then believed, was extinguished. But, my brethren, the spectacle which we are permitted this day to witness in your metropolis, this multitude which has come up from the North and the South, the East and the West, to share in the rejoicings of this day, the scene now before us, about us, and upon our every side, indicate in a language which cannot be mistaken how illusory were our fears. The fire of '23, kindled by my veteran friend who now sits by my side upon this consecrated soil, although cheerless and languishing, was unextinguished. After a lapse of years, under kindlier culture and better auspices, the long lingering sparks again revived — a few of its early friends renewed their love for it, breathed life once more into the neglected embers, and on the memorable 22d of June, 1841, Massachusetts Lodge was re-established —

to commemorate which we are assembled this day. We are here from every quarter of the Republic, your plighted brethren, to share with you in the festivity which the occasion so appropriately invites.

You have rebuilt a fallen institution, of which not the least vestige remained — you have given to it character, strength and permanence — you have placed it alongside the Empire and the Key Stone States in Odd Fellowship, in advance of your elder sisters in the confederacy, and this you have accomplished within the brief period of four years. You have, therefore, the most abundant cause of self-gratulation in the retrospect, while the scene which your brethren from abroad this day witness, cannot fail to inspire in them a spirit of generous emulation. The history of your success in this distinguished State is a correlative of the unparalleled triumph of Odd Fellowship in every part of civilized North America. The great confederated army now enrolled under the banner of Friendship, Love and Truth, on this continent, falls but little short of 100,000 souls, constituting over 600 Lodges, scattered from the Saint Lawrence to the Brazos. In our own Republic, there is no considerable town or village without its Lodge of Odd Fellows, all acting with one common heart in the cause of humanity, pledged as citizens also to the integrity of our Union, adding the tie of Brotherly Love to the firm bond of Patriotism.

The authors of Odd Fellowship in this country have labored vigorously, nobly — during a period of seven and twenty years have they toiled in moulding and giving proper efficacy to the system which they founded. Yes, I repeat the remark, the system of Odd Fellowship which they founded. It is true that Bro. Wildey, its acknowledged and undisputed founder, brought with him the name from England, but the moral structure which he and his associates have erected out of this material, has derived neither stateliness nor character from the parent land. The daughter has, in filial respect, time and again, offered to impart her own comeliness to the mother, by infusing into her councils the true elements of moral power; but, she is wedded to her old errors. The institution is ours, “ours to preserve, ours to transmit;” it has been framed by our own Fathers — they are still among us, standing as it were amid their posterity, and whatever is valuable, whatever is excellent in it, I repeat it, derives its being from them. Let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to preserve and perpetuate it as we have received it.

BRETHREN OF MASSACHUSETTS — The institution of Odd Fellowship came not among you dignified with the splendor of illustrious origin. It could not boast the sanction of distinguished public men, nor claim a long line of titled ancestry — no gorgeous wreath of fame encircled its brow. It came in all humility, as a simple, unostentatious, yet efficient scheme for the enlargement of man's capacity for good. How then has it taken such firm root in your soil? What has been the magic influence which it has exerted upon your affections, that in four short years, six thousand citizens of a community distinguished for every quality of mind and heart which adorn and dignify human nature, should have enrolled themselves under its banner? What is this Fellowship among men, which, unwilling to bear up within your own.

State lines, you have scattered broadcast throughout all New England, whose host is here this day, to swell the note of joy, and cheer you on to still greater efforts in this good cause? It is neither magic nor mystery by which your love for Odd Fellowship has been secured. The time has been when the achievement of such a moral triumph as our Order exhibits in your State, could alone have been the reward with which the influence of power and high place might invest the effort, but the thousands now banded in Massachusetts, for deeds of good, claim no such aids. Their lever has been the simple promptings of pure hearts, the unaided force of moral precepts and elevated examples, acting upon enlightened man. Within your State has Odd Fellowship found a genial home — upon this soil, hallowed by so many sacred and patriotic reminiscences, consecrated by the sufferings and resolution, by the undying integrity and devotion to civil liberty which animated your fathers in their exile for conscience' sake — here where their descendants, sharing in the paternal spirit, cherished with pious love, the innate sentiment of human freedom imbibed with their mothers' milk — here, where was first rocked the infant Hercules, destined to burst asunder the chains that were forged to bind captive human rights and human happiness — here, where was first conceived the embryo of that system of government which is the chart of all the blessings which, as a people, we enjoy — Massachusetts! whose name is associated with all that is glorious and pure and hallowed in the struggles of our Fathers, "where Liberty raised its first voice," — this, this is a congenial soil for the growth of Odd Fellowship. When the memorial of your gratitude which has perpetuated the rock upon which your Pilgrim Fathers first landed — when the sacred inspirations of this hallowed spot shall fail to preserve the institutions which they warmed into life, in the vigor and freshness of youth — when that noble shaft which lifts its proud peak amid the skies, the emblem of affections cherished for the memory of the gallant dead, whose bones lie mingled with the soil they so nobly defended — when these shall have mouldered away and shall be no more, will Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, still dwell in the innermost shrine of the American heart — these — these shall be the monuments of your glory, to endure while Freedom survives.

FORMATION OF THE PROCESSION.

After the Exercises at Faneuil Hall, which occupied about an hour and a quarter — the members of the Order were active in assembling at their appointed places of meeting, preparatory to proceeding to the Common to join in the grand Procession.

Of course the streets were densely thronged — and what with the forming ranks of the different Lodges and Encampments, at various points of the city — the brilliant array of ladies and children, and the hurrying to and fro of our country friends, we never witnessed a more animated or pleasant scene. Add to this, the magnificent regalia, the splendid banners, the multiplied emblems, and the superb music of the

bands, and the whole constituted a brilliant and glorious spectacle, that justified all previous anticipations, and probably exceeded any thing of the kind that has been witnessed on this side of the Atlantic. The fragments of the grand procession were moving from their various forming stations to the Common until 12 o'clock, where they were formed in open column by BRO. ALBERT GUILD, Chief Marshal. At one o'clock, they left the Common through Park street entrance, and passed up Tremont street upon the route prescribed, in the following order.

Subordinate Lodges.

MARSHAL, with Baton.

MUSIC.

O. G., with drawn sword.

Aid.

BANNER.

Aid.

INITIATORY MEMBERS.

MEMBERS OF 1st DEGREE.

do.	2d	do.	} Six abreast
do.	3d	do.	
do.	4th	do.	
do.	5th	do.	

S. S.,	}	TREASURER,	}	S. S.,
with White Wand.		Cross Keys.		with White Wand.
Warden,	}	SECRETARY,	}	Conductor,
with Black Spear.		Cross Pens.		with Black Spear.
Supporter.		CHAPLAIN.		Supporter.
Supporter.		PHYSICIAN.		Supporter.
His Supporters,	}	V. G.,	}	His Supporters,
with Blue Rod.		Gavel.		with Blue Rod.
His Supporters,	}	N. G.,	}	His Supporters,
with Scarlet Rod.		Gavel.		with Scarlet Rod.

I. G., with drawn Sword.

Subordinate Encampments.

MARSHAL, with Baton.

MUSIC.

I. G., with Sword.

Aid.

BANNER.

Aid.

2d S. of N., with	}	J. W.,	}	1st S. of N. with
Badge of Office.		Hook.		Badge of Office.
		PATRIARCHS, four abreast.		
Supporter.	}	TREASURER,	}	[Supporter.
		Cross Keys.		
Supported by	}	SCRIBE,	}	Supported by Gu.
Past Gu.		Cross Pens.		
4th W.,	}	S. W.,	}	3d W.,
with Hook.		Hook.		with Hook.

2d G. of T.,	}	H. P.,	}	1st G. of T.,
Badge of Office.	}	Mitre.	}	Badge of Office.
2d W.,	}	C. P.,	}	1st W.,
Hook.	}	Crook.	}	Hook.

The procession consisted of Twelve Divisions. The Massachusetts Lodges formed Four Divisions, six abreast.

Aid.	CHIEF MARSHAL.	Aid.
Aid.		Aid.
Division No. 1,	consisted of Lodges from 74 to 56 inclusive.	
"	2, from 55 to 40.	
"	3, from 39 to 21.	
"	4, from 20 to 1.	
"	5, Lodges from New Hampshire.	
"	6, Lodges from Maine.	
"	7, Lodges from Connecticut.	
"	8, Lodges from Rhode Island.	
"	9, Lodges from New York.	
"	10, Encampments from New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, 4 abreast.	
"	11, Encampments from Maine and Massachusetts, 4 abreast.	
"	12, Grand Encampment, 2 abreast, and Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, 4 abreast.	

Followed by carriages with G. M., D. G. M., Orator, Chaplain, Invited Guests, &c., &c.

A more particular description of the order in which the Lodges moved in the procession, and of the banners, &c., is the following, which we copy from the Bee:—

SUFFOLK TEMPERANCE BAND.

Pocomtuck Lodge, No. 57, instituted May 16, 1844; banner, plain white satin, neat.

Worcester Lodge, No. 56, of Worcester; banner, pale blue satin; motto, "Do good and fear not."

Atlantic Lodge Marblehead, No. 55; white satin banner, with figure of a female succoring three children, and the motto, "Faith, Hope and Charity;" very sweet and expressive. Executed by Wm. Bartol.

Hobah Lodge, No. 53, South Boston; banner, beautiful,—presented by the ladies of South Boston.

Agawam Lodge, No. 52, instituted Nov. 1844; very pretty banner, presented by the ladies of Ipswich; having for its motto the scriptural text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Tisquantum Lodge, No. 46, Milford; banner, crimson, with device and motto; instituted Sept. 30th, 1844.

Framingham, No. 45. A beautiful white satin banner, with gold trimming, presented by the ladies. Devices: All-seeing Eye, Clasped Hands, and Holy Bible, with the Scales. Motto—"The orphan's friend we'll ever be."

CONCORD BAND.

Concord Lodge, No. 50, instituted Oct. 22, 1844; crimson banner, very neat. Veritas Lodge, No. 49, from Lowell, established October 1844; with a very handsome banner, of blue and white satin, with silver fringe and tassels. One side bore the design of a bee-hive, with the motto, "Be honest industrious, and temperate;" the reverse pictured the Omnipotent Eye and Bible with scales, and the motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

King Phillip Lodge, No. 44, Taunton; banner, represents the head and bust of an Indian Chief.

Quinsigamond No. 43. White and silver. Devices: The Ark resting on Mt. Ararat; the Bow of the Covenant in the distance, — a rich and beautiful design, and attracted much attention. Motto in Latin: "*Ecce ego statuo pactum meum vobiscum*" — I establish with thee this covenant forever."

Pacifick Lodge, No. 42, Boston; banner, white ground; design, a child, a lion and a lamb; motto, "In God is our Trust."

Macedonian, Lodge, No. 47. A beautiful specimen of needle-work, entirely wrought by the ladies, gorgeous and beautiful. Motto, "Onward and upward."

NEW BEDFORD BRASS BAND.

Acushnet Lodge, No. 41, of New Bedford; a new banner, with the single expressive word "Amicitia," (friendship) illustrated by joined hands.

KENDALL'S BRASS BAND.

Bay State Lodge, No. 40, Lynn; banner, motto "In God we Trust."

Shawmut Lodge, No. 37, of Boston; a red and white banner, bearing the portrait of an Indian with the appropriate invocation — "May the Great Spirit guide us!"

EAST BOSTON BAND.

Maverick Lodge, No. 36, East Boston; banner, white ground, device Ark, Dove and Innocence joining hands with Hope. Motto, "In God we Trust."

WALTHAM BAND.

Prospect Lodge, No. 35, Waltham; instituted June 1st, 1845; with a really beautiful banner, presented them by the good ladies of their pretty village, commending its possessors to the bonds of "Friendship, Love and Truth," and the humane appeal, "Befriend the widow and protect the orphan."

Montezuma Lodge, No. 33, Boston; banner magnificent, painted by Savory. Instituted February 1st, 1844. This Lodge was very strong in numbers.

MIDDLESEX BAND OF MALDEN.

Friendship Lodge, No. 24, of West Cambridge, instituted Sept. 26, 1843, red and white satin banner, chaste.

Monument Lodge, No. 19, E. Lexington; banner represents the Monument at Lexington, and is very pretty. Instituted Sept. 1843.

Covenant Lodge, No. 16, Boston. White satin banner, trimmed with silver bullion. Devices: a rich scroll and roses in wreaths, the scroll supported by two angels; in the centre, the Ark of the Covenant; below the Ark, the Holy Bible; and beneath the Bible, the three links over three arrows. Motto: —

Self-love and social at her birth began;
Union, the bond of all things and of man."

Tremont Lodge, No. 15, Boston; banner very handsome.

Bunker Hill Lodge, No. 14, of Charlestown; banner of very rich blue and white satin, portraying a trio of tents with two male figures in the foreground. The scroll is magnificently canopied, and the whole affair truly gorgeous.

White Mountain Lodge, No. 5, Concord, N. H.; banner extremely chaste and beautiful. Instituted, Feb. 7th, 1844.

Washington Lodge, No. 4, of Somerworth, N. H.; banner plain yet rich, with the motto "Let hospitality to the poor be kept up."

Wecohamet Lodge, No. 3, Dover, N. H.; banner neat and chaste.

Hillsboro' Lodge, No. 2, Manchester, N. H.; banner very neat, design similar to others given.

Granite Lodge, No. 1, Nashua, N. H.; banner expressive and pretty.

PORTLAND BRASS BAND.

Ligonia Lodge, No. 5, of Portland; chartered Nov. 21, 1843; white satin banner, picturing the charitable female and a corresponding motto—very elegantly got up.

Maine Lodge, No. 1, Portland; instituted Aug. 25, 1843; banner white satin with red border and tassels, very rich; design, a stag reposing under a tree; motto, *Dirigo*—reverse a horn of plenty and a sprig of myrtle.

Ancient Brothers' Lodge, No. 4, Portland; no banner.

Saco Lodge, No. 2; banner of white satin, with silver fringe and border in exquisite taste.

Mechanics Lodge, No. 11, Lowell, instituted Oct. 1842; banner, blue—reverse, light pink; motto, *Friendship, Love and Truth*—device, a cross entwined by a brazen serpent, a sprig of myrtle, and in each corner an open hand.

LOWELL BRASS BAND.

Merrimack Lodge, No. 7, of Lowell, instituted Nov. 1829—reinstated, Oct. 1839; banner of blue and crimson satin—designs a beehive, ark of safety, and dove with the olive branch—mottos "*ultimum et primum*" (last and first) and "*Protect the orphans.*" A superb affair!

HAVERHILL BRASS BAND.

Oriental Lodge, No. 10, Boston, instituted July 10th, 1842; banner, scarlet satin—reverse red, design, the All-seeing Eye. Reverse represents a widow and an orphan leaning on the anchor of Hope, and a Dove with an olive branch above; motto, "*Succor the widow and educate the orphan.*" *Friendship, Love, and Truth.*" A very splendid banner, painted by Burnham.

The Orientals, No. 68, of New York, were the guests of this Lodge. Theirs was a real Turkish banner, green and gold. They bore Turkish scimitars, and made a very handsome appearance. As they passed through Washington Street, a lady threw a most beautiful wreath of flowers upon their banner staff.

Crystal Fount Lodge, No. 5, of Woburn, instituted April 6, 1842; banner of the richest red velvet, worked with gold; and the motto "*Remember every sacred tie.*"

EAST WEYMOUTH BAND.

Weymouth Lodge—without any banner.

New England Lodge, No. 4, E. Cambridge. Two banners—one 20 years old, with the motto, *Friendship, Love, and Truth*; the other, one of the most beautiful upon the ground—one side portrayed the All-seeing Eye, and three marble columns; with the motto, "*Sunto perpetua.*" On the reverse side was an Eagle, with three links of a chain in its beak, representing *Virtue, Knowledge and Freedom*; the *Genius of Liberty* supporting the arms of *Massachusetts*, with the number of the Lodge. The whole upon a white ground, and the fringe was of silver. The border represented the arms of the several New England States.

Suffolk Lodge, No. 8, of Boston—splendid banner.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 31, Watertown—instituted July 28, 1844—banner plain, representing the All-seeing Eye.

Siloam Lodge, No. 2, of Boston, instituted May 16, 1822—reinstated Feb. 22, 1843. Banner of white satin with the most gorgeous crimson drapery—one side representing an aged man by the side of a pool of water, with the exhortation "*Go, wash in the pool of Siloam*"—the other shadowing the assurance "*Usque ad aras amicus*"—(*Friendship, till death.*)

Oberlin Lodge, No. 28, Lowell—instituted Nov. 4th, 1843—banner crimson on one side, blue on the other. Fringe of gold. Motto, *Friendship, Love and Truth*—*Faith, Hope and Charity, Protect the widow, succor the orphan and visit the sick.*

FLAGG'S BRASS BAND.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1, — satin banner of red, ground representing a widow and two children, with these words — "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan" — Reverse with plain white, with silver fringe and tassels.

SALEM BRASS BAND.

Essex Lodge, No. 26, of Salem — instituted Nov. 6th, 1843 — banner pure white. Motto, "In God we Trust."

Bethesda Lodge, No. 30, of South Boston, instituted Dec. 1843, banner presented by the ladies Dec. 30. 1844 — crimson and white satin, devices a sick man by the pool of Bethesda and an angel troubling the waters — the bar twined with serpents and a Dove with three links, representing Friendship, Love and Truth, suspended from its bill.

Winnisimmet Lodge, No. 24, Chelsea. Instituted Oct. 30th 1843. Banner, crimson and white, encircled with a flowing border of white watered silk, fringe and tassels. On one side the All-seeing Eye and the motto "In Deo Confidemus." The other side a picture representing a sick man in bed and a stranger tendering a purse to his distressed wife and child.

Bethel Lodge No. 12, of West Cambridge — scarlet banner, "Hope on, hope ever." Very neat. Motto — "We pledge ourselves to visit the sick, and relieve the distressed." The whole surmounted by a pure white dove.

Boston Lodge, No. 25, Instituted Oct. 21, '43 — red banner with gold fringe and tassels; device, Truth, riding in a chariot; motto, "Come and see."

Howard Lodge, No. 22, Charlestown. Instituted Oct. 10th 1843. Banner is very beautiful and correct view of Charlestown from Boston Harbor, including the Navy Yard and monument — motto, "She receives to give."

Franklin Lodge, No. 23, of Boston — very brilliant satin banner with purple fringe; motto, "Odd Fellows only when we speak and act like honest men."

KNIGHT'S BAND.

Warren Lodge, No. 18, Roxbury; instituted Aug. 10, 1843. Banner very chaste and pretty in the design, and beautifully executed. This Lodge was also strong in numbers.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 21, Andover; very chaste banner, presented by the ladies of Andover, June, 1845.

Chosen Friends Encampment, of Bordentown, N. J., with a most gorgeous banner.

SHETUCKET BAND.

Uncas Lodge, of Norwich, Conn., with a charming banner.

NATIONAL BAND OF PROVIDENCE.

Eagle Lodge, No. 2, and Hope Lodge No. 4, Providence; the former with a handsome banner.

Canonicus and Roger Williams Lodges, of Providence; no banners.

Hinman Lodge, No. 107, New York. Banner, a most splendid affair. This Lodge comprised a noble looking set of men, 102 strong.

Friendly Union Lodge, No. 1, Providence; instituted June 18, 1829 — reinstated Aug. 19, 1843. Banner very pretty.

Mechanics' Lodge, No. 113, New York; banner extremely beautiful.

Machigonne Encampment, No. 1, Portland, instituted Feb. 25th, 1844, nearly 100 strong, made a very beautiful appearance and attracted much notice.

Washington Lodge, No. 1, Baltimore; instituted in 1819 — banner bears a portrait of Gen. Washington. 100 members were present.

Merchants' Lodge, New York, a strong delegation of fine looking brothers with a magnificent banner.

PROVIDENCE BRASS BAND.

Narraganset Encampment, No. 1, Providence; 65 strong, very rich banner.

Mount Washington Encampment, No. 6, South Boston, instituted July 2d, 1844 — a very rich and costly banner, of dark purple velvet, with the inscriptions worked in letters of massive gold; trimmed with gold fringe without drapery. The embroidery was executed, gratuitously, by a lady residing on Mount Washington, for the Encampment. A truly magnificent affair.

BRIGADE BAND.

Tri-Mount Encampment, No. 2, Boston — Banner, black satin ground, trimmed with gold bullion, and richly festooned with royal purple velvet fringed with gold. On the front is represented a plain covered with tents—the three mounts in the back ground. Beneath, the motto, “Astra Castra Numen Lumen,” in letters of gold. On the reverse, “Tri-Mount Encampment. Instituted May 6th, 1843.” This banner was painted by Somerby, and is one of the most gorgeous of all.

Cocheco Encampment, of Dover, N. H., made a splendid appearance in their new and gorgeous regalia.

WILLIS'S NEW YORK BRASS BAND.

New York Lodge, No. 10, splendid banner.

LOWELL BRASS BAND.

Monomake Encampment, of Lowell, in magnificent regalia.

Jerusalem Encampment of Patriarchs, Baltimore, fifty strong, with a splendid banner.

Hope Lodge, of Philadelphia. No banner.

Richmond County Lodge, No. 88, of New York, very beautiful banner.

Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Norwich, Conn., fine banner.

WEST CAMBRIDGE BAND.

Menotomy Encampment, No. 3, of West Cambridge, a very rich banner.

Eastern Star Encampment, No. 2, Portland, instituted April 10, 1844; very splendid banner, with the arms of the State gorgeously depicted.

Nashoonon Encampment, No. 1, of Nashua, instituted May, 1844, banner of great brilliancy.

Middlesex Encampment, No. 9, of Malden, instituted April 7, 1845, gorgeous banner of rich satin, with drapery of luxurious elegance.

WOBURN BRASS BAND.

Bunker Hill Encampment, No. 5, of Charlestown, instituted June 8, 1843, one of the richest banners of the day, with a faithful picture of the Monument.

Massasoit Encampment, No. 1, of Boston, instituted Feb. 28, 1843 — most elegant banner, — motto, “By our works judge us” — ground, dark satin and gold; drapery suspended on a golden arrow, depending from a shepherd's crook. The design is an Indian (Massasoit) shaking hands with a Puritan, the whole beautifully surmounted.

BRIGHTON BAND.

Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, four bearers in an open wagon, supporting the new and splendid banner of the Lodge, painted by T. C. Savory, and which reflects great credit upon his artistical reputation. The satin both of the ground and drapery, is one of the richest texture and most brilliant hue, and the design, the Goddess of Liberty with Charity, supporting the arms of our State, strikingly and appropriately beautiful.—The All-seeing Eye and the symbols of Friendship, Love and Truth fill up a charming picture. The whole is surmounted by an Eagle, with outstretched wings, a fitting ornament to so gorgeous an affair.

The Procession (each Lodge and Encampment under the direction and supervision of its own marshals on horseback) passed through the following streets, viz. Tremont, Pleasant, Washington, State, Merchants' Row, South Market, Clinton, Blackstone, Hanover, Charter, Salem, Hanover, Tremont Row, Tremont street, to the Common.

On the arrival of the leading subdivisions of the column at the Park street entrance, the whole halted and formed into two lines — one on each side of the street — facing inwards and extending back through Tremont, down Hanover, Salem, Charter, and up Hanover to Blackstone streets. The rear then passed through the lines; thus reversing the procession, and bringing the seniors and guests in front of the Common.

THE DINNER.

The brethren then entered the grand Pavilion erected for their accommodation by Bro. John Wright, of the Tontine Restorator, and which was probably the largest structure of the kind ever raised in the country. Its length was 210 feet, breadth 196 feet; and the height of the centre sufficiently great to make the proportions symmetrical. It covered seventy-four long tables, on which were set plates for *seven thousand* men. These tables were all handsomely decorated with bouquets of flowers, and other ornaments, and supplied bountifully with the solid food and delicacies comprised in the following bill of fare : —

Boiled — Ham, Tongue, Corned Beef, Salpetre do., Corned Pork.
Roast — Beef, Veal, Chickens, Pig, Lobsters. *Pies* — Apple, Mince, Custard, Cranberry, Rhubarb. *Cake* — Sponge, Pound, Frosted.
Fruit — Nuts and Raisins, Apples, Oranges, Water Melons. The only liquors provided were water and lemonade.

The dinner was preceded by a short prayer, by the R. W. Grand Chaplain, Rev. John McLeish, of Malden, and when the cessation of hostilities upon the heavily loaded tables gave evidence that the cravings of appetite were appeased, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, P. G. William Hilliard, introduced to the company the M. W. Grand Master, Rev. Thomas F. Norris, who in a brief and earnest address welcomed the brethren from other States, and concluded with this sentiment : —

God speed those principles which control sectarian and political strife, and unite those distant in place and variant in opinion in one great brotherhood ; whose labors feed the hungry, clothe the naked, send hope to the widow, find a home for the orphan, watchers for the sick, and mourners and a grave for the dead.

Bro. Hilliard then gave the first regular toast : —

1. *The day we celebrate.*—It will long be remembered as the commemoration of an event constituting a new era in the philanthropic enterprizes of the age, designed and calculated to establish that great brotherhood among the members of the human family which God and nature designed for them.

The R. W. Deputy Grand Master, Newell A. Thompson, first Vice-President, next arose. He congratulated the brethren upon the greatness of the occasion which had brought them together and the magnificent manner in which the day had been commemorated. No celebration of the Order had been seen in any city like the one which Boston had that day witnessed, and the Odd Fellows of the country ought to be proud of it. He then paid a just tribute of praise to the eloquent address delivered by the orator of the day, and closed with the following sentiment : —

Maryland and Massachusetts—Their sons were found side by side contending for the great principles of our fathers in the days of the revolution ; may their sons ever be found side by side contending for the great principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.

2d regular toast. *The Grand Lodge of the United States of America.*

This sentiment was responded to by Past Grand Master Case, formerly of South Carolina, who ended by giving —

The tear-drop of sorrow wiped from the brow of the suffering brother, or the weeping eyes of the bereaved widow or orphan, the brightest jewel in the casket of Odd Fellowship.

3d regular toast. *The R. W. Grand Sire of the United States, Howell Hopkins.*—A bright luminary in the constellation of Odd Fellowship. We honor him for his virtues; we thank him for his devotion to the best interests of the Order; we sincerely regret his absence.

4th. *The Orator of the Day.*—We will long remember with gratitude his labor of love among us this day. May his distinguished and eminently valuable services to our institution be rewarded by an approving conscience, the respect of all good men, and the highest honors that our Order can bestow.

Brother Ridgely responded, in an effective speech of some length. He referred to the brilliant progress of the Order, and its glorious triumph over the opposition of all its enemies;—a triumph which had been gained not by any demonstrations of resistance or offence on the part of the Order, by calmly allowing their opponents to expend their enmity, while they consistently carried out their benevolent principles. They had thus enlisted in their favor a power greater than any power of nature — *the moral power* — and by this had conquered. He concluded by expressing his gratification at the unparalleled growth of the Order in this State since its revival in 1841, and in allusion to the event which they had met to commemorate, gave as a toast —

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts—Behold her resurrection!

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, Past Grand Master, followed Mr. Ridgely in some eloquent remarks upon the moral aspects of the day's proceedings. He described, in glowing language, the grandeur of the spectacle which had just been witnessed — the lengthened train, the soul-stirring music, the flashing banners, and glittering regalia — yet not in these did he see the chief beauty of the procession, but in the brotherly feeling that lay at the bottom of it all. In the fact that the men who composed it formed a part of the vanguard of that great army who fight not with shield and spear, but who with strong faith are contending for and hastening the day when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and men shall meet the world over as they did there that day, bound fast together by the triple links of Friendship, Love and Truth. He closed with an allusion to the men whose labors established the Order in this country, and gave as a sentiment —

The patriarch—the founder of the Order—Past Grand Sire Wildey.

The Grand Secretary, P. G. William E. Parmenter, 2d Vice-President, rose to extend a word of cordial greeting to the brethren from Pennsylvania. It was a matter of sincere congratulation that so large a delegation were present from that State, although it would be strange indeed if in the land of Penn the cause of brotherly love should fail to find a strong support. After alluding to the fact that heretofore Pennsylvania had in numerical strength stood second among the States subject to the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and promising that in the future she would find Massachusetts her rival in a high and honorable emulation to occupy that distinguished post, he concluded with the following sentiment:—

Odd Fellowship in the Keystone State—Its prosperity and its usefulness render it an honor and an ornament to the Order throughout the country.

P. G. George Alexander Smith, 3d Vice-President, after remarking upon some of the most prominent benefits of the Order — among which he considered the sympathy it generates between the citizens of distant States, as had been exemplified by the recent calamity at Pittsburgh, and as was seen in the large delegations of the brethren from various quarters who had responded so cordially to the invitation of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts — gave as a toast —

The Odd Fellows of New York and Massachusetts—May there never exist any barrier between them other than the river which separates the States.

This sentiment called up Past Grand Sire Kennedy, of New York, who replied in a pleasant speech, and closed by giving —

New England—Glorious in her origin and her history, but more glorious in her Odd Fellowship.

The following original Ode, written for the occasion by Rev. Bro. J. H. Clinch, was here sung : —

THE TRIPLE CHAIN.

Here, around this festal table,
Let thine influence, FRIENDSHIP, fall,
Binding, by a union stable,
All to each, and each to all!
Nor, alone, 'mid hours of gladness,
O'er us be thy wings outspread,
Guide us, in our scenes of sadness,
By the sick, the grieved, the dead.

Here, too, LOVE, at this our meeting,
Come, and warm each brother's breast;
Here let quickened pulses, beating,
Show thy power, o'er all, confessed!

Seldom have so many brothers
Met around one board before;
Draw each heart to all the others,
Ere they part, to meet no more.

TAUTH, may'st thou, too, hover o'er us!
Touch each lip, and touch each heart;
Never, with thy light before us,
Can we from the path depart.
By this triple bond united,
Brothers! we may stand secure;
May it ne'er be scorned or slighted,
But remain firm, bright, and pure!

5th regular toast. *The only correct expose of the secrets of Odd Fellowship ever published*—It may be found in the charities and good deeds of the Order, and the pure and spotless example of its members.

P. G. Raymond Cole, 5th Vice-President, after a few spirited and humorous introductory remarks, proposed the following sentiment : —

Rhode Island—The germ of Odd Fellowship implanted on her Plantations has taken deep root; may it spread its branches until each of her sons shall have plucked a bud, to be engrafted in his own heart.

Grand Master J. Wood, of Rhode Island, responded eloquently, happily remarking that "there was no Mason and Dixon's line in Odd Fellowship," and gave as a toast —

The mystic chain of Odd Fellowship—Although composed of only three links, it is long enough and strong enough to encircle the whole world.

6th regular toast. *The good schooner I. O. of O. F.*—Built by Odd Fellows, owned by Odd Odd Fellows, commanded by an Odd Fellow, her first voyage performed in the service of Odd Fellows! To what better purpose could an Odd Fellow's ship be devoted than to the cause of Odd Fellowship?

Of all the ships that plough the sea,
Odd Fellowship's the ship for me!

7th regular toast. *Past Secretary Robert Neilson*—A name identified with the history of Odd Fellowship in America—known wherever the institution is established—and honored wherever known.

THE ODD FELLOW'S SONG. — BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

What charm is found, to soothe each wound,
Like FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TAUTH?
Where these abound, true joy is found,
To cheer Old Age, or Youth;

The willing mind, by these inclined,
Its noblest powers employs,
Whate'er is kind, pure and refined,
Is the Odd Fellow's choice.

Our works shall bless the Fatherless,
And soothe the Widow's woe;
No dark distress shall them oppress,
No tear shall overflow
The Orphan's cheek, for we will seek
And shield the child of want;
We'll comfort speak, and raise the meek, —
The good man's wishes grant.

Our Order stands, raised by the hands
Of FRIENDSHIP, TRUTH and LOVE,
Through distant lands, these lovely bands
Shall always steadfast prove;

Our mystic sign, like Faith divine,
Shall our bright beacon be;
There, ever shine, with ray benign,
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

In union true, we'll oft renew
These holy, heavenly ties,
And still pursue ONE noble view,
All selfish acts despise.
Joyful we'll raise the hymn of praise,
For Peace and Harmony
On all our days shall shed their rays,
Guarded by secrecy.

8th regular toast. *The M. W. Grand Master Devotion, of Connecticut.*—His devotion to the interests of the Order demand our devotion to him of a sentiment expressive of our devoted attachment and respect.

By Grand Master Devotion. *The Order of Odd Fellowship*—May it advance until it embraces within its enclosure the whole family of man.

9th regular toast. *Past Grand Sire Wildey*—The venerated father of a numerous progeny. How must his heart leap with joy and his paternal feelings glow with delight when he sees so many olive branches around his table!

Past Grand Sire Wildey replied to this compliment in a few remarks which were characterized by deep feeling, and thus concluded:—"Permit me to offer up a most fervent prayer for your prosperity, and that, when our flickering lamp shall cease to burn, we may meet in that Grand Lodge above where our Great Master reigns in eternal glory."

10th regular toast. *Past Grand Master Daniel Hersey*—A name illustrious in the annals of Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts.

Past Grand Master Hersey replied. He expressed his gratification at seeing before him so many of the brethren from all sections of the country, and confessed that the progress of the Order had so much exceeded his most sanguine hopes, that had he been told four years ago that after so short a period he should see in the city of Boston what he had that day witnessed, he should have deemed the man insane. He referred to the malicious attempts that had been made in certain quarters to impede the prosperity of the institution, and concluded by offering as a sentiment—

Odd Fellowship—It has in the last four years advanced almost with the rapidity of steam power; let us but keep our principles fully in action, and it will require more than one Boston fanatic to throw us off the track.

The following letter from His Excellency Governor Briggs, who was prevented from attending the Celebration, was here read:—

Pittsfield, June, 17th, 1845.

SIR,—I have yours of the 3d inst, inviting me, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements for the Odd Fellows' Celebration in Boston, on the 19th inst., to be present at their dinner on that occasion. I thank the committee for their invitation, but my engagements will not allow me to accept it. Understanding the object of your association to be to promote the social virtues, allow me to offer the following sentiment:

The Fraternity of Odd Fellows — May they show their *oddity* by encouraging each other's virtues, correcting each other's errors, and by works of honesty and charity to their fellow men.

Respectfully yours,

GEO. N. BRIGGS.

11th regular toast. *The Governor of the State of Massachusetts.*

12th regular toast. *Grand Master Tyler, of New York*—As in Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures and the Arts, so also in Odd Fellowship the Empire State occupies the first rank.

P. G. Edward Stearns, 7th Vice-President, prefaced with appropriate remarks the following toast, complimentary to the New-Hampshire delegation :—

New Hampshire—and the principles of our Order as advocated by our brethren in that State. Like a city set upon a hill, they cannot be hid.

13th regular toast. *Past Grand Sire Kennedy, of New York*—Wherever Odd Fellowship is known throughout the globe, he will be known and honored as one whose name is enrolled among the fathers of the Order in the United States, and in later times as one of its most illustrious ornaments.

The exercises, as arranged by the Committee, concluded with the following song, written by Bro. D Russell :—

All hail, Odd Fellows true !
We meet here to renew
Our pledge of Love ;
From North and South we meet,
From East to West, replete
In unity replete,
Our Lodges move.

Here Number One, enrolled,
Let MASSACHUSETTS hold
The foremost place ;
Siloam next is there,
NEW ENGLAND, ever fair,
With BUNKER HILL, shall share
Resplendent grace.

There, in our noble line,
Let ORIENTAL shine,
A star of light ;
We hail her honored guests,*
For deep within our breasts
Generous affection rests,
With honor bright.

MECHANICS, COVENANT,
WARREN and MONUMENT,
FRIENDSHIP and HOPE,
ESSEX, QUINSIGAMOND,
SHAWMUT and AGAWAM,
MAY FLOWER, with TISQUANTUM,
Together cope.

BETHESDA, MORAN, there,
BOSTON and WORCESTER
And BERKSHIRE, too ;

Old BAY STATE don't forget,
FRANKLIN and LAFAYETTE,
PACIFIC, ACUSHNET,
All brothers true.

Behold, the EASTERN STAR
Shines brightly from afar—
O'er GRANITE hill ;
PENOBSCOT, WASHINGTON,
WHITE MOUNTAIN, HARRISON,
SABATTIS, GEORGIAN,
Our number swells.

Next, CHARTER OAK we'll name,
Already known to fame
And Liberty ;
THAMES, UNCAS, HARMONY,
MERCANTILE, CHARITY,
AH "steady," tried and true,
With joy we see.

Time fails to mention all
Who come with "friendly call,"
And motives pure ;
Welcome, thrice welcome here !
Friends, Brothers, ever dear,
United, firm, sincere,
Let Love endure.

Odd Fellows still we'll be,
In generous sympathy, —
It is our boast
Through bright prosperity,
Or dark adversity,
In life or death, to be
At Duty's post.

* Oriental Lodge, No. 68, New York city.

The following volunteer toasts were either proposed or forwarded to the toastmaster :—

By Past Grand William Ingalls, of Siloam Lodge. *A cure for moral leprosy*—A bath in the pool of Siloam.

By a Maryland Odd Fellow. *The hospitality of Massachusetts*—Only equalled by the beauty of her ladies.

By P. G. Edward Tyler, of Oriental Lodge. *The Star in the East*—In Odd Fellowship she will never be eclipsed by any other portion of our common country.

By P. G. Albert Guild. *The father of the Order in the Western hemisphere*—May the evening of his life be as tranquil and happy as its dawn and meridian have been honorable and useful.

By P. S. Davis, of Conn. *The rise of Odd Fellowship*—May it be like the morning star, its brightness constantly increasing.

By Bro. George L. Montague, of Oriental Lodge. *Odd Fellowship*—A beautiful temple, dedicated to the Goddess of Charity. Its walls have been reared by the hand of Truth, and laid in that cement Old Time can never crumble and life's rough storms beat against only to strengthen. With doors that are ever open to

virtue, yet barred gainst vice, and while those that have once crossed their threshold can for ever after gaze with admiration on the architectural beauty within its walls, to those without, its windows, like the various attempts to expose Odd Fellowship, only mirror back their own deluded imaginations; for its roof is a magic arch, and may it ever remain bound together by the key stone of secrecy.

By Charles F. Safford, N. G. of Maine Lodge, No. 1, Portland. *The principles of our Order*—We see in them the excellence of real religion—how they soothe in affliction, support in trial, and animate the soul in disappointment and hours of care.

By A. W. Thaxter, 3d. *Our Order*—A path leading onward and upward to Christian benevolence and the church; may the clergy look to it, and give it their support.

By Geo. W. Ellis. *Atlantic Lodge, No. 35, Marblehead*—

The mighty ocean's name it bears—
May it as boundless be,
In floods of Friendship, Love and Truth,
In waves of Charity.

By Bro. Isaac P. Clark, of Oriental Lodge, No. 10, Boston. *Oriental Lodge, New York, guests of Oriental Lodge, Boston*—Their principles, Friendship, Love and Truth, as ancient as their name—may they be their guide for the future, and their password, Excelsior.

By Bro. W. W. Shaw, of Providence. *The Ladies*—Their opposition to odd fellows is natural. May they be even with them, and assist in initiating them into the grand lodge of matrimony.

By Patriarch Fred. W. Nichols, of Eastern Star Encampment, Portland, and Chief Marshal of the Maine Encampments. *The Order in Massachusetts*—The State is our parent State—the Order are our elder brothers. With a brother's love, a father's care, it is then that we in Maine are what we are; they have put us in the right track, and we will walk in it.

In addition to the Odes written for the occasion, the company were gratified at proper intervals by music from the Brigade Band of this city, who were stationed on an elevated platform in the centre of the Pavilion, and added much to the pleasures of the occasion. At half-past six o'clock the brethren separated—many of them to depart in the evening trains for their distant homes, and others to prepare for the Levee in Faneuil Hall, which was to close the festivities of the day.

THE LEVEE.

The end crowns the work. To complete the chain of delightful entertainments which constituted our Celebration, there remained but to call into social converse those who during the day from the balconies and windows, with sweet smiles, had enlivened and encouraged the toilsome march. The opportunity was given by the splendid Levee which the gallantry and good taste of a committee of brothers had arranged at Faneuil Hall.

Old Faneuil in flowers! The dingy pillars were wreathed with garlands of roses and evergreen, and the heavy Doric capitals bore on their plain massy brows, unwonted clusters of Flora's loveliest gifts. The beautiful parasites clung in fragrant arches about the ancient windows, and depended in graceful festoons from the time-stained walls. How brilliant the lights! how inspiring the music! The banners of the Order glistened as they waved from the broad galleries or hung in

beautiful relief against a back ground of green leaves and tinted flowers. How delicious the atmosphere, as if the clear west wind had brought its fragrant burthen into the midst of our close and sultry habitations !

And into this enchanted hall came, in crowds, the beautiful and the manly. The friendly greeting, the gay laugh, the spirited conversation, and haply the sweeter and lower tones, which, breathed into words, must not be repeated if heard — gave animation and joy to the happy gathering. With the joyous circles mingled the patriarchs of the Order,—WILDEY, KENNEDY, HERSEY, and the many brothers honored and beloved by the fraternity. And above the assemblage, in gigantic letters, the motto of the Order, now not less visible to the eyes than ever constant in the hearts of true brethren, shone forth, with its magical words, the exponents of the emotions of those whose pulses throbbed in "Friendship, Love and Truth."

And eloquence had found its inspiration. CHAPIN, ever fervid and felicitous, moved every soul, prepared as were all to respond with deep feeling to his impassioned appeals. Skilfully, as a true master of oratory, did he use the many and varied influences which the place and occasion afforded, invoking the spirits of the mighty dead to quicken the affections of the living. Patriotism and philanthropy were the great themes of which he spoke, and in their advocacy he entranced his hearers with the glowing spirit and graceful charms of his oratory. Others uttered the words of power which the fitting season and delightful excitement brought readily and abundantly to their lips.

The gay throng were not confined to the precincts of Faneuil Hall, but passing a bridge which spanned the square, they entered one of the spacious apartments of Quincy Hall, in which more quietly than in the large Hall they pursued their amusements and enjoyment.

But ascend to the upper hall in the Cradle of Liberty. Behold the second triumph of the great Wright. Tables groan beneath the profusion of fruits. A thousand delicacies tempt the palate. It is a banquet, which, destitute of the means of inflaming and maddening those who partake of it, yields a healthful and temperate satisfaction to tastes uncloyed and unvitiated. Happily does it accord with the various arrangements which have given pleasure to all who have borne a part in the Celebration.

Our story is told. But not in papers and pamphlets alone is it written. The most perfect record remains in the memories of the brethren. It will not be soon that a similar occasion will happen so far excelling this Celebration in brilliancy and success as to efface its distinct and vivid recollection upon our minds.

[The Publisher has taken pains to give in this number of the Symbol as full and accurate an account of the recent Celebration of the revival of the Order in Massachusetts as could be obtained, and which may furnish interesting matter for reference hereafter. It is hardly necessary to say, to vindicate the Editor from the charge of egotism, that he is not responsible for the language in which his remarks at the dinner table and in Faneuil Hall are spoken of by the reporters.]

AUTHENTICATION OF VISITING CARDS.

THERE have been complaints from many members of the Order on account of the embarrassment which they have met with in visiting Lodges, particularly in New York. Their cards have been objected to as informal, inasmuch as they did not bear the counter-signature of the Grand Secretary. It will be found upon examining the records of the Grand Lodge of the United States, that this authentication is no longer required; the card should be filled up in accordance with the directions in the following article of the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States:

"ARTICLE 17. No brother can be admitted to visit or deposit his card in a Lodge or Encampment out of the State, district or territory where he resides, unless he present a card or certificate *under the signature of the officers and seal of the Lodge of which he is a member*, and endorsed with his name in his own proper handwriting and prove himself in the travelling P. W. and in the degree in which the Lodge is open. Provided, nevertheless, a brother may always visit if introduced by a Grand Representative, or other elective officer of the Grand Lodge under whose jurisdiction he wishes to visit."

It would be well for travelling brethren to refer to this By-Law whenever objection is made in the particular named. Of course no discourtesy is intended by the objection, and it is by no means surprising that in the change of regulations a mistake of this kind should occur.

A WORD OF THANKS TO OUR FELLOW CITIZENS.

WE take it upon ourselves to discharge the pleasant duty of expressing gratitude to those of our friends, ladies and gentlemen, who, on the day of the Celebration, provided an abundance of cold water and lemonade for the thirsty pedestrians in the procession. It was an act gratefully to be remembered; and was one of the many manifestations of kind interest on the part of those who were not of us, which satisfied the fraternity that their objects and purposes were understood and commended by the benevolent and intelligent of their fellow citizens. We wish our friends all happiness and prosperity, and a speedy introduction of "pure water" into their city "from the best source."

DEDICATION.

A new Hall was dedicated to Odd Fellowship in Andover on the evening of the 17th June. A beautiful banner was presented to Fidelity Lodge by the ladies at that place. We have been favored with a copy of the addresses delivered on presentation of the banner, which will appear in our next number.

We would also acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the addresses delivered at the presentation of a banner to Macedonian Lodge at Bedford by the Ladies of that place. Want of room compels us to defer their publication until our next number.

GRAND LODGE OF MAINE.

WE are indebted to Grand Secretary KINGSBURY for a copy of the Proceedings of the R. W. G. Lodge of Maine, at its Quarterly Session held in May last. Grand Master J. PRATT presented the following report:

"TO THE R. W. G. LODGE OF MAINE.

Officers and Brethren: — During the nine months which have passed since our last session, the Order of which we are members has continued to receive rich tokens of Divine and human approbation. Like the mighty oak, the Institution has thrown out its branches widely and strongly, and now stands before us firmly and deeply rooted, and blessing with its sheltering care thousands on every side. For such signal mercy, let us not be unthankful, but with true hearts, to God let us pay our full tribute of praise.

Since our last meeting, I have granted Dispensations for the formation of the following Lodges:

Hobomok,	- - - - -	Lodge No. 16, Bath.
Washington,	- - - - -	" " 17, Hallowell.
Orono,	- - - - -	" " 18, Orono.
Passamaquoddy,	- - - - -	" " 19, Eastport.
Harrison,	- - - - -	" " 20, Harrison.
Somerset and Franklin,	- - - - -	" " 21, Mercer.
Medomak,	- - - - -	" " 22, Waldoboro.
Schoodiac,	- - - - -	" " 23, Calais.
Androscoggin,	- - - - -	" " 24, Lewiston.
Acadia,	- - - - -	" " 25, Bangor.

It is my pleasant duty to report to you this continued healthy and flourishing condition of the Order. As you have already seen, a large number of new Lodges have been formed, and their reports abundantly testify that they are pursuing a most prosperous career."

Reports were made by twenty-three subordinate Lodges. From these reports it appears that, including the quarter ending October, 1844, and January and April, 1845, there were initiated 1465; rejected, 147; admitted by card, 93; withdrawn by card, 132; expelled, 1; suspended, 3; deaths, 7; whole number of contributing members, 2946. Amount of receipts, \$19,149.20. Amount in the hands of the Treasurer, \$1117 06.

UNITY LODGE, No. 77.

On the evening of the 3d June, the R. W. Grand Master, NEWELL A. THOMPSON, instituted in Encampment Hall, in this city, a new Lodge to be hailed and known as "Unity Lodge, No. 67, I.O.O.F.," and installed the following officers: Jephtha C. Bruce, N. G.; Sidney A. Stetson, V. G.; Levi Chubbuck, Recording Secretary; Stillman D. Willis, Permanent Secretary; John Carter, Jr., Treasurer. The dispensation was granted on the petition of thirty-eight brothers holding cards from Tremont Lodge, No. 15, and one from May Flower Lodge, No. 54. Among the brothers instituted there are four Past Grands, and many other experienced members of the Order, who are well known for their devotion to its interests; and there is, therefore, every reason to hope that the new Lodge will faithfully carry out the principles of Odd Fellowship, and add strength and respectability to our fraternity.

ALTOGETHER ODD.—A beautiful copper-fastened schooner, of about 80 tons, was launched from Williams & Wilson's yard, at Warren, Me. on the 1st ult. She is intended for a packet between Thomaston and Boston. Her name is the "I. O. of O. F." She was built by an Odd Fellow, is commanded by Capt. George C. Dow, who is also an Odd Fellow, and her first trip was on the 17th of June, when she brought a load of Odd Fellows to the Celebration in Boston, on the 19th of June. It will be very odd if she is n't well patronized.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—The *Pittsburg Ariel* says:—"Those who cavil at secret societies will feel more liberal towards them when told that in one mail fifteen letters, all containing bills or checks for money, were received at the post-office in this city, directed to the Lodges, for the benefit of those of their brothers who have suffered by the late fires."

Our correspondent "Essex" will please accept our thanks for his communications which appear in the present number. We hope to hear from him often. We should esteem it a great favor if the brethren generally would give us such information regarding the progress of the Order as may come under their notice.

The present number of the *Symbol* has necessarily been delayed a few days beyond the time of publication, in order to give a full account of the Celebration on the 19th.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles intended for the present number, are unavoidably omitted till our next.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

Massachusetts.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Hez'h Prince, GCP; Newell A Thompson, GHP; Tho's Barr, GSW; Nathaniel Y Culbertson, GJW; Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe; Raymond Cole, G Treasurer.

MASSARUIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; RM Baker, Treas.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Geo Norton, CP; Jos B Frost, jr, HP; Geo T Drinkwater, SW; J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Jesse P Pattee, CP; Duncan Macfarlane, HP; Woodman C Currier, SW; Charles Brooks, jr, JW; Ichabod Fessenden, Scribe; Wm L Clarke, Treas.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W Board, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgraves, JW; Abiel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Charles D Strong, CP; Charles H White, HP; Daniel Hall, SW; Samuel R Spinney, JW; Joseph Winsor, Jr, Scribe; Reuben Wheeler, Treas.

MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—E S Stearns, CP; G Watson, HP; John Huse, SW; T K Hills, Scribe; Geo Emery, Treas; Thos H Lord, JW.

ANNAPAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Elisha Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; SG Driscoll, SW; E B Sawin, JW; J C Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.

MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Walt, Treas.

WACUSSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; SS Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.

- NARANT ENCAMPMENT, No. 11.**—Henry A Breed, CP; Wm Reed, HP; Franklin Williams, SW; Wm B Hanners, JW; Jos R Bigelow, Scribe; Edward Carroll, Treas.
- SHALOM ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.**—Daniel Leach, CP; Horatio G Moore, HP; James Anderson, SW; A J P Whitcomb, JW; Geo P Burnham, Scribe, Ira Allen, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE**—Tho's F Norris, MWGM; Newell A Thompson, RWDGM; Solon Jenkins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r; Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.**—Geo A Smith, DM; A P Richardson, ADM; Lewis Wentworth, DADM; W G Mirkell, PG; E Goodwin, VG; Cha's Cobb, Sec; Wm B May, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE**—Wm H Calrow, DM; Jacob Barker, ADM; Gilbert E Peirce, DADM; Geo W Morrill, PG; N W Allen, VG; Geo Butts, Sec; J Chadburn, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE—Roxbury.**—A J P Whitcomb, DM; E G Scott, ADM; B F Campbell, DA DM; W J Twombly, PG; Ira Allen, VG; James Anson, Sec'y.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.**—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Brewster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.**—Richard Nuttall, NG; David Ayres, VG; E T Thompson, Rec Sec; A B Ely, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas; A P Cleverly, Chaplain; H-race Dupee, Physician.
- SILAM, No. 2.**—Edwin Brown, NG; Edwin Wise, VG; Geo P Geer, Rec Sec; John M Cielan, Per Sec; Arthur Stuart, Treas; J G Morse, Physician.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.**—Edward W Gibson, NG; Geo H Davies, VG; B P Leland, Sec; N P Brooks, Treas; Elbridge G Brooks, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.**—Geo Fairgrieve, NG; Wm Freeman, VG; S C Ames, Sec; Thomas Bair, Treas.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.**—John R Dow, NG; Eliasa Jacobs, VG; J E Reed, Rec Sec; A S Wheeler, Per Sec; Charles S Browne, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.**—W B Randolph, NG; John S Lamon, VG; W T Grammer, Rec Sec; S Thompson, Per Sec; Sumner Young, Treas; J M Duglin, Chaplain; S W Drew, Physician.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.**—Isaac Gale, Jr, NG; J H Hathorne, VG; E W Bumstead, Rec Sec; Isaac P Clarke, Per Sec; H W Vinal, Treas; Stephen Lovell, Chaplain.
- MACHANIC, No. 11.**—Mortimer Lyon, NG; John Billings, VG; E A Rice, Rec Sec; H L Orange, Per Sec; George R Rowe, Treas; Edward A Rice, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.**—Woodman C Currier, NG; Jno B Hartwell, VG; Addison Hill, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Sec; David P Lovejoy, Treas; S P Landers, Chaplain.
- NAZARENE NO. 13.**—David Sherman, NG; Sam'l H Phelps, VG; Geo S Wylie, Sec; Cha's A Stevens, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—Jos Burrill, NG; Daniel Johnson, VG; John A Smith, Rec Sec; J C Custer, Per Sec; Henry A Rice, Treas.
- TEBMONTE, No. 15.**—Lewi Wilkins, NG; J J Jennings, VG; Caleb S McClennon, Rec Sec; H Fuller, Treas; F T Gray, Chaplain.
- COVENANT, No. 16.**—Henry A Hall, NG; J W Phelps, VG; Benj Butler, Rec Sec; Wm Rogers, Per Sec; Carmi E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX LODGE, No. 17.**—Moses Sargeant, NG; Geo Baldwin, VG; Wm H Nichol, Sec'y; Jas B Homer, Treas; Rev John G Adams, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.**—Daniel Leach, NG; Charles Marsh, VG; Geo P Burnham, Sec; Asa Wyman, Treas.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.**—Horatio Wellington, NG; John Deals, VG; Samuel Greene, Rec Sec; Albert W Bryant, Per Sec; Wm E Cogswell, Treas.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—Chas H Morse, NG; Hosea Jewell, VG; Leonard Lyon, Rec Sec'y; Tho's B G Messenger, Per Sec'y; Samuel James, Treas; Lucius R Paige, Chaplain.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—G H Kittredge, NG; H Marshall, VG; James Bell, Sec; Stephen Dinsmore, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Geo H Childs, NG; Charles Poole, VG; David S Tucker, Rec Sec; Ebenezer White, Treas; ——— Brooks, Chaplain.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—Abel B Monroe, NG; E Oliver, VG; D C Davis, Rec Sec; Andrew McPhail, Jr, Per Sec; A A Watson, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain.
- WINNISISETT, No. 24.**—Wm B Pearmain, NG; Robert Davidson, VG; Cha's T Woodman, Rec Sec; Geo W Clark, Per Sec; S Batchelder, Treas; G W Otis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—D S King, NG; D D Brodhead, VG; Charles Cobb, Rec Sec; Andrew Reid, Per Sec; Geo P Clapp, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—Joseph A Goldthwait, NG; Richard Lindsay, VG; J D Sheppard, Rec Sec; Nath'l Symonds, Per Sec; Nathaniel Goldsmith, Treas; D K Merrill, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No. 27.**—Albert C Cole, NG; Wm Hawkinson, VG; Henry Osborn, Rec Sec; A A Wright, Per Sec; Eliphaz Trask, Treas.
- OSBORN, No. 28.**—Edward B Herrick, NG; Darius Forbes, VG; John H Nourse, Rec Sec; Sidney Davis, Per Sec; Weare Clifford, Treas; D H Jaques, Chaplain; Josiah Curtis, Physician.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—S Fitch, NG; D S Sprague, VG; B F Richards, Rec Sec; A J Rhodes, Per Sec; Lyman Dike, Treas.
- BATHESDA, No. 30.**—T D Cook, NG; Brewster Reynolds, VG; Thompson Baxter, Rec Sec; T S Strout, Per Sec; H W Fletcher, Treas; J H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.**—Joseph Gould, NG; Andrew Cole, VG; Bernard Snow, Sec; Emmons Partridge, Treas and Chaplain.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.**—Jas M Badger, NG; Wm H Johannot, VG; Fred'k A Peterson, Rec Sec; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec; Hugh H Tuttle, Treas; Jno Wuart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Phy.
- MONTSEUMA, No. 33.**—E H Doolittle, NG; E W Champney, VG; H A Scudder, Rec Sec; Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec; C F Bagley, Treas; ——— Lovejoy, Chaplain.
- HOPE, No. 34.**—Daniel Gleason, NG; A W Carleton, VG; W S Batchelder, Sec; Isaac Cross, Treas.
- PROSPER, No. 35.**—Geo F Adams, NG; Jesse Glover, VG; O Sawtell, Sec; Jno Pike, Treas.
- MAVERICK, 36.**—Jacob Barker, NG; Joseph Week, Jr, VG; R L Hinkley, Rec Sec; E M Cunningham, Per Sec; John Pierce, Treas; J A Merrill, Chaplain.
- SHAWMUT, No. 37.**—Joel M Holden, NG; Andrew Waukins, VG; Wm W Fletcher, Rec Sec; David C Barnes, Per Sec'y; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.

- SOUTHEGAN, No. 33.**—Geo W Dix, NG; Peter Wiley, VG; Charles Davis, Sec; John H Stone, Treas; Jno H Willis, Chaplain.
- QUASAGAMQUEN, No. 39.**—Gilbert Watson, NG; Wm Bradstreet, VG; Geo W Goodwin, Rec Sec; Moses M Ross, Per Sec; Daniel N Johnson, Treas; Rev Edwin A Eaton, Chaplain.
- BAY STATE, No. 40.**—Franklin Williams, NG; Asa T Newhall, VG; J C Breed, Rec Sec; A S Moore, Per Sec'y; Edward Cassell, Treas; Tho's Driver, Chaplain.
- ACQUSHNET, No. 41.**—Isaac C Taber, NG; Stephen G Driscoll, VG; Hiram Webb, Rec Sec; Chas D Cushman, Per Sec; Augustus J Eaton, Treasurer.
- PACIFIC, No. 42.**—Oliver B Hill, NG; Samuel A Cushing, VG; W S Salisbury, Rec Sec; Geo P Richardson, Jr, Per Sec; Henry Davis, Treasurer; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Physicians.
- QUINIGAMOND, No. 43.**—D C Thurston, NG; F J Gouch, VG; Wm C Barbour, Rec Sec; Luther Goddard, Per Sec'y; Chas S Ellis, Treas; Albert Case, Chaplain, Benj F Hayward, Physician.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.**—Elijah S Robinson, NG; E Dawes Tiedale, VG; James H Sprout, Rec Sec; F S Monroe, Per Sec; Joseph Swasey, Treas; W R G Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.**—A R Johnson, NG; Asa B Cram, VG; Edwin Fuller, Rec Sec; John B Clark, Per Sec, John Clark, Jr, Treas; H P Stevens, Chaplain.
- TISQUANTUM, No. 46.**—Orison Underwood, NG; James R Davis, VG; Chas K Scribner, Rec Sec; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec; John Corbett, Treas.
- MACDONIAN, No. 47.**—Sylvanus Lawrence, NG; William H Cooper, VG; Lorenzo Phelps, Sec; Thomas Siles, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No. 48.**—E H Preston, NG; J F Lincoln, VG; R Richardson, Sec; S Stone, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.**—Seth W Haich, NG; E C Richardson, VG; E W Bradley, Rec Sec; H Baldwin, Per Sec; Selden Bancroft, Treas.
- CONCORD, No. 50.**—John J Scott, NG; Asa C Collier, V G; Eben Wild, Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Joshua R Browne, Treas.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.**—Stephen Sibley, NG; John Toomy, VG; James A Dix, Sec'y; J W H Rogers, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.**—Obed Adams, NG; Abram D Wait, VG; Wm H Graves Sec; John A Newman, Treas.
- HOBAR LODGE, No. 53.**—Sam'l R Spinney, NG; Reuben Wheeler, VG; Thomas Hill, Jr, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Moses S Capen, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.**—Sam'l H Doten, NG; Isaac B Rich, VG; Wm Bishop, Sec; Bradford Barnes, Jr, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.**—A C Orne, NG; Andrew Lackey, VG; John Conway, Jr., Rec Sec; H Appleton, Per Sec; Thomas Maine, Treas.
- WORCESTER, No. 56.**—G H Goodnow, NG; Geo C Tatf, VG; Wm C Head, Rec Sec; Geo Hamilton, Per Sec; Wm Greenleaf, Treas.
- BERKSHIRE, No. 57.**—A G Kittredge, NG; R Woolson, VG; W G Backus, Sec; Sam'l S Gordon, Treas.
- ELLIOT, No. 58.**—Wm S Howard, NG; Wm E Clarke, VG; G W Keyes, Sec; P Bosworth, Treas; S B Skinner, Chaplain.
- TAKEWAKEAIT, No. 59.**—John Hoyt, NG; T A Davis, VG; Damon Morse, Sec; Dustin Lancy, Treas.
- HARVARD, No. 60.**—A W Churchill, NG; Trumbull Bull, VG; S W Holman, Sec; E A Holman, Tr.
- NORFOLK, No. 61.**—F P Tracy, NG; A H Bullen, VG; S S Wells, Sec; W A Arnold, Treas.
- ST. JOHN'S, No. 62.**—A A Folsom, NG; L H Brigham, VG.
- MOUNT HOPE, No. 63.**—Reuben H W Rainsay, NG; Robert S Gibbs, VG; Abial S C Lawton, Rec Sec; Wm Penn, Per Sec; Edwin Shaw, Treas.
- SHAWSHERRIS, No. 64.**—S Pearson, NG; Wm Schooler, VG; Thos Talbot, Rec Sec; J Pinkerton, Per Sec; J Gorham, Treas; V Lincoln, Chaplain.
- GOLDEN RULE, No. 65.**—Luke Vincent, NG; Simeon Jaquith, VG; William Bacon, Sec; Henry Kittredge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
- NANTUCKET, No. 66.**—Wm Summerhays, NG; Geo H Riddell, VG; H C Worth, Sec; Joseph B Lawrence, Treas.
- POCOMPTUCK, No. 67.**—W T Davis, NG; Stephen Gates, VG; R R Taylor, Sec; J P Rust, Treas.
- HARMONY, No. 68.**—Albert H Butters, NG; Jas M Woodbridge, VG; George Harvey, Sec'y; Amos Hitchins, Treas.
- MASSABOIT, No. 69.**—Robert Smith, NG; James F Packard, VG; Cephas W Drake, Sec; T S Mitchell, Treas; Rev Bro Dudley, Chaplain.
- QUINOBQUIN, No. 70.**—Charles W Tracy, NG; Eliphalet Stone, VG; Hiram Beckworth, Sec; C Richmond, Treas.
- GROTON, No. 71.**—Edwin Coburn, NG; E M Taylor; Geo M Brown, Sec; Joshua Searle, Treas.
- NORTH SToughton, No. 72.**—Elisha Page, NG; Elbridge Jones, VG; Ezra Stearns, Sec; Wm W Hawes, Treas.
- WACHSBETT, No. 73.**—Benj B Stevenson, NG; Joseph N Bates, VG; Harrison O Lee, Sec; Chas Caldwell, Treas.
- WESTFIELD, No. 74.**—Instituted June 23d; returns not received.
- PILGRIM, No. 75.**—Instituted June 16th; returns not yet made.
- RISEING STAR, No. 76.**—Hiram Alden, NG; John King, VG; Royal Turner, Sec; P Stevens, Treas.
- UNITY, No. 77.**—Joseph C Bruce, NG; Sidney A Stetson, VG; Levi Chubbuck, Rec Sec; Skillman D Willis, Per Sec; John Carter, Treas.
- AUBURN, No. 78.**—Dispensation granted, but not yet instituted.

Maine.

- MACHIGONNE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tuksbury, Scribe; Joseph M Kellogg, Treas.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.**—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm E Kimball, SW; E F Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.
- SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.**—Frederick F Theobald, CP; Edward Fenno, HP; W B Hartwell, SW; T S Robinson, JW; J G Sawyer, Scribe; N Stone, Treas.

- KATAHDIN ENCAMPMENT**, No. 4.—Charles Snell, CP; Wm S Warren, HP; A Kirkpatrick, SW; A M Higgins, JW; E C Smart, Scribe; Darius Lawrence, Treas.
- HOBAR ENCAMPMENT**, No. 6.—Joseph Hardy, CP; Geo F H Halsey, HP; Seth Gurney, SW; Perez Hill, Scribe; Jas L Lombard, Treas.
- SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 6.—Geo H Gardner, CP; E S J Nealley, HP; Pelag Rush, SW; Elisha Clark, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; Wm Clifford, Treas.
- CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT**, No. 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Thos O'Brien, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe; L L Bryant, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE**—James Pratt, MWGM; E S J Nealley, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE**, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DDM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.
- MAINE LODGE**, No. 1.—Charles F Safford, NG; Geo Sawyer, VG; F W Nichols, Rec Sec'y Charles Harding, Per Sec'y; Benj C Fernald, Treas; L L Sadler, Chaplain.
- SAGO**, No. 2.—G W Quinby, NG; J L Lombard, VG; D W Owan, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
- GEORGIAN**, No. 3.—F W Buxton, NG; Christopher Prince, VG; John O Sprague, Rec Sec; Geo Prince, Per Sec; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT BROTHERS**, No. 4.—James Todd, NG; Charles Cobb, VG; Louis J de Crenay, Rec Sec; Wm S Dodge, Per Sec; Joseph R Brazier, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
- LIGONIA**, No. 5.—Andrew T Dole, NG; Nath'l F Doering, VG; William Boyd, Sec; James Hall, Treas.
- SABBATTIS**, No. 6.—Wm A Wheeler, NG; Sewall Lancaster, VG; J W Patterson, Rec Sec; Lewis D Moore, Per Sec; Chas W Safford, Treas.
- PENASCOT**, No. 7.—Allen Haines, NG; Arthur M Higgins, VG; Sam'l B Morrison, Rec Sec; L G McKenny, Per Sec; Thos H Shaw, Treas.
- RELIEF**, No. 8.—Ido K Kimball, NG; Freeman Harden, Jr, VG; Arthur L Lovejoy, Rec Sec; E L Lovejoy, Per Sec; A H Kimball, Treas.
- NATANTIS**, No. 9.—Jason Winnett, NG; Jas P Weston, VG; Moses S Wadsworth, Rec Sec; N Stone, Per Sec; Bryant Morton, Treas.
- LINCOLN**, No. 10.—Ammi M White, NG; John Elliot, VG; John E Brown, Rec Sec; A B Crockett, Per Sec; Washington Elliot, Treas.
- SAGANAPPA**, No. 11.—A S Harding, NG; J H Watson, VG; W W Pike, Sec; A Quimby, Treas.
- KENDUSKEAG**, No. 12.—D B Roberts, NG; W T Pearson, VG; E C Smart, Rec. Sec'y; Lorenzo Beale, Per. Sec'y; G W Tasker, Treasurer.
- PENASCOT**, 13.—Joshua D Coburn, NG; Giles Bailey, VG; Asher Ellis, Sec; Cyrus M Purringten, Treas.
- CUSHNOG**, No. 14.—H W Fairbanks, NG; Daniel Cony, VG; G L Carponter, Rec Sec'y; J D Peirce, Per Sec'y; G White, Treas.
- PASSAGASSAWAKEAG**, No. 15.—F A Hodgson, NG; S R Wing, VG; Wm H Burrill, Rec Sec; D K Lathrop, Per Sec; Rob't White, Treas; Rev S G Sargent, Chaplain.
- HOBOMOK**, No. 16.—Thos Bowles, NG; E H Mitchell, VG; Augustus Arnold, Rec Sec; C C G Todd, Per Sec; Wm Clifford, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
- WASHINGTON**, No. 17.—Merritt Coolidge, NG; Carlton D Elmes, VG; Thomas W Newmas, Rec Sec; Franklin Seamon, Per Sec; Wm H Clark, Treas.
- ORONO**, No. 18.—John Read, Jr, NG; Chas Buffum, VG; Jared T Eveleth, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Gideon Mayo, Treas.
- PASSAMAQUODDY**, No. 19.—Jas B Ricketts, NG; John B Knight, VG; Daniel P Hayden, Rec Sec; Jos A Coolidge, Per Sec'y; Smith Pinkham, Treas; Rev Charles Farley, Chaplain.
- HARRISON**, No. 20.—Algernon S Howe, NG; Cyril Pearl, VG; Sam'l Andrews, 2d, Sec; Renj J Carley, Treas.
- SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN**, 21.—F W Moores, NG; L M Stillman, VG; J P Emerson, Sec'y; E D Johnson, Treas.
- MEDOMAK LODGE**, No. 22.—John H Kennedy, NG; Thomas Genthner, VG; A Jackson, Sec'y; I Read, Treas.
- ANDROSOGGIN**, No. 24.—Joel C Lane, NG; Solymn P Gorham, VG; Nelson B Reynolds, Rec Sec; Wm R Frye, Per Sec; John Herrick, Treas.
- ACADIA**, No. 25.—
- MOUSAM**, No. 26.—P S Holden, NG; J Cobbey, VG; J M Richards, Sec; J L Cook, Treas; A Dutch, Chaplain.
- TARRANTS**, No. 27.—Hiram Emery, NG; H P A Smith, VG; E D Hoskins, Sec; D M Hall, Treas.
- OLIVE BRANCH**, No. 23.—George S Woodman, NG; Charles T. Trafton, VG; John B Nealley, Sec; Caleb Sautorn, Treas.

New Hampshire.

- GRAND LODGE**—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.
- NASHOON ENCAMPMENT**, No. 1.—E P Emerson, CP; O D Murray, HP; Cha's T Ridgway, SW; A Mitchell, JW; C B Fletcher, Scribe; N P Kimball, Treas.
- WOMANSET ENCAMPMENT**, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Charles H Chase, Treasurer.
- PENACOCK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 3.—Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe; Wm Walker, jr, Treas.
- QUOICHEHO ENCAMPMENT**, No. 4.—S H Parker, CP; E O Loughton, HP; Jonathan Cutler, SW; Bethuel Keith, JW; Wm Treddick, Scribe; S Moulton Treas.
- STRAWBERRY HANK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 5.—George W Towle, CP; George W Montgomery, HP; Joseph Cheever, SW; J M Locke, Jr, JW; Emerson Shurburne, Scribe; David Moulton, Treas.
- PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE**—Geo W Montgomery, DM; Geo W Towle, DDM; James M Carr ADM; Elias Ayres PG; Cha's A Colcord, NG; Nath'l March, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE**, No. 1.—Joseph H Smith, DM; Moses Fish, DDM; William Leach, ADM; Charles W Woodman, PG; George Gray, VG; Amasa Roberts, Sec.

GRANITE, No 1.—E P Emerson, NG; N P Kimball, VG; Benj. Hosmer, Sec'y; Wm S Atwood, Treas; L C Browne, Chaplain.
HILLSBORO, No 2.—John B Fish, NG; Luther Smith, VG; Charles B Rollins, Rec Sec; Charles H Chase, Per Sec; Edward McQuesten, Treas.
WYCOMBET, No 3.—Elijah Wadleigh, NG; William Tredick, VG; Moses Fiske, Rec Sec'y; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec'y; Edward Luther, Treas; James Ashton, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No 4.—Darius Whithead, NG; J W S Drew, VG; D W Quinby, Rec Sec'y; Joseph Plumer, Per Sec'y; Ezra Harthan, Treas.
WHITE MOUNTAIN, No 5.—Joseph G Wyatt, NG; J E Lang, VG; N Evans, Jr, Rec Sec; John C Wilson, Per Sec; A B Currier, Treas; W P Tilden, Chaplain.
PISCATAQUA, No 6.—David Moulton, NG; Charles A Colcord, VG; Nathaniel March, Rec Sec'y; Samuel F Cobb, Per Sec'y; Edmund M Brown, Treas; Timothy G Senter, Chaplain.
WINNIPISSOORE, No 7.—John C Moulton, NG; Charles Robinson, VG; John M Pitman, Sec'y; J V Barron, Jr, Treas; E W Coffin, Chaplain.
SWAMSCOT, No 8.—Thomas G Peckham, NG; Geo O Hilton, VG; G W Furber, Sec; Elijah Knight, Treas.
SAGAMORE, No 9.—G F Waters, NG; A W Seamans, VG; T L Newell, Sec; John Foss, Treas.
SUNCOOK, No 10.—G L Remick, NG; Oliver N French, VG; Geo P Prescott, Sec; Charles Sander-son, Treas.
MONADNOCK, No 11.—John Peabody, NG; George Taft, VG; Arnold Kendall, Sec; Amos Lawrence, Treas.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—James Wood, MWGM; Joe G Chandley, RWDGM; John Hulley, RWGM; John Harper, RWGS; Wm E Rutter, RWGR; Matthew Taylor, RWGT.
NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No 1.—James Wood, CP; H L Webster, HP; Robert Westall, SW; E D Pierce, Scribe; Charles E Richards, Treas; Frank Munroe, JW.
FRIENDLY UNION, No 1.—Wm G Percival, NG; Charles E Richards, VG; Benj F Moore, Rec Sec'y; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; Franklin White, Chaplain; Geo Capron, Physician.
EAGLE, No 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.
ROGER WILLIAMS, No 3.—Jared W Scovill, NG; Israel Ambsbury, VG; P M Mathewson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Walcott M Scott, Treas.
HOPE, No 4.—Arnold C Hawes, NG; N A Eddy, VG; Levi Salisbury, Rec Sec; W Rathburn, Per Sec; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
OCEAN LODGE, No 5.—Sam'l A Parker, NG; Henry Tisdale, VG; Charles Devens, Jr, Sec; Wm Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.
AMITY, No 6.—Wm P Freeborn, NG; Wm B Snell, VG; Joseph M Smith, Rec Sec'y; George Cole, Per Sec'y; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Almond Gushue, Physician.
NARRAGANSETT, No 7.—Horace Babcock, NG; Charles H Denison, VG; Levi L Derby, Sec; Peleg Noyes, Treas.
GOOD SAMARITAN, No 8.—Nathaniel S Alexander, NG; Harrison Wilmarth, VG; J B Swasey, Rec Sec; Barton Miller, Per Sec; Zeolus Witherell, Treas; Seth Blanchard, Chaplain.
CORANICUT, No 9.—Mark Graves, NG; Wm L Hopkins, VG; Daniel Easton, Rec Sec; B F Her-rick, Per Sec; Wm Hicks, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SABRACUS ENCAMPMENT, No 1.—Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Eells, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Tho's L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.
UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No 4.—A S Wightman CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Hewitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.
SOVEREIGN ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Tho's C Simpson, CP; Ja's S Parmelee, HP; P Fagan, SW; Hor-ace Hall, JW; Wm Kresling, Scribe; L C Hubbard, Treas.
MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—John W Johnson, CP; Aaron Morley, HP; Ezra Clark, Jr, SW; Sam'l Woodruff, JW; Wm H Swetland, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.
GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Freder-ick Croswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.
QUINNIPAC LODGE, No 1.—Geo N Seagrave, NG; S B Gorham, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.
CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Samuel Woodruff, NG; Joseph W Hale, VG; S H Havens, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Joseph Batt, Jr, Treas.
MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Nathan Tyler, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.
PEQUANOCK, No 4.—Jared B Collins, NG; Philo F Barnum, VG; Isaac L Young, Rec Sec; Wm L Watson, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.
HARMONY, No 5.—Wm H Stanley, NG; John Humphrey, VG; Samuel Tolles, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.
OUSATONIC, No 6.—Charles Smith, NG; Chipman S Jackson, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Sid-ney Alling, Treas.
SAMARITAN, No 7.—Ethel T Farnum, NG; Thomas Weed, VG; Munson A Shepard, Sec; Ira Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—John W Danforth, NG; Charles Spencer, VG; Benjamin Stevens, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.
 THAMES, No 9.—Samuel Barry, NG; C L Daboll, VG; J K Corthell, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; A S Wightman, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.
 OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—S H Barley, NG; Levi Clark, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Henry H Smith, Treas.
 UNCAS, No 11.—Wm L Brewer, NG; Henry A Barrows, VG; Henry W Borchley, Rec Sec; Jno L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.
 CENTRAL, No 12.—Wm Willard, NG; ———, VG; Dennis Sage, Rec Sec; E J Bidwell, Per Sec; O Utley, Treas.
 CHARITY, No 13.—B T Lewis, NG; R Brown, VG; J C P Park, Sec; F H Rogers, Treas.
 WOPWAGE, No 14.—Ralph Augur, NG; Jonas G French, VG; William Bush, Secretary.
 MONTAWESE, No 15.—Smith Collins, NG; Wm E Sanford, VG; L P Bradley, Sec; Frederic Crowell, Treasurer.
 WASHINGTON, No 16.—Joshua B Lord, NG; Asa W Jilison, VG; Wm H Osborne, Sec; D W Brigham, Treas.
 TRUMBULL, No 17.—Wm Mercer, NG; J N Harris, VG; John H Lester, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; Henry A Latimer, Treas.
 NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Solomon L Griggs, NG; Wm W Brace, VG; Edwin Kilbourn, Rec Sec; Jeremiah Parish, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.
 MYSTIC, No 19.—Leander F Smith, NG; Barton Saunders, VG; Albert Saunders, Sec; Hallam Whitney, Treas.
 FENWICK, No 20.—Nathan Pratt, NG; James Phelps, VG; James H Pratt, Rec Sec; Edward W Pratt, Treas.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.—

VERMONT, No. 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vail, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN NEW ENGLAND—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.			40 Bay State.....Lynn.....Tue		
GRAND LODGE,			41 Acushnet.....New Bedford.....Wed		
Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on			42 Pacific.....Boston.....Thu		
1st Thursday in Feb., &c.			43 Quinsigamond.....Worcester.....Mon		
SUBORDINATE LODGES.			44 King Philip.....Taunton.....Tue		
1 Massachusetts.....Boston.....Mon			45 Framingham.....Saxtonville.....Wed		
2 Bloam.....do.....Thu			46 Tuquantum.....Milford.....Mon		
4 New England.....East Cambridge.....Fri			47 Macedonian.....Bedford.....Wed		
7 Merrimack.....Lowell.....Mon			48 Norfolk.....Dorchester.....Wed		
8 Suffolk.....Boston.....Tue			49 Veritas.....Lowell.....Mon		
9 Crystal Fount.....Woburn.....Mon			50 Concord.....Concord.....Tue		
10 Oriental.....Boston.....Wed			51 Mystic.....Chelsea.....Mon		
11 Mechanics'.....Lowell.....Fri			52 Agawam.....Ipswich.....Thu		
12 Bethel.....West Cambridge.....Tue			53 Hobah.....South Boston.....Fri		
13 Nazarene.....Ware Village.....Mon			54 May Flower.....Plymouth.....Tue		
14 Bunker Hill.....Charlestown.....Mon			55 Atlantic.....Marblehead.....Wed		
15 Tremont.....Boston.....Wed			56 Worcester.....Worcester.....Fri		
16 Covenant.....do.....Mon			57 Berkshire.....Pittsfield.....Tue		
17 Middlesex.....Malden.....Wed			58 Elliot.....Newton Upper Falls Thu		
18 Warren.....Roxbury.....Tue			59 Takewambait.....Natick.....Tue		
19 Monument.....East Lexington.....Thu			60 Harvard.....Harvard.....Mon		
20 Friendship.....Cambridgeport.....Mon			61 Nonotuck.....Northampton.....Mon		
21 Fidelity.....Andover.....Thu			62 St. John's.....Cabotville.....Tue		
22 Howard.....Charlestown.....Fri			63 Mount Hope.....Fall River.....Thu		
23 Franklin.....Boston.....Fri			64 Shawheene.....Billerica.....Mon		
24 Winnisimmet.....Chelsea.....Tue			65 Golden Rule.....Wilmington.....Thu		
25 Boston.....Boston.....Fri			66 Nantucket.....Nantucket.....Tue		
26 Essex.....Salem.....Mon			67 Pocumtuck.....Greenfield.....Tue		
27 Hampden.....Springfield.....Mon			68 Harmony.....Medford.....Mon		
28 Oberlin.....Lowell.....Tue			69 Massasoit.....North Bridgewater Thu		
29 Columbian.....Stoneham.....Tue			70 Quinobequin.....Dedham.....Thu		
30 Bethesda.....South Boston.....Mon			71 Groton.....Groton.....Wed		
31 Lafayette.....Watertown.....Wed			72 North Stoughton.....North Stoughton.....Mon		
32 Ancient Landmark.....Boston.....Mon			73 Wachusett.....Barre.....		
33 Montezuma.....do.....Wed			74 Westfield.....Westfield.....		
34 Hope.....Methuen.....Wed			75 Pilgrim.....Abington.....		
35 Prospect.....Waltham.....Mon			76 Rising Star.....Randolph.....		
36 Maverick.....East Boston.....Mon			77 Unity.....Boston.....Tue		
37 Shawmut.....Boston.....Tue			78 Auburn.....Charlestown. (not inst'd)		
38 Souhegan.....South Reading.....Mon			DEGREE LODGES.		
39 Quasacacunquen.....Newburyport.....Thu			1 Union.....Boston.....Sat		
			2 Mayetrick.....East Boston.....Thu		

4 United Brothers.....South Boston
2 Mon and 4 Fri
Norfolk.....Dorchester.....1 a 3 Mon

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massachusetts.....Boston.....1 3 Fri
2 Tri Mount.....do.....2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy.....West Cambridge 2 4 Fri
4 Monomake.....Lowell.....2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill.....Charlestown... 1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington.....South Boston... 2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack.....Newburyport... 2 4 Mon
8 Annawan.....New Bedford... 2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex.....Malden.....2 4 Fri
10 Wachuset.....Worcester.....
11 Nahant.....Lynn.....1 3 Thu
12 Shalom.....Roxbury.....
13 Naumkeag.....Salem.....

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine.....Portland.....Mon
2 Saco.....do.....Tue
3 Georgian.....Thomaston.....Mon
4 Ancient Brothers.....Portland.....Thu
5 Ligonis.....do.....Sat
6 Sabittus.....Augusta.....Wed
7 Penobscot.....Bangor.....Thu
8 Relief.....East Thomaston.....Fri
9 Natchois.....Gardiner.....Fri
10 Lincoln.....Bath.....Mon
11 Sacarappa.....Sacarappa.....Wed
12 Kenduskeag.....Bangor.....Mon
13 Pejepscot.....Brunswick.....Thu
14 Cushnoc.....Augusta.....Fri
15 Passagassawakeag.....Belfast.....Mon
16 Hubonok.....Bath.....Fri
17 Washington.....Hallowell.....Mon
18 Orono.....Orono.....Sat
19 Passamaquoddy.....Eastport.....Mon
20 Harrison.....Harrison.....Fri
21 Somerset & Franklin Mercer
22 Medonok.....Waldoboro'.....Tue
23 Andruscoggin.....Lewiston Falls.....Fri
24 Acadia.....Bangor.....Tue
25 Mousam.....Kennebunk.....Thu
27 Tarratine.....Oldtown.....
28 Olive Branch.....South Berwick.....Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Machigonne.....Portland.....1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Star.....do.....2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore.....Augusta.....1 3 Tue
4 Katahdin.....Bangor.....
5 Hobab.....Saco.....1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock.....Bath.....2 4 Tue
7 Churchill.....Thomaston

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE

Meets at Concord, semi-annually - Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Granite.....Nashua.....Tue
2 Hillsboro'.....Manchester.....Mon
3 Wecohamet.....Dover.....Thu
4 Washington.....Somersworth.....Tue
5 White Mountain.....Concord.....Fri
3 Warren.....Roxbury.....2 4 Fri

6 Piscataqua.....Portsmouth.....Mon
7 Winnipissauges.....Meredith Bridge... Tues
8 Swampscot.....Newmarket.....Sat
9 Sagamore.....Exeter.....Thu
10 Suncook.....Pittsfield.....
11 Monadnock.....Mason Village.....

DEGREE LODGES.

Piscataqua.....Portsmouth.....1 3 Fri
1 Union Degree.....Dover.....1 3 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon.....Nashua.....1 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset.....Manchester.....2 4 Fri
3 Penacook.....Concord
4 Quochecho.....Dover.....2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank.....Portsmouth.....2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....Providence.....Tue
2 Eagle.....do.....Wed
3 Roger Williams.....do.....Tue
4 Hope.....do.....Mon
5 Ocean.....Newport.....Fri
6 Amity.....Warren.....Wed
7 Narragansett.....Westerly.....Tue
8 Good sama itan.....Pawtucket.....Fri
9 Conanicut.....Providence.....Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narragansett.....Providence.....2 4 Fri

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinnipiac.....New Haven.....Mon
2 Charter Oak.....Hartford.....Tue
3 Middlesex.....East Haddam... 1 3 Mon
4 Pequannock.....Bridgeport.....Tue
5 Harmony.....New Haven.....Tue
6 Ousatonic.....Derby.....Mon
7 Samaritan.....Danbury.....Wed
8 Mercantile.....Hartford.....Fri
9 Thames.....New London.....Mon
10 Our Brothers.....Norwalk.....Mon
11 Uncas.....Norwich.....Mon
12 Central.....Middletown.....Tue
13 Charity.....Lower Mystic.....Wed
14 Wopowage.....Milford.....Wed
15 Montawese.....New Haven.....Wed
16 Washington.....Willimantic Village Sat
17 Trumbull.....New London.....Tue
18 Nathan Hale.....Tolland.....Wed
19 Mystic.....Mystic.....Thu
20 Fenwick.....Essex.....Thu
22 Farmers' and Mechanics' Warehouse Point

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sasnacas.....New Haven.....1 2 Fri
2 Oriental.....East Haddam... 2 4 Fri
3 Palmyra.....Norwich.....1 3 Fri
4 Unity.....New London... 2 4 Tue
6 Souheag.....Middletown... 1 Tue
5 Devotion.....Danbury.....1 3 Fri
7 Midian.....Hartford.....1 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green Mountain.....Burlington.....Tue
2 Vermont.....Montpelier.....Tue

MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday evening, June 1st, at Bulfinch street Church, by Rev. Bro. F. T. Gray, Bro. Philemon Stacy to Miss Caroline W. Quigley, both of Boston.

In Lowell, June 18th, by Rev. Bro. A. A. Miner, at the 2d Church, John O. Caryl, of Nashua Encampment, Nashua, N. H., to Miss Abigail D., daughter of Jacob Turner, Esq., of Lowell.



A. C. Chapman 1872

E. H. H. H. H. H.

Yours truly;
C. H. Chapin.



That gem the midnight sky.



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THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1845.

NO. VIII.

Original.

THE VASE OF FLOWERS.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

"I hear in every breeze that stirs these flowers, in this heart of the city, the nestling of the noon-day wind, as it spake to me long ago in a quiet nook of the old wood-side; and the pattering of the rain on these leaves, renews the sound of that ancient brook, whose voice was like a prophet's, to cheer and encourage all that region in its growth."

I LOVE these simple flowers,
Their beauty and their bloom;
They ever cast a cheerful smile
Across my narrow room.
They fill with spicy fragrance
This hot and sluggish air,
And with each wooing breeze that comes,
Their bonied incense share.
They tell me of green pastures
And fields where once they grew,
The little garden thick with blooms,
That well my childhood knew;
The verdant margin of the brook,
That down the valley pours,
Where nodding many-hued they spread
Their inexhaustless stores;
The shady lane that skirts the wood,
Where myriads of them lie,
Radiant and countless as the stars
That gem the midnight sky.

As e'er each simple flower I bend
 To catch its blooming smile,
 Life of its bitterness they cheat,
 And of its griefs beguile.
 The Present fadeth from the mind,
 The Past revives once more,
 Skies brighten and woods bloom again
 On memory's haunted shore.
 The thunder of this crowded street
 Upon my ear subsides;
 The human current pours unheard
 Its fluctuating tides;
 The clanging hoof, the rolling wheel,
 The light laugh, and the groan,
 The tramp of feet, the pealing bell —
 Sink to a scarce-heard tone.

I see the blue and wreathing smoke
 Above the mossy roof arise,
 Where first the dewy morn of life
 Dawn'd on mine infant eyes;
 I see each neat, but humble room,
 The white and sandy floor,
 The snowy couch, the ancient clock
 "That click'd behind the door."
 My father takes his wonted seat,
 My mother plies her wheel,
 Brethren and sisters join their sports,
 Or in devotion kneel.
 Then hymns were sung and prayers were said,
 And the old Bible's page was read.
 Long since upon each honored brow
 That watch'd our little flock of old,
 The leaning tablet hath been laid
 In consecrated mould.
 Yet clearly each kind brow I see
 And each kind voice I hear;
 More vivid still as rolls away
 The swift revolving year.

Time long hath sundered far and wide
 That group with his impetuous tide;
 Some wander far by foreign shores,
 Some rove the stormy deep;
 Some guide the steer, or browsing flocks
 In rural pastures keep;
 While I alone of all the group
 In the throng'd city waste and droop.

When on the casement's dusty pane
Descends the genial summer rain,
Sweet voices from my childhood's brook
Within the bosky woodland's nook,
And from the river's gushing tide
'That freshens all the valley wide,
Breathe on my spirit, and bring back
Past scenes from the long-trodden track.
The old elm waves beside the door
Its branches, as it wav'd of yore,
The orchards all around extend
Their boughs, and with ripe fruitage bend;
The hemlock and dark fir-trees spread
Their grateful shadows o'er my head;
The silver birch and willows lave
Their tresses in the passing wave;
The oak and the dense chestnut glades
Whisper a welcome to their shades;
Each favorite haunt of other years,
Freshly to memory's eye appears—
And life its early bloom renews,
Sweet with its fragrance and its dews.

For the Symbol.

BANNER PRESENTATIONS.

EDITOR OF THE SYMBOL:—The members of Fidelity Lodge, of Andover, have recently had fitted up for them a new and elegant hall, and the ladies of the village have presented them a banner. The dedication of the hall and the presentation and reception of the banner came off on the evening of the 17th of June. The banner is got up with much taste, composed of crimson silk, with the inscription on one side, "We recommend you to relieve the distressed, support the needy, protect the widow and fatherless;" underneath, "Presented by the Ladies of Andover, June, 1845." The other side is of white silk, and represents merely the seal of the Lodge. The whole is surrounded by elegant gold bullion. We were favored with the presence of a large number of ladies during the ceremonies, and on the whole the affair went off with great eclat. After the presentation of the banner, we were favored with a highly interesting and appropriate address by Brother J. W. Beard, of Lowell. We herewith send you a copy of the address of Miss Clark, and the reply of Brother Kimball, on the presentation and reception of the Banner.

GEORGE H. KITTREDGE,

In behalf of the brothers of Fidelity Lodge, No. 21.

Andover, June 23, 1845.

Address of Miss Sarah E. Clark.

I come before you this evening, sir, to present you, in the name of the ladies present, the Banner which I now hold, as a token of our regard for the institution of which you are a member, and as an earnest of our desire for your continued prosperity. We are aware that in thus freely evincing our interest in your Lodge, we lay ourselves open to the remarks of many who look upon you with an evil eye, and who think that mystery must, per force, be the cloak of iniquitous practices. But we who see your principles working unostentatiously but surely and powerfully in the world without, rejoice with unfeigned joy that there has a spot been found where the din of party strife is hushed, sectarian prejudice lain aside, and men are bound together by ties which cannot easily be sundered, and as hand clasps hand in friendly intercourse, feel that they are indeed brothers. How can we look otherwise than with an eye of favor on that charity that aids and comforts us by the sick bed, that soothes and supports us when the sod has been lain over those we loved? We ask not your signs — we see them there; — we ask not your pass-word — it has soothed the dying. And now we come forward and openly express our esteem and *wishes*, of which this banner is a token and emblem. Look to your motto, and you will see the latter: "We command you to relieve the distressed, support the needy, protect the widow and fatherless." Look to the world without, and you will find its meaning. See the proud spirit bowed to the earth by the crushing weight of poverty, — the bruised reed slowly breaking, — his children wanting bread, and he who would so willingly work too proud to beg. "Support the needy." See, in the darkened chamber of the sick, poverty and disease together struggling. Look on the pale face of your brother, and see physical and mental pain loosening the silver cord, breaking the golden bowl. See the wan countenance of the wife, worn by care and weary watchings. Go at once into that gloomy room, stand by the sick man's side; say, Your sorrows are ours — lay aside all care — we will care for you. Lave the burning brow, hold the cooling draught to the parched lips, and rest the aching head upon your bosom. Stay with him to cheer him through the lone hours of the night; alleviate, if possible, his pains, speak words of hope and consolation as he treads the dark valley.

In this sad hour "relieve the distressed;" and when with last struggle and sigh the spirit has freed itself from its clayey tenement, go into the house of mourning, and with fitting solemnities "bury your dead." When all is over, remember the desolate home. Strive to cheer her whom the waves of sorrow have almost overwhelmed, and who feels that there is for her now on earth no resting place. Remember that the tie which bound her to her husband, though severed, is still bleeding. Remember her as she gathers her weeping children round the scanty board where his place is vacant, — round the social hearth where his manly voice is no more heard. Look upon the youthful band that were so dear to him; shield them from the temptations that beset the pathway of life, give them an education that shall fit them for a life of useful labor. Oh, in this dark hour of deepest grief may

our banner speak in thunder tones, "Protect the widow and fatherless!"

You have chosen for your motto "Friendship, Love and Truth." Carry these out to their fullest extent, and you have fulfilled all that is required either by the moral or divine law; for yonder sacred Word declares, "love is the fulfilling of the whole law" — friendship, love and truth with your fellow men, love and truth with your God.

You have chosen for your name Fidelity. Let your pass-word be Faith, and the golden gates of the celestial lodge will be opened to you, and to you will the Grand Master say, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me."

A dove surmounts your standard. 'Tis an emblem of the widespread influence you are to exert. Go forth then into the world, and when you return to this ark of your Lodge, tell how the waters of strife have passed away, the waves of sorrow abated, the tide of passion ceased to flow, and the green tree of righteousness put forth its leaves.

With these, then, our wishes and prayers, accept this Banner, and may He who sent his Holy Spirit in that sacred form to rest on the head of the baptized Jesus, say unto each of you as He did unto him in that hour, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased;" and may that divine influence rest upon and abide with you forever.

Reply of Brother Walter H. Kimball.

LADY—In behalf of the Odd Fellows who belong to Fidelity Lodge, I accept from your hands the Banner presented us by the Ladies of this village.

We take it as a testimonial of the interest you feel in the welfare and success of our Order, and for this interest thus manifested we tender you our most hearty thanks. It has ever been the province of woman to alleviate human suffering, inculcate and confirm virtuous and moral principles, smooth the angular projections of rough character, and infuse harmony, delicate susceptibility and kindly sentiment among those within the sphere of her influence. It seems to me that the principles of our Order have much so congenial to these the brightest elements of female character as to commend themselves at once to your most favorable consideration and encouragement.

We profess to assist each other in the hour of misfortune, to watch over and strengthen the moral integrity of our brethren, to cherish enlarged philanthropy, private brotherhood and generous sympathy, and to travel our life-journey cheered with the prospect of a holier union when the grave-sods shall be pressing heavily on our bosoms.

There is no one who has not at times felt the need of assistance, sympathy, and earnest encouragement from his fellow man. 'Tis a wearisome thing enough to be pacing continually to and fro on the

banks of the river without a single obolus to appease the charlish ferryman; — Ixion revolving forever on his wheel entwined with serpents; — Tantalus gasping at the ever-receding waters; — the daughters of Danaus eternally filling with water the perforated vessels that never can be filled. The fraternal feeling which unites us serves to fill up in some measure this void in the human heart — to alleviate anxiety and encourage to exertion. It assures us, moreover, that when life is passed we are still remembered. "Give me," said Herder to his son, when writhing in agony on his sick bed, "give me a great thought that I may be quickened thereby." Few of us, I ween, as the hour of death approached, would, like the German philosopher, find our spirits calmed by the contemplation solely of an abstract thought. We should demand some more substantial good, some firmer consolation; and this I think the members of our Order would have in part supplied them. We demand, then, firm faith in the soul's future existence and felicity, and this every man must work out for himself; but we also need the assurance that those who have depended upon us for life shall not be left uncared for, and this consolation, when most demanded, we guarantee our brother. He leaves us then calmly, fully confident that there are those remaining who will sincerely mourn his loss, who will drop a tear over his grave, or perhaps plant a rose-tree at its foot. I deem it one of the chief excellences of our institution that it enjoins on its members the exercise of kindly feelings in their daily and social intercourse. In our association the rich and the poor come together, and each receives equal honor. The humblest, if he is true to the principles of his nature, here knows no superior.

"The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If heaven select it for its instrument,
Will discourse celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phœbus."

We acknowledge the supremacy of him alone who, by a long and weary watching at the avenues of his own soul, has so subjected it to the perfect law of love as to live a life holier and purer than our own—more like to that spotless Model who has taught us how to live, who was the incarnation of that charity which suffereth long and is not puffed up, which, when the one cheek is smitten, turneth the other also. By the interchange of kindly feelings and generous sentiments, and by the constant exercise of holy affections, and suffering these to permeate the man and manifest themselves in the minutest details of life, we hope to perfect our own souls and render the life-burden of our brother more lightsome and easily to be borne. Though we may not remove the ills of life, we would bear them with more cheerful hearts, and such sentiments may we ever cherish. The commands you have enjoined upon us, and enforced with such beautiful and impressive language, it shall be our earnest endeavor most faithfully to obey.

Ladies, in behalf of my brethren, I again thank you for your beautiful gift. It shall ever excite in us grateful emotions, whether viewed

floating o'er our ranks on the day of festivity, or when in solemn procession we follow to his resting place a departed brother. In return, we can but wish you a full measure of Heaven's choicest blessings, — happiness in life and calm contentment, faith for the spirit when passing through the dark valley of the shadow, and confidence in the love and mercy of that mighty Power which suspends the dew-drop on the grass-blade and imprisons within the seed the iris colors of the hanging blossom.

Brothers, we take the Banner from its fair donors, and pledge ourselves to obey their commands inscribed upon it. Friendship, Love and Truth! May these words be written with the point of a diamond on the tablets of our hearts. Let our Friendship be manifested by the performance of kindly offices to our fellow men, our Love go out towards them and upwards to the infinite God, and we cannot but be true men.

Address of Mrs. E. Wilson on presenting a Banner to Macedonian Lodge.

SIR, — I would address through you the officers and brothers of the Macedonian Lodge.

In the name of those Ladies in whose behalf I now appear before you, I would present with this Banner their best wishes for your prosperity and success as an institution. We would not fail to have our gift accompanied by some warm expressions of the interest we take in your object. *That* we believe to be philanthropic and noble; neither are its practical effects unknown to us. Who that has watched with any degree of interest the rise and progress of this institution can have failed to observe that with its increase has also been an increase of the spirit of true benevolence? and who that has not looked upon it with jaundiced eyes has failed also to see its restraining influence upon vice? Immorality flies before its pure principles. As wives, we rejoice in it; we feel that it has power to awaken the sympathies of man's nature and make him more fit for the domestic circle. As mothers, we rejoice in it, in the hopes that our sons may become participants in its salutary influence. For the sake of the sick and needy, we rejoice in it. It offers not only aid but sympathy to the sick brother. A kind voice is ever ready to whisper to him that he is cared for, that his sufferings are felt by his fellow man, and a kind hand is ever ready to support the aching head. In the name of the widow and orphan, too, we would desire to thank God for its benefits.

Should you for one moment forget the duties which are imposed upon you, may this Banner, with your mottoes inwoven upon it, serve to recall to you your high responsibilities. May it seem to you as the voices of your wives and children bidding you to perform that duty for others which may soon have to be performed for you. Let not your mottoes either be mere empty sounds. May your Friendship show itself not alone in the discharge of your nominal duties, but let it be that true sympathy which will ever regard a brother's wrongs as your

own. Let your Truth, too, mean something more than a mere truthfulness of the lips to your own principles. Let it be a truth of life; let no deceit lurk in your hearts one towards another; be true to every high and holy trust imposed upon you, true to your brother, true to your own conscience, and true to your God. May your Love, too, be an active principle and a general one. Let it extend to all mankind, and show itself in a desire to do good to all; let it extend to every good and holy principle. Love righteousness, love truth, and love your neighbor as yourself.

Regarding your motto, "In God we trust," with proper and true feelings, you will scarcely fail to do all this and even more. Trust in God for a will to do what you ought, for health, strength and means; trust in him too for his blessing on your efforts, and you will accomplish all you desire, be a pride to the world, and an honor to yourselves. We would thank you in the name of the sick and the needy for the blessings you have scattered upon them and their household and would bid you God speed in every new endeavor.

Rest assured that with this Banner go the prayers and kind wishes of your wives and daughters, by whose humble efforts we are enabled to make our offering. Let neither its motto nor your principles ever be abused. May you become a worthy example, and may the world never be able to sneer at you as an institution productive of no good;—

And till the last loud summons come
To bear you on, and bear you home,
May this your motto ever be,
Onward, upward, to eternity!

Reply to the above Address, by a Brother of Macedonian Lodge.

In the name of my brethren of Macedonian Lodge, I would return to you Madam, and through you to the Ladies you represent, our most hearty thanks for this most beautiful and expressive Banner. Be assured we are not *such* "odd fellows" that we can possibly dispense with woman's *evening* influences, which so rub off all our odd points, and create for us the beauty and joy of a happy domestic life. Nay, we have, most of us, proved that our oddity is but in name, since we have given the most satisfactory evidence that the dearest lodge to us is made up of our wives and children, and the most attractive lodge-room is the family hearth. This Banner itself is therefore the more valuable to us, since the most casual glance will tell to any one that none but the heart and the hand of woman could have executed its every stitch. And in this we think we have just right to feel ourselves more favored than any of our brethren. A Banner with nothing upon it but that which is embroidered with the needle, assures us of their sympathy; and we recognize the truth that, since the days when Helen of old set the civilized world on fire with a ten years' war, no enterprise can succeed if she frowns upon it.

You have beautifully and expressively referred to our duties. We have but to turn our eyes to this Banner, and we shall ever be remind-

ed of your words. The single Latin word *INTRA* (meaning *within*), placed within the bow, will ever admonish the initiated to keep within the line (the string of the bow) which separates virtue from vice, and within the circumference (the bow) which marks and limits the legitimate objects and ends of our institution, never passing the bow or the string, lest we feel the sharp arrows of your disapprobation, of man's censure, of an accusing conscience, and of an offended Creator.

You have alluded to the motto upon the banner, "*ONWARD AND UPWARD*," referring it to the mottoes of our Order, to the *Friendship, Love* and *Truth* within the three links, there embroidered in gold. Concerning the last, I think I may say, in behalf of the whole Order, that he who regards not "*Truth*" in his heart, will feel himself ill at ease in our Lodge rooms, because not in harmony with their spirit. The whole tone of sentiment there, that equally indescribable and irresistible public opinion of the brethren, the influence of which is so much stronger than words can express, will generally stir up his feelings in such a manner that, remaining what he was, he will appear there no more, but turn his back upon them and revile them. To fulfil the duties of "*Friendship*" and "*Love*," I will venture to pledge my brethren of *Macedonian* Lodge that they will take for their particular text and scriptural motto those words of Paul to the Thessalonians (chap. iv. 9, 10), both making them as applicable in what they imply and what they assert as they are apposite in language, and also obeying the injunction with which they close. He says, "As touching brotherly love, ye need not that I write unto you, for ye yourselves are taught of God to love another: and indeed ye do it toward all the brethren which are in all *Macedonia*; but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more."

If, under God, in whom we profess to trust, our institution be destined, in accordance with your concluding sentiment, so strikingly and poetically expressed, to go "*onward*," I feel sure that it will be in these paths, else will many now in its ranks no longer be found there; and *thus* to go "*onward*" is to go "*upward*."

Permit me again to thank you, in behalf of my brethren of *Macedonia*, for this Banner. We will treasure it with care as a thing valuable in itself, but more so, oh! how much more valuable, as a token of the sympathy of our friends, our sisters, our wives,—a sympathy which we hope to retain so long as our golden links remain unsullied and unbroken, and we may have the right to feel happy in the consciousness that the all-seeing eye of God is upon us.

KEEN. — The late Sidney Smith, who was so terribly severe upon the repudiators, and who had a world-wide reputation for sarcastic wit, somewhere says: — "Every animal has its enemies. The land tortoise has two enemies — man and the boa constrictor. Man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."

LA BELLA TABACCAIA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I wish this tale had more of the romantic, or was more akin to the every-day occurrences of domestic life. As it is, it may chance to please nobody. There are none of those wonderful incidents, which, without the aid of genii and fairies, prove that the tighter we stretch the chord of possibility, the more it vibrates to our extraordinary hopes and fears. Nor has it anything like a misdirected letter, creating a volume of dilemmas, and then lost, and then getting, in worse hands, worse interpreted; or a lady not at home on that unfortunate Monday, when affairs might have been set on a right footing; or the doubts, deliberations and delays of lawyers over a plain, straightforward last will and testament; or an amorous gentleman blundering on the aunt's name for the niece's; or a husband seeing his wife embrace a long-lost brother, and calling to Thomas for pistols for three; — alas! I can offer nothing of this interesting nature. It is merely one of those tales, the best parts of which, for the honor of human nature, ought to happen oftener; and perhaps they may be in fashion when men and women grow a great deal wiser. The utmost I can say in its praise is, that it is as true as affidavits and a court of justice can make it.

Nina was an orphan, and, at the age of fifteen, mistress of a snuff and tobacco shop in Pisa, under the discreet guidance of an aunt, who boarded and lodged with her by virtue of her experience. The stock in trade, a little ready money, and two houses in the suburbs of Leghorn, were her patrimony. She had the fairest complexion with the darkest ringlets that ever were formed together; and though no one ever criticised her lips as rather too full, yet some fastidious admirers objected to the largeness of her eyes — but they could not have remarked their lustre and expression, nor the beautiful lashes which shaded them. She was called *La Bella Tabaccaia*. The students of the university, as they returned from lecture, always peeped into the shop, to see if Nina was behind the counter; and, if she was, nine out of ten walked in and asked for cigars. They lighted them one after another at the pan of charcoal, and by turns, puffing awhile for inversion, ventured on some gallant compliments. If these were received with a smile, as they generally were, and often more roguishly than would be considered within the rules of a bench of old English ladies, then away they went to strut on the Lung'arno with a much gayer notion of themselves. The grave ones of the neighborhood thought it a pity she could encourage such idle talk; and the aunt constantly advised her to go into the inner room whenever those wild young fellows made their appearance. But Nina had all the vivacity, the joyousness of youth, almost of childhood, and defended herself by saying, "Let aunt, there can be no harm in their merriment; for my mother used to tell me, young men with serious faces were the only dangerous ones." And the mother's authority never failed in silencing the aunt.

Late one evening, a student entered while Nina was alone in the shop. After a single glance, he sat down by the side of the counter, took up a knife that lay there, and began seemingly to play with it, but with a countenance that betrayed the most violent agitation. The poor girl, never having witnessed anything like despair, imagined he was intoxicated; and, as the safest means of avoiding insult, remained firmly in her place. On a sudden, the youth, grasping the knife in his hand, seized her by the hair, and threatened death if she did not immediately, and without a word or a scream, give him her money. Instead of complying quietly, and on the instant, in her fright she shrieked for help, and struggled with him. Had not the youth felt a touch of pity, even in that moment of frenzy, she would have been destroyed. For her struggles were in vain, and the knife was at her bosom when some passengers, hearing her cries, together with the neighbors from the adjoining houses, ran in and seized him. Without further questions, they placed him in the hands of the *Sbirri*, who led him directly to the police, and Nina was required to follow. Her evidence was written down, and she was ordered to sign the paper. To this she complied, with no other thought than that she had not been guilty of the slightest exaggeration. As she laid down the pen, the officer assured her she might rely on the utmost redress for such an outrage; as her evidence was not only the clearest, but it completely tallied with the prisoner's confession; and ended with — "Be under no apprehension, my good girl, for you will shortly see him in yellow," alluding to the color those convicts wear who are sentenced to hard labor for life. It was not till these words were uttered that she, still trembling in her fears, had once reflected on the punishment; when, starting as she heard them, she looked pitiously in the officer's face, and said, "I hope not, sir; he has not robbed me — not hurt me — not in the least. Pray let me have that paper again; and I—I am sorry I came here — indeed I am!" She was told he was in the hands of the law, and it was neither in her power, nor in theirs, to release him; and that as it was the law, not the individual, that punished a criminal, she need not accuse herself, in the slightest degree, of severity, whatever his sentence might be. Incapable of replying to this argument, she could do nothing but repeat her request for the paper, when she was answered by a smile, and told she was quite a child. "Do, do give me that paper," she continued; "let nothing more happen; if I can pardon him, why cannot you?" At this she was called a silly child. Nina looked round for the prisoner; but he had been led to his dungeon. "O God!" she cried, "how unhappy does this make me! I know, sir, I am, as you say, a child; but can you make a child so miserable?" The officer then spoke with greater kindness, reasoning on the impossibility of his yielding, and thus she was dismissed.

The aunt was waiting at home in a thousand ecstasies at so providential an escape from a robber and murderer; to all which Nina scarcely replied, but went to her pillow weeping, "and pity, like a naked new-born babe," lay in her bosom. Thus in two short hours was the laughing gaiety of this young creature gone for ever. She was the means, it mattered not how innocently, of driving a fellow-be-

ing into wretchedness and infamy. That her sorrow was unreasonable, few, perhaps, will deny. However, Nina had never learned to take enlarged views of the duties of citizenship; nor did it once enter her head to ask herself whether she was right or wrong. Before sunrise the old lady was surprised at being wakened by her niece, and to see her hastily dressing herself to go once more to the police. This created a long discussion. "Well, well," said the niece, "I will go alone; but then I can have little hope. You, aunt, that know the world, may find some method of softening the hearts of these cruel officers. I have but one friend, now that both my parents are dead; and sure she will not refuse the first earnest prayer I make!" This appeal could not be withstood. Nina ran to the looking-glass, to put on her bonnet, when she perceived several bruises on her neck, the marks of his rude hands — they would be observed, and could not be mistaken. Instantly inquiring if it was not rather chilly that morning, she at the same time, without waiting for an answer, took up a large shawl, pinned it close under her chin, and then waited, in the mildest manner in the world, for her friend.

At a very early hour, the convicts employed to clean the streets begin their labor. When Nina arrived at the corner of the *Borgo*, she heard the clanking of their chains; and clinging with both hands on her aunt's arm, remained motionless while they passed. Though accustomed to the sight from her infancy, she now, for the first time, regarded them attentively. They were accompanied, as usual, by their guards, armed with muskets and cutlasses, and came heavily chained in couples; the two first with brooms, followed by those who drag on a cart, and then two others with their shovels. One was clothed in yellow; the girl looked at him with tears in her eyes. "I never thought," said she, "these men were so wretched!" "Santa Maria!" exclaimed the aunt, "and what did you think? Would you have them as comfortable as good christians like ourselves? You will see, as I told you before, the gentlemen of the police will call me a simpleton for going to them on such an errand." In this she was mistaken; nobody noticed her. Nina's earnestness astonished the officers. They had never seen or heard of any thing of the like, and could not understand it. That she should be in love with the prisoner was out of the question, as it appeared in her evidence his person was unknown to her until the evening before; and a young woman never makes a present of her heart (so they argued) to a ruffian who comes to take it with a knife. In the absence, therefore, of this suspicion, she seemed of a more human, if not a more heavenly nature, than any saint in the calendar. And as they sympathized in her distress — for how could they help it? — their compassion was startled into something favorable to all sorts of criminals. The worst was, they could not grant her request.

It is high time to talk of our student — poor Gaetano in his dungeon! He had been noted by the professors for his application at the university, and endeared to his companions by his never-failing cheerfulness and good temper. What a dreary change! And he was the favorite of his father, who, though not rich, still represented, with some at-

tempts at dignity, an ancient family in Pistoia. Young Gaetano's story, I am sorry to own it, is a very bad one; as it bears a resemblance to that doleful tragedy, *George Barnwell*. Italians, to their praise be it spoken, seldom put faith in that love which is to be purchased by costly presents — they know better; yet when guilty of such folly, their extravagance is often boundless. It was so with this youth. After having, on every possible pretence, obtained money from his father, and lavished it on his *Milwood*, she began to put on her cold looks; then, in a short time, her door was closed against a pennyless suitor. Why he attacked *Nina* seemed inexplicable. Had *Pisa* no respected Signor, with a heart full of self-complacency as his pockets were of money, walking in his own orchard, and moralizing on his own goodness? It is certain, however, none but this innocent, defenceless girl struck his brain at that desperate moment. Perhaps there was a feeling of revenge against the sex. Your only true woman-hater is he who becomes trammelled in the magic of one whom his reason bids him despise. If this hint at an explanation should be objected to, I willingly refer the whole case to a general assembly of Scottish metaphysicians — they can settle everything. My business is with facts. When *Nina* heard the story, she pitied him more than ever; and if this is sneered at as an immodest kind of pity among the cruelly virtuous, let her inexperience in their ways be considered in her favor. So deep an impression did it make on her mind, that it stamped her character for ever. Instead of a laughing, thoughtless girl, she became, at once, a woman. Her brow was more tranquil, a milder brightness shone in her eyes, a far sweeter smile played upon her lips. Happiness, she thought, should not be divided; and, as the thought came over her, not a living being but shared in her sensibility. There is not a greater mistake than to imagine the characters of either sex are formed solely by the first impulse of love. Any of the passions, if thoroughly roused, or even pain of body, will have the same effect, and sometimes at a very early age. Grief, as I myself have witnessed, will act like inspiration; suddenly converting a childish docility in a lad into a manly fortitude and self-decision. The soul of *Nina* was awakened by the throbs of pity.

The trial came on; Gaetano's father hastened to *Pisa*, busy with his advocates in the defence of his son, but without seeing him. Insanity was attempted to be proved. Every effort availed nothing. When pronounced guilty, the father returned to *Pistoia*, thanking Heaven he had yet another son, and he should be his heir — a boy whom he had hitherto scarcely noticed, and was at the time educating for the church. *Nina* did better; she privately went to the houses of the Judges, and knelt before them, and implored the most lenient sentence. Whether her intercession was of some value, or whether there appeared to be more of passion than depravity in the prisoner, the sentence was certainly milder than was expected — three years' hard labor.

When Gaetano appeared among the other convicts, every body ran to *Nina* and officiously pointed him out. Without some information it is probable she never would have recognized him. He passed before her door with that dull eye which those who have any shame instinc-

tively acquire, seeing, as it were, everything and nothing at the same time. She gazed at him fearfully and solemnly by turns, but did not utter a syllable. Always to see, or what is the same thing to the imagination, always to be liable to see, a fellow-creature who has injured us, suffering for the crime in toil and chains, must, after a while, excite the compassion of the sternest. It may be supposed that Nina's humanity could not have endured it. Not so; instead of avoiding him, she would walk through those parts of the city where he was employed, and frequently cross before him, in the hope of attracting his attention, merely that he might see how sorrowful she was, and then, she thought, she would be happier. But when, after some time, she suspected — (and the reader cannot but be prepared for so natural a transition) — there were other emotions in her bosom of a more tender nature than pity, she feared to watch him but from a distance. It ought not to create surprise, that as she could never drive him from her mind, he should win her heart even in a convict's clothes; though possibly in the gayest dress, and with the handsome lively countenance for which he was once admired, he might not have raised the slightest interest in her affections.

Still she retained the name of *La Bella Tabaccaia*; yet it was commonly followed by a whisper that once she was far more beautiful; and indeed her cheeks and her lips grew paler every day. This, together with the change of expression in her features, and her always choosing the earliest hour to go to mass, gave rise to many rumors. Some asserted she had been shamefully deserted by some one whom nobody knew; others, that she looked forward in terror towards the day when her enemy was to be released; and others, that she lived in constant dread of assassination — among which last was her wise aunt. Only one person, a lover of Nina's, discovered the secret; and he, as he has often declared, traced in her artless conduct the gradual progress of her love for Gaetano, from the first moment she saw him in the street. This may be going too far back; — yet it is no matter. He behaved generously, nobly towards her; carefully avoiding to hint at his discovery, and offering services to alleviate the hardships of his rival's fate. What a delight to speak of him! I wish I might give his name! Money is sometimes slipped into the hands of the convicts by their friends, while the guards pretend not to observe it, or turn their eyes another way. This was attempted by that young man with Gaetano, but nothing could induce him to receive it. To every offer of kindness he neither replied, nor evinced by his manner that the words were understood. He was told that Nina was unhappy, and still he retained the same lethargic look. Every sense, his very soul, appeared to be fettered more heavily than his limbs. Failing in this, the young man visited the prison, and hoped to afford some relief to Nina in speaking of the attention paid to their health and cleanliness; and he described the discipline within the walls, not more severe than the mildest government could suggest; and Nina, as she listened to him, silently laid her cheek upon his hand. She, too, in her evening walks, would lead her aunt towards the *Ponte a Mare*, and there lean upon the parapet, as if watching the rushing of the Arno through the arches.

The prison stands at the end of the bridge. At the *Ave Maria* she heard them at their prayers; and sometimes her ear was startled at loud singing and laughter through the barred windows; for men, whether in a prison or a palace, however wretched their crimes or their follies ought to make them, will still, as in defiance, give a loose to wild jollity; and alas! it is the only enjoyment that remains to them.

The three years crawled drearily away, and at last the hour arrived for Gaetano to be set at liberty. A parcel was left for him at the prison door, with a message that it came from his father. Gaetano seized it from the keeper's hands, and throwing himself passionately on the ground, pressed it to his breast, for he had feared he was abandoned by every one he loved, and then he covered his face with it, and bathed it with his tears, the first he had shed within those walls. Suddenly he started up and tore open the parcel, eagerly searching for a letter — there was none — it contained nothing but a common sailor's dress. The cruel meaning in this present could not be misconstrued, and the son looked at it with a mixture of grief and indignation. "Yes, he shall be obeyed!" he muttered to himself; and at that instant Nina's lover, with his unwearied goodness, came in to warn him of his father's anger, and to advise him not to seek a reconciliation too hastily. "Besides," he continued, "your father is ill and weak — bed-ridden for these five months — in great pain, — and, it is thought, his disease is incurable." "Then," replied Gaetano, "I must see my father ere he dies, and he shall bless me — I know he will; and then, since he commands it, I will fly my country!" He hurried to put on the sailor's clothes, and instantly, with his free unfettered feet, speeded towards Pistoia.

When this news was carried to Nina, she trembled with apprehension. From all she could learn, the father's rage was implacable, and the crime of staining his family pride was never to be pardoned. She dreaded that Gaetano might be driven to some other act in despair, worse than before — suicide perhaps — and therefore, quietly avoiding observation, resolved to follow. A coach, similar to a stage-coach in England, was on the start for Lucca. There was yet a single place vacant, and when she entered it, the driver gladly whipped his horses forward. "Have I not done wrong?" she asked herself, "for no doubt he has taken the nearer path across the mountains. This silly coach — how it loiters! My own feet were better!" At Lucca she impatiently left her company, forgetting all ceremony, to the astonishment of a gentleman with a ribbon in his button-hole. She sought not for another conveyance, certain that her pace would be quicker than the lazy trot of such horses as had borne her from Pisa; and somewhat touched with shame at riding at her ease while Gaetano toiled on foot. On she walked, and in a few minutes came to that part of the tedious road, where the eye sees in a straight line, and on a flat, full three miles in prospect, between two double rows of trees. She strained her sight, but could distinguish no one in a sailor's habit. She quickened her steps. The road then takes a slight turn, and there is again a similar prospect, and for the same extent. Still not seeing him, she cried out — "Oh! where is he? Dear Madonna, queen of heaven, do but preserve him in his right mind, and I will be content! Let his

father's arms receive him, and I will return — happy — and he shall never know that he might find a home in mine!" Coming into Pescia, she observed some children building their clay-houses on the side of the bridge; and perceiving that their work must have lasted from the morning, she hoped they could give her some information. From them she learned that such a one had passed, though they disagreed as to the time, and described him very doubtfully; however, one among them, a little creature with a sharp thin face, satisfied her it could be no other but Gaetano, by his wonder at his long quick strides. Now she felt more light of heart, and gazed upon the mountains, clothed in a thousand varieties of trees and shrubs, and forming a kind of amphitheatre above the city, and her eyes wandered over the rich, luxuriant plain, till her soul was elevated by the beauty of nature, and, forgetting the Madonna, she prayed direct to the Creator.

At that moment, Gaetano knocked at his father's door. The servant who opened it, though a stranger to him, looked confused, as if he had been taught to expect such a visiter; and without asking any questions, left him on the threshold. Presently he returned, and in a low voice told him he was threatened to be dismissed from the house, if he did not immediately close the door upon him. "Then do your duty," said Gaetano, "and shut me out," — and as he spoke he retired one step backward, — "but tell my father I only desire to touch his hand before I leave him for ever." No reply was brought, and the son waited there without motion, like a statue. At last the window of the room where the father lay, was opened. The wretched old man, on a sick bed, his bed of death, with a voice scarce human, shrieked at his once beloved boy in curses. His fury was exasperated, instead of being subdued, by his own sufferings — I will not, I cannot repeat his words. Gaetano stood firmly, and heard them with a painful smile. But when they ceased, and there was silence, he sunk upon his knees, with his body supported against the door-post. The window was closed. Passengers stopped in their way, and whispered, and knew not how to act. At last a little girl from a neighbor's was sent with food, and as she said, "Dear Signor, eat! eat!" Gaetano laughed. One circumstance I must not omit: his brother, the now favored son, stole softly round from the garden door, and kissed him, but for a short moment, and then fled swiftly back, lest his love should be noticed by any one in the house. Towards night-fall, the sympathy of the town's people increased, and collecting there in a crowd, they began to talk loudly and impatiently. This still more enraged the father: he ordered the window to be opened again, but his curses were answered by a cry from the people in the street; and a poor cripple, a beggar, exclaimed, "Peace, peace! irreverent old man!" and they heard him no more.

Nina was then forcing her way through the crowd. She had just arrived, pale and heart-sick, but not weary. Regardless of the bystanders, or rather, not giving them a thought, she knelt down close to Gaetano, with her arms crossed upon her breast, like one of Raphael's angels, and prayed him to forgive her. He heard her gentle voice as a voice from heaven, and lifting his feeble eyelids, saw who it was. "Forgive you!" he replied, "I forgive all — all — even my father!"

every one but myself!" And striving to raise himself from the door-post, he sunk senseless into her arms. She believed his heart was burst—that he was either dead or dying—and screamed for help. The window above her head closed against her cries.

Many among the crowd sprung forward to her assistance, and they bore Gaetano to an inn, while Nina walked by his side without a word, his hand fast locked in hers. On the following morning he was in a high fever, which, after a few days, became so violent, it threatened speedily to destroy him. All the while Nina was his kind nurse; and in spite of the restraint laid upon married women in Italy, she alone attended him. "Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." The brother often visited him, but secretly, and at night, with all the circumspection of a gallant to his mistress. At length Nina had the joy to see his health return, hanging over him with her sweet, quiet smiles, till he gazed upon her, forgetting he was unhappy. In a few days he wondered if it was possible to be unhappy again. And the roses began to blush on her cheeks more beautiful than ever they had blushed before. Yet they never talked of loving each other—it was a waste of words—neither of them had a doubt of it. One evening, the brother, as he paid his stolen visit, was not in the least surprised to hear they were married—why should he? And he wished them joy, and embraced Gaetano, and kissed the hand of his sister-bride, with a happiness almost equal to their own.

There was a good opportunity for opening a snuff-shop at Pescia, so the young couple resolved to fix themselves there. The aunt, and all the stock in trade, were removed from Pisa in the same cart to the new shop. Gaetano was presently initiated into the mysteries of weights and scales and canisters, delighted with his industry as his wife stood by his side. Yet at times a pang came across him as he thought of his father. At the end of six months a priest called, and said his *genitore* had forgiven him. This was merely effected by the horrors of his faith; and, therefore, the greatest bigot could have received but little comfort from it. In fact, he did no more than forgive as a Christian; with this proviso, that he would never see him nor leave him a farthing. Soon after this the old man died. Immediately the brother offered to divide the property; and upon his repeated entreaties Gaetano did receive a part. "I cannot take half," said he, "because you, with a large house and no shop, are a poorer man than I am."

The aunt is more demure than ever. There are so many stories abroad of the infamy of an *illustrissimo* becoming a shopkeeper, and of a respectable girl marrying a convict, that she is nervous. She goes about protesting she had no hand in the matter, that nothing of the kind ever entered her head, and thus gets suspected, most undeservedly, as a sly, good-for-nothing, wicked woman.

True love, they say, must be "itself alone," not the offspring of any other passion; and that affection springing from gratitude or pity is by no means love; with many more wise sayings, which I forget. To all this I have nothing to reply,—I only refer such dogmatizers to the principal snuff-shop in Pescia. Gaetano and Nina have now three children. The youngest is the most beautiful infant I ever saw, "es-

pecially at the mother's breast ;" mind, reader, these are the husband's own words, and you are not to make me accountable for so dainty an observation.

Original.

TO A POET.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

TAKE up thy pen,
 Thou servitor of men,
 Child of the earth, yet near allied to heaven,
 For from thy birth great things to thee were given.
 Despair not, yield not yet;
 Thy brow with morning dew is wet;
 It will be long ere evening's chilly mist,
 Thou child of song, thy head bath coldly kist.
 This is thy golden time,
 This is thy roseate matin prime,
 The noonday heat will come to thee ere long,
 Unwearied feet must bear thee now; — be strong!

Calmly rejoice,
 That with inspiréd voice
 Thou may'st awake the slumbering souls of men,
 And bid them break the bonds of guilt and sin.
 Revere thy mission holy,
 With heart most teachable and lowly,
 And give thy soul, unfettered, power to be
 From base control and servile bondage free.
 Thou must not idly dream
 By Fancy's flower-enamelled stream,
 Thou must not sigh and moodily repine,
 Or seek to fly that holy gift of thine.

It is for thee,
 In thy high ministry,
 To tell the world the mystery of life,
 As onward whirled amid the restless strife,
 They wildly seek to know
 Whither their hurrying footsteps go,
 And pray to learn what means this vain turmoil,
 And where the bourne of all their weary toil.

It is for thee to tell
How they may wisely live and well,
By thy right hand to point the path of good,
And in one band unite man's brotherhood; —

To right the wrong,
To make the feeble strong,
The truth to bring from error's hidden ways,
And light to fling o'er falsehood's crooked maze;
With thy large soul to see
The weakness of humanity, —
Weakness and want and wo, — and feel that all
May nothing daunt, or thy brave heart appal;
But that thy human love
Shall seek forevermore to prove
Him near allied to Christ's divinity,
Who stands not wide from sad humanity.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—OBJECTIONS.

"The refining influence of the presence of ladies is so great, that I shall never become a Free Mason or an Odd Fellow until ladies are admitted to the Lodges. *These gangs of men* are very apt to become rude." — *Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, N. E. Puritan, July 10.*

THE institution of Odd Fellowship, like every other which depends for its existence and prosperity on the voluntary suffrage of men, must consent to a rigid scrutiny into its principles and tendencies. Like every human institution, it may be supposed to partake of the imperfection which belongs to imperfect man; and hence its members, as well as those who may hereafter become such, and indeed the community at large, are interested in whatever may serve to remove its imperfections, or give it a higher value as an instrument of good. If the institution itself is bad, in its theory or results, none have a higher interest in knowing this than its members; and none would be more grateful to the honest writer, who, by fair examination, shall make this appear, than the Odd Fellow. Standing, as he supposes, on a platform sustained by the three strong pillars, *Friendship, Love and Truth*, believing that the appropriate discipline of the Order tends directly to strengthen and polish these pillars, — if mistaken in this, he will be grateful to any one who will show his mistake. The charity he is taught in the Order is a charity which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in *the truth*.

So, if the Order is good in its tendency, and yet has some inherent

defect, which admits a remedy, the good member of the Order will thankfully receive light on this subject from friend or foe. He will indeed claim the right to use his own eyes in looking at this light, and his own judgment in receiving or rejecting it, and as an honest man pursue the path of life guided by the best light he can obtain.

This being his position, the Odd Fellow will naturally expect to be dealt with as an honest man, and will deal with those who counsel, or censure him, as an honest man should deal with such. It is, consequently, very desirable that those who write for, or against Odd Fellowship, should understand both the subject they treat upon and what they say in regard to it.

As a Christian man, I have been mortified with the blunders which good men and good women, of intelligent minds on other subjects, make in speaking of this Order. As a minister of the Gospel, I have been surprised at the positions assumed by a few churches and ministers whose action or sentiments have found their way to the public, through the religious papers, or otherwise. I might refer, as examples, to reports published a few weeks since by a conference of churches in Massachusetts, and another body in New York, — to the action of some Baptist churches in cases of discipline, and to the published lectures of Rev. Mr. Colver, of Boston. I am not going to review these documents, and I allude to them only as matters which betray a weakness and prejudice unworthy of Christians. They betray also unwarrantable ignorance on the subject they deal with, and that too when a little time spent in study of published documents, or honest inquiry of those who understand the principles of the Order, might have saved such exposure of weakness and prejudice.

The short extract at the head of this article is an illustration of a species of gossip which is quite too common, and, coming from such a source, perhaps deserves a passing notice. As one who respects Mr. Abbott both as a man and a Christian minister, — a good writer, a scholar and a gentleman, — I confess I feel mortified that such expressions should have escaped him, even playfully, in describing a fourth of July celebration. I feel as when a personal friend whom I respect and wish every one to respect has *let himself down* — done a thing unworthy of himself. I wish to make myself understood in this matter, and cannot do it better than by using his language in other connections which will illustrate the matter to those not members of the Order. Let us write a few sentences.

"The refining influence of the presence of ladies is so great, that I shall never become a [*collegian or a theological student*] till ladies are admitted to [*those institutions*]. These gangs of men are apt to become rude."

"The refining influence of the presence of ladies is so great, that I shall never be a [*member of the Phi Beta Kappa or of the Sigma Nu Society*] till ladies are admitted to the [*societies*]. These gangs of men are apt to become rude."

* * * "I shall never become a [*lawyer or a judge*] till ladies are admitted to the [*bar and the bench*]. These gangs of men are apt," &c.

"I shall never be a [*pastor or an evangelist, or a doctor of divinity*,

or a member of a ministerial association or a council] till ladies are admitted to the [pulpit, and to these titles, associations and councils]. These gangs of men," &c.

Now, without multiplying illustrations of this nature, it is easy to see that to write in this way is to write unadvisedly — to betray great weakness. Even the stoutest defender of "woman's rights" would not talk so, unless it was his purpose to establish the right of women to become men. Those who write or speak in this way should well understand that to every Odd Fellow familiar with the principles and influence of the Order and the exercises of its meetings, such expressions are as impertinent as they would be in the cases cited. It is as unbecoming as it would be to say, I shall never be connected with a female seminary till gentlemen are admitted to those seminaries. "These gangs"—I will not finish the sentence. Who does not see that this would be a very uncourteous remark?

The remark was doubtless a mere playful — perhaps thoughtless one, but the writer well knows, and has often taught others, that it is not right to speak "idle words," and especially when they convey a wrong impression and serve to mislead honest minds.

"The refining influence of the presence of ladies" is known and read of Odd Fellows, as well as others. One of its prominent objects is to benefit woman, to lighten her load of care, and elevate her character, and render its members more worthy of her confidence. It is a prominent object to guard young men against those vices which would render them unworthy of a virtuous woman's confidence, or which might render them victims of a vicious woman's wiles.

It is an object in the Lodge, and by the various duties of the Order, to cultivate the principles of honor and integrity, and the social and benevolent affections, and to rouse the mind to intellectual effort and urge it onward in the pursuit of intelligence, and thus fit its members to be more worthy of, and better prepared to receive and profit by the refining influence of woman.

It provides sympathy for the hour of sorrow, when woman's heart is sad, because her loved companion is stricken with disease, or laid low in death, and strengthens her faith and her "refining influence" in training fatherless children, and thus prepares her and her children to meet the trials and sustain the relations of life.

And the work of the Lodge can be accomplished in a better manner by having its meetings for business restricted to its members, and its members of one sex, than to have them promiscuous; just as the college or theological seminary or the legislature or the pastoral association can perform its duty better in its existing organization than if it were a mixed or promiscuous body. The existing arrangements are better for the interests of both sexes than if ladies were members of Lodges. This every intelligent Odd Fellow knows, because he understands the facts in the case. Two or three remarks may make this plain, it would seem, to any one.

In admitting members to the Order, as the Constitution and By-Laws show, a careful scrutiny is had in relation to moral character and qualifications for admission. Is it not certain that if ladies were present, it

might prevent the free and full expression of members in regard to any defects in the moral character and qualifications of a candidate? And if a member was found or supposed guilty of some immorality or delinquency requiring faithful examination, counsel, reproof, discipline, — the investigation would be more thorough and salutary, and the remedy more faithfully applied, than it would be if the Lodge were made up of both sexes. The presence of mothers, wives or sisters, would but embarrass the course of faithful discipline, rather than aid it. The principle is a very plain one, that some employments are especially appropriate to men, and some courses of improvement are better managed by having them separate from the ladies, as in the law school and the theological seminary. So in the Lodge room. There can be but one opinion on this subject among those who know the facts.

ANOTHER OBJECTION — A CONVERSATION.

“Your course of reasoning,” says the objector, “brings out another objection. It is a secret society.”

“But what is the inference from this? Is it a serious fault in a friend that he has power to keep a secret — that you can safely trust the sacred treasure of your own heart in his? Do you select for a bosom friend one who cannot retain a secret, but will betray you without fail?”

“Oh, no, I do not mean that; but if the society is good, why should not its doings be made public, so that all may share in the benefits?”

“But are not our doings made as public as those of any society for mutual improvement or assistance are, or can safely be? Our Constitutions, By-Laws and Rules of Order are all published as fully, ay, more fully than those of almost any voluntary associations to be met with. Then our periodicals are constantly spreading intelligence before the community, and throwing light upon the principles and workings of the institution, to be known and read of all men who will read. Then we talk freely on the subject, as soon as we gain sufficient knowledge to talk intelligently, and whenever honest inquirers ask us for information.”

“Yes, but then you have some secrets which you do not publish to the world, and which all cannot gain.”

“So has a mail bag — so has a savings bank — so has a fire, or flood, or life insurance company. Each has its lock and key which everybody cannot control. The funds, and books, and seal of these companies or associations, are *private* property, and carefully kept from those who have no right to them. So it is with your own dwellings — your trunks, closets, bureaus, and your travelling bag. These have their secrets, or rather those who own them. They are guarded against the intrusion of those who have no right to them, and who would only pervert or destroy them.

“Just so it is with Odd Fellowship. It is a savings bank — a mutual insurance company — in several particulars.

“1. Mutual insurance company in relation to all the mental and

moral instruction embraced in its obligations, degrees, ceremonies and symbols. Each member shares these as he gains them honestly.

"2. It is a mutual insurance company as it regards morals and habits of life. Each claims the watchful care and counsel of his brethren, out of the Lodge as well as in. Each claims the right to watch over and counsel others as he sees occasion.

"3. It is mutual insurance as regards care in sickness; so that we are in covenant to take care of each other in sickness, and have a right to kind care in return.

"4. It is insurance in relation to pecuniary aid in sickness. Each, by investing a definite sum, is assured of a given sum per week in sickness, while laid aside from necessary employments.

"5. It is mutual insurance after our death to our wives and children, We are in covenant to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction with substantial sympathy and relief. This is secured to them, so far as the means of the Lodge will allow, by the investments of the father's love when health and vigor were his portion.

"And this mutual insurance company has its lock and key. It is very easy to unlock it if you only have the key and come by it honestly; and this is the very secret of the Order. He who has this key, has also the capacity to prove it not a counterfeit, and that he came by it honestly; and consequently has a right to the benefits of the insurance when he needs them. And he who attempts to get these benefits with a counterfeit or false key, finds himself exposed by a counterfeit detector. The secrets of the Order, then, are just broad enough to secure to the members of this great insurance company or savings bank, spread over this and other countries, their just portion of insurance, when entitled to it; and also just such as are fitted to discourage rogues or impostors from efforts to gain what does not belong to them, or from '*getting goods on false pretences.*'"

"But you are now speaking only of the pass-words, signs, &c., by which an Odd Fellow may be known. You have secrets in relation to the process of initiating members."

"Very true. Almost everything is a secret till we find it out, and we value it the more when it has cost something to find it. Every new invention, every improvement in the arts is a secret till somebody discovers it, and then the laws of the land, if just, give him the benefit of his discovery. Patent rights and copy rights are very common matters in all civilized countries, and when they are the means of benefiting society this is not objected to. If in fact the community at large are actually benefited more by a judicious right thus secured than by throwing the whole matter at random before the community, then the restriction is beneficial to that community. Now this is precisely the fact in regard to what is secret in the initiation of a member. Such a course would just destroy a most important agent of doing good to the community at large, because it would destroy the benefits which flow to mankind through the Order. The ceremonies, emblems, obligations, &c., of the Order, seizing upon well known truths, plant them in the mind of the initiate and of the members impressively, and the more so because the candidate, not knowing beforehand what is before him, is

not prepared to resist its impression. A precious truth, as a fine writer has said, may lose its power because 'it lies bedridden in the dormitory of the soul.' A new view, or an unexpected presentation of that truth in circumstances favorable to a full impression, may plant it deep in a heart hitherto untouched, and it shall spring up in vigor and bear precious fruit."

SIGMA.

SCENE IN A PARISIAN COURT OF JUSTICE.

If you happen, reader, (writes the Editor of the Knickerbocker,) to be a mere worldling, proud of the coldness which sometimes comes with years, and is commonly called "experience;" if you chance to consider sympathy weakness, and feeling out of place in a world that demands only shrewdness and labor and prudence; just pass the following little sketch; for it will possess small interest for such as you. It is only a "limning" of a case recently brought before the Judge of a Parisian court of justice, wherein the objects in dispute were two white roses, whose withered leaves are now blown to the four winds of heaven. But let us give the scene:

"*M'me Gallien*, dress-maker: 'I claim thirty francs damages from *M'lle Flora Minville*; for she was the cause of my losing an order for work worth one hundred and fifty francs.'

"*The Judge*: 'Please explain why you make this claim.'

"*M'me Gallien*: 'These are the facts, Monsieur. About two months since *M'lle Leontine de Crillon* was married to *M. le Prince de Clermont-Tonnerre*. The *corbeille* and the *trousseau* were magnificent. I obtained the order for the bride's wedding-dress: it was to be a splendid affair; trimmed with lace, pearls, gimps — in short, all the wonders of our art were to be united upon it; but there was still something wanted; something very rare at that season of the year; a natural white rose — a white rose in February!'

"*The Judge*: 'And did *M'lle Flora* promise to procure the rose?'

"*M'me Gallien*: 'Yes, Sir; she cultivates flowers, and often sells the earliest and the rarest to the great *modistes* of the capital. I called upon her, and she promised to furnish me with one or two roses she then had, for twenty-five francs, payable on delivery. I relied upon her promise, but she did not keep it. She did not bring the rose; and the dress was refused.'

"*The Judge*: '*M'lle Flora*, why did you not deliver the flower?'

"*M'lle Flora*, timidly: 'It was not my fault, Monsieur. The evening before the rose was to be delivered, there came up, during my absence, a heavy shower, which caused the bud to burst into a rose, and in a few hours afterward there was nothing left but the stem. What I say is the truth.'

"*The Judge*: 'I believe it, my child. But why did you not deliver the other one?'

"*M'lle Flora's* eyes filled with tears: 'Oh! as for *that* one, I did

not promise. I might easily have sent it to M'me Gallien, for it was much the handsomest of the two ; but — but I could not : it was destined for my mother.'

" *The Judge* : ' Was it your mother's fete-day ? '

" *Mlle Flora* replied, sadly : ' No, Monsieur ; it was the day of her death. Every year I carry to the cemetery of Montmartre, and place on her grave, one of those white roses, which when alive she loved so much. This year I did the same. I said to myself, The bride will be quite as handsome with one flower the less, and my dear mother shall have her favorite rose ! '

" Here the poor girl wept bitterly. M'me Gallien approached to console her. ' Strike off the cause, Monsieur le Judge,' said she ; ' I should be ashamed to sue this poor child for doing a good action. Let us speak no more of it, Mlle Flora ; it was unfortunate, and that's all that can be said. All I could ask for a compensation, would be, that I might one day have a daughter like you.'

" The Judge dismissed the cause, in a voice tremulous with emotion."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PENALTIES AND TÊIAL.

Our institution must have risen to the summit of perfection, or else have sunk to the depth of imbecility, not to show an occasional use of the provisions set forth in the Constitution of Subordinates under the head we have above given. A glance at the tabular statements in the quarterly proceedings of the Grand Lodge, will reveal the fact, that young as the Order is in this State, there are to be found it those whose negligence or recklessness requires their temporary suspension from the privileges of the Order, or whose utter abandonment of the principles of Odd Fellowship can allow no other remedy than absolute separation and expulsion from its circle. Nor do these unfortunate circumstances argue inherent weakness or wickedness in our institution ; on the contrary, they exhibit a laudable vigilance, fidelity, and independence in its members, as manifested in the determination that the Order shall suffer no loss in its resources from the careless and dilatory, and shall not lose its integrity and high moral character by tolerating in its midst the profligate and unworthy. There can be no greater mistake, than that Odd Fellowship protects its members, right or wrong. Its safety depends upon its purity, and none realize this truth more deeply than Odd Fellows themselves.

We think it well at this time to review, in brief, the modes and regulations of trials in the Order, and to submit some practical suggestions

in relation to their application and exercise. If we are not misinformed, trials are often conducted very blindly and irregularly, and the frequent demand for opinions and decisions on mooted points, made upon the Grand Officers and the Grand Lodge, shows the want of familiar explanation upon some of the most obvious as well as most important particulars. We know that in some respects our laws respecting trials are obscure in their construction, but they are sufficiently plain, if analyzed with tolerable care, to afford a complete remedy and protection in the instances of unfaithfulness and profligacy which unfortunately we sometimes find among us.

The third Section of the second Article of the Constitution of Subordinate Lodges, comprises in its seven clauses the whole criminal code, the forms of accusation and trial, and the penalties which the Order has established. The code is certainly expansive and general enough, but no desire has ever been expressed that it should be divided into distinct and separate definitions of offences. No practical inconvenience has been felt, we suspect, in readily bringing every offence within the somewhat collective proposition in Clause 1st: "Any member who shall violate any of the principles of the Order, or shall offend against these Articles or the By Laws," &c.

The remainder of the first Clause specifies the penalties, viz.: "Any member," &c., "shall be subject to be fined, reprimanded, suspended, or expelled, as the By-Laws may direct, or the Lodge determine." The four penalties, *fine*, *reprimand*, *suspension*, and *expulsion*, are the only modes of punishment recognized by our laws, and their infliction is wisely left, under the rules hereafter to be noticed, to the judgment and discretion of the subordinate Lodge.

It is provided in Clause second, that the penalties, that of *fine* alone excepted, shall be imposed only after a fair trial. This exception is made, no doubt, to indicate that a fine should follow the less serious breaches of order in the Lodge-room, or neglect of the duties of office, or forgetfulness of duty, not of sufficient importance to demand the formal mode of investigation which is required in weightier offences, and it may be at once imposed by vote of the Lodge or by the authority of the presiding officer. It is further provided, that, in cases of trial, "charges duly specifying the offence shall be submitted to the Lodge in writing by brothers of the Order." The requirement is explicit, that charges shall be made distinctly to the Lodge in writing; and it is a rule adopted by most Lodges to furnish the brother charged with a copy of the charges; and this seems to be the fairer course, although not strictly required by the Constitution. The last portion here quoted of this Clause must not be overlooked, which shows that whoever may be the person injured, if he be not an Odd Fellow he cannot himself seek redress before our tribunals. Our family differences and difficulties are kept under our own control, and no Odd Fellow can be called upon to respond to a charge which is not brought "by brothers of the Order." An exception is made to the rule requiring charges to be made in writing in those brought "for non-payment to the Lodge." Evidently it was contemplated that the offence of non-payment should be substantiated in a mode different from that adopted in other offences. The evidence in

such case is entirely in possession of the Lodge and upon its records, and is of the most irrefragable character; there can be no defence, and trial is of course unnecessary. The mode of notice provided in the By-Laws of Subordinates is sufficient protection to persons charged, against a hasty infliction of the penalty. But yet it will be observed that this Clause merely precludes the necessity of written charges in this offence, but does not provide that there shall not be a "fair trial." Still the course generally taken by Lodges in pursuance of their By-Laws, best accords with the intent of the Constitution, and is most correct and efficacious.

The third Clause proceeds to the next step necessary after the introduction and filing of charges, and provides for the appointment of the committee of trial. It will be seen that the Clause provides also the mode of settlement of "matters of grievance between brothers," namely, by referring them to a committee similarly constituted to the committee of trial. It is to be regretted that this last provision was inserted in this Clause, inasmuch as the remainder of the Clause seems to have been framed with reference to both classes of subjects for investigation, viz., written charges and matters of grievance; while it would have been better to have described simply the course and plan of a trial, and to have provided, by a separate clause, for the settlement of personal difficulties which may or may not involve the infliction of a penalty. If it should appear even, in the investigation of grievance, that a brother had rendered himself liable to the penal enactments of the Order, we doubt very much whether the committee could report a motion for his punishment, notwithstanding the construction of a portion of this Clause would seem to warrant such a course. The investigation might afford the basis of charges to be afterwards made and tried, but, in pursuance of Clause 2d, these should be made directly and distinctly, and not be elicited indirectly from an examination of unsettled and indefinite matters of grievance.

Charges, having been made, "shall be referred to a special committee of five members, who shall, if possible, be chosen from among the peers of the implicated brother." Of course the members of the committee should be disinterested and impartial, and should be "chosen" by the Lodge, subject to the challenge of either party for cause shewn, the privilege of appointment by the N. G. being in this case taken away. They shall be "if possible" the "peers" of the brother implicated; that is, according to the most common and fairest interpretation they shall be at least equal in rank in the degrees of the Order with the brother charged; no man shall be tried by his inferiors. The parties are then to have reasonable notice. The defendant should receive a summons naming the time and place of meeting, prepared and signed under seal of the Lodge by the Secretary, and served by the Warden, if possible. If a brother reside at a distance, the summons may be transmitted by mail, allowing proper time for the same to reach him. If a brother have left for parts unknown, the summons should be sent to his last place of residence, or to the place where he was last known to be. And if the defendant do not appear after such reasonable notice, then the committee may proceed to "examine and determine the matter in question" as if he were present.

The course in the committee-room should be as follows. The charges should first be read by the Secretary of the Committee, who ought in all cases to be the Secretary of the Lodge; the summons, return of service thereon, the appointment of committee of trial, and all preliminary steps which are matters of record, should also be read. The plaintiff should then make a statement of facts, and proceed to adduce his evidence. If oral testimony be introduced, then the defendant should be allowed to cross-examine each witness. No evidence should be admitted of a documentary character, except records, official writings, written admissions by the opposite party, and such letters and correspondence as appear to the Committee to have been written under impartial circumstances, unless the other party has had notice and opportunity to cross-examine. After the evidence of the plaintiff has been given, the defendant should specify the facts upon which he relies for defence, and present the evidence in his behalf, under the same rules before prescribed. The plaintiff should introduce no further evidence except to rebut new statements made by the defendant's witnesses. The rule is imperative that all evidence must be introduced before the committee. Members of the Order may of course testify orally; but it is doubtful how far it may be proper to introduce before the committee and the parties, persons who do not belong to the Order. It is important to keep our difficulties as much as possible to ourselves, and the introduction of strangers into our Lodge-rooms upon occasions of this kind creates necessarily much unpleasant gossip, which for the good of the Order should be prevented. The best course is to obtain testimony of those without the Order by questions and cross-questions in writing, prepared by the parties and put in private to the witness by the chairman, or by him and two other members of the committee selected by the parties, and the answers reduced to writing. If this cannot be done, such witness ought not to remain in the committee-room any longer than is necessary to receive his testimony. All evidence given before the committee should be by them reduced to writing. The evidence being all in, the parties may or may not, as they choose, argue their case to the committee. If this be done, the defendant should commence and the plaintiff close. The committee, in private consultation, should then weigh the evidence. If the offence deserve reprimand or a slight fine, — for we maintain that although a mere finable offence cannot be carried before a committee, yet such committee may impose that penalty if no severer punishment be merited, — then the committee report their decision to the Noble Grand of the Lodge, who at once imposes the penalty, save in case of appeal. If the offence deserve suspension or expulsion, then a written motion for the purpose shall be submitted to the Lodge for action. If, in case of a decision of the committee to *reprimand* or *fine*, either party appeal to the Lodge, notice should be instantly given to the committee and to the Lodge of such intention, and, as provided in Clause 5th, a time will be fixed for hearing the appeal; and at such time the committee must "present in writing the grounds on which their decision was founded," which should consist of a full statement or summing up of the evidence. The

parties, may then make their statements and arguments to the Lodge, a majority of whose members present have full power to approve or reject the decision of the committee.

According to Clause 4th, when a motion for *suspension* or *expulsion* has been submitted, "it shall be announced at two regular meetings previous to action being taken." The true course would seem to be, then, that as soon as the motion has been submitted by the committee, a time for action upon it should be instantly fixed upon, having reference of course to the situation and convenience of the parties. The accused brother should have immediate written notice to appear. On the two regular meetings prior to the time, the motion should be read in open Lodge, and the time appointed for action upon it stated. At the meeting at which the motion is to be disposed of, the committee should be present with a full and fair statement of evidence, and history of the trial, in writing. The report of the Committee having been read, the parties should first be heard, if they desire to speak. Then members of the Lodge are at liberty to speak, as upon any other question. The Lodge have power to vary the penalty from the original motion, by increasing or diminishing it. The motion is subject to all rules of order which govern other motions; and thus far, a majority of members present may control it. For its final adoption, "two-thirds of the members present, voting in favor of the motion, it shall be carried," and this final action may be taken whether the brother charged be present or not. Either in the committee-room or before the Lodge, parties may appear by counsel, provided, however, that these are members of the Order.

One question has been raised in applying the permission given in the 4th Clause to vary the penalty. It is the custom of many Lodges to specify in their By-Laws particular penalties for particular offences; as, for example, expulsion for the offence of drunkenness. In such case, can a Lodge vary the penalty in case of conviction, or must the By-Laws be complied with? It appears to us that the change of penalty is a privilege given to Lodges to be used or not at their discretion; and that they waive it entirely by naming in their By-Laws specific penalties for offences. The Constitution for subordinates has left the whole subject of crimes and punishments in the most general way, and we think the most prudent course for Lodges to be, to leave the more heinous offences to be punished as they occur, in such manner as the Lodge in its untrammelled discretion shall deem best; avoiding, therefore, in framing its By-Laws, any attempt to meet supposed or anticipated cases with penalties which may be unfit or harsh on the one hand, and too lenient on the other, for the occasion.

The 6th Clause grants the privilege and prescribes the mode of appeal. An appeal to the Grand Lodge of the State is allowed "if informality or want of fairness be shown on the former trial." Probably the above conditions afford the fullest scope for taking exceptions, as any irregularity in the course of a trial can be brought within one or the other of them. Either party can appeal, and the Grand Lodge may grant, if right and proper, a new trial. The appeal can only be made "from the decision of the Lodge." And it will be seen that the

rule is applicable to both classes of cases recognized in the Constitution, viz., those upon which the decision of the committee is final, and those which come before the Lodge upon motion preferred by the committee. In the first class, then, two appeals are permitted; from the committee to the Lodge, and from the Lodge to the Grand Lodge: in the second, but one; from the Lodge to the Grand Lodge. The brother intending to appeal should give written notice to the Lodge, and should forthwith forward to the officers of the Grand Lodge a plain statement of his case, and the ground of his appeal; and each party should be prepared to show cause either in person or by proxy, before the Committee of the Grand Lodge appointed to examine the appeal, why it should be allowed, or rejected.

The appeal is in its character unlimited and unrestricted. Every unsuccessful party may make it without danger to himself, and by making it he may cause delay to others. According to the decision of the Grand Officers, an appeal suspends for the time being all proceedings in the case, and the person making it stands in full possession of the rights and privileges of the Order until his case is finally adjudged. This decision is evidently a correct one, and it shows the necessity of legislation to prevent frivolous and groundless appeals. The penalty, if it admit of such a course, should be doubled whenever appeal is made merely for the sake of delay; and where benefits have accrued while a case is pending, a law should be enacted, that their payment should be withheld until the case has been decided; and if the appeal be disallowed, that the appellant should be deprived of them. The term of suspension or expulsion must of necessity commence at the time the appeal is decided; and the term of suspension expires by its limitation without further act of the Lodge, the brother being readmitted upon payment of intervening dues. According to the Constitution of that body, an individual cannot appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States, that privilege being confined to Lodges and Encampments; but its usage has been to allow appeals from members of Lodges, made with the consent of the Grand Lodge of the State to which they belong. Whenever the Grand Lodge of this State grants a new trial, upon appeal, it has established the power, very properly, of selecting the tribunal, which shall be constituted either of a committee from its own members, or of the Lodge of which the appellant is a member. This power it holds to prevent injustice to brothers from excited feeling or bias in their own Lodge; and if there be danger that these may operate, it hears and determines the whole case by its own agents; otherwise it sends back the parties to receive justice at the hands of those with whom they are most closely associated.

Clause seventh provides that notices of the suspension or expulsion of a brother be sent to all Lodges in the State. An appeal, it has been settled, suspends the sending of notices until finally decided. No brother who has been expelled can be restored to his membership, except by consent of the Grand Lodge.

We have thus cursorily passed over these provisions for trial. We shall only trespass further, by a few considerations upon the rules of evidence.

It is impossible to furnish rules which shall be applicable to every

case cognizable by the laws of the Order. Our relation is peculiar, and very often the common and well-known principles of evidence, either operate with hardship and disadvantage, or fail to elicit truth with our limited power of applying them. In all investigations in personal difficulties in the Order, the sole object is to arrive at the truth by the most direct means. We have no compulsory process, we can administer no oath, and we rely entirely upon voluntary statements made upon honor, and the assurance of truth. The most liberal and equitable principles should therefore govern our examinations and inferences when acting in a judicial capacity within the Order. The technical, stringent, and exclusive rules of the common law, are not applicable to our trials. We ought to look no farther than the means by which an honest and cautious man would be convinced of any important matter that was valuable to him only so far as it was true. We neither wish to expel a brother from the Order merely because he may fail in his defence through non-compliance with some formality, nor yet by rigid adherence to the same formality to retain an unworthy man. In the first place, the statements of parties should, we think, be received, compared, and their compatibility and truth determined. Hearsay evidence should be excluded, when direct evidence to the same point can be obtained ; otherwise its admissibility must be determined upon by the Committee in the impartial exercise of a wise discretion. And in the main, we shall be safe by following the general and truly equitable rule, that every fact or circumstance, upon which a reasonable presumption or inference can be founded, as to the truth or falsity of a disputed fact, shall be admissible in evidence. This course, under the laws of the Order, will afford us a plain and regular mode of adjusting the unfortunate difficulties, which sometimes trouble the peace of our institution.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE.

THE approaching session of the Grand Lodge, which will begin in this city on the 7th instant, will be one of great interest and importance, and, no doubt, will be very fully attended. The election of Grand Officers for the year ensuing, we trust, will be made with the degree of care and discrimination to which business so nearly affecting the character and prosperity of the Order is entitled ; and the number of members at present in the Grand Lodge who are qualified by talents, character and devotion to its welfare, to serve in the very highest stations, renders it safe to predict that the selections made will be judicious, and satisfactory to the great mass of the brethren in the State. We are not among those who tremble at every manifestation of a strong interest in the result of our annual elections : while the contests are honorably maintained, we shall regard them as the best evidence of the existence of a sound and healthful feeling throughout our fraternity ; and while the honors of the Order are sought for by able and high-minded men, we shall need no other proof that they deserve to be held in high estimation.

At this session, also, the amendments proposed during the past year to the Constitution of the Subordinates must be definitively acted upon. Several amendments stand proposed, but none, so far as we remember, that will, if approved, materially change the conditions under which the Lodges at present hold their charters. The experience of past years, and the care with which former revisions have been made, have left but small occasion for amendment, and probably some of the changes proposed will be rejected, from a desire (which we are glad to believe is general) that permanency in the landmarks of the Order shall be preserved, and no innovations sanctioned until experience shall have made their necessity obvious. In referring to this subject, it was not a part of our intention to express an opinion upon any of the alterations that have been suggested, as no doubt they all seem important to the brothers who have moved them; yet, upon looking them over, we find what we believe to be our regard for the best interests of the Order impelling us so strongly to say a word in behalf of one of them that the feeling cannot be resisted. We allude to the motion of D. D. G. M. Buckman, to strike out section one of article five, and insert the following:

“The fee for initiation in all Lodges under this jurisdiction shall not be less than ten dollars, and the price of degrees not less than two dollars each.”

It is sometimes contended, we know, that it is most expedient to leave the several lodges to fix the amount of their fees, dues, and benefits, under the belief that each Lodge is best capable of deciding what is required by its own circumstances; but, if it is considered how strong the desire sometimes is to increase the number of members, while less regard is paid to the funds of the lodge; how anxious brethren often are to remove every obstacle that may hinder their friends from coming into the Order, and how great an obstacle an additional sum of five dollars may in some instances seem, we think this argument will be found to lose much of its force, and that those who have used it will be ready to admit, that it is much wiser to submit such points to the decision of those who can be least affected by considerations of the kind we have referred to. The statistics of health and life are not sufficiently studied in our Lodges; the amount of premium required is not always graduated with sufficient exactness to the amount of risk incurred in the admission of members; and, as a consequence, it has in some instances already happened that Lodges are not able to pay the benefits provided by their laws, when called for, without a resort to special assessments—a mode of obtaining supplies which cannot be frequently resorted to in any Lodge without creating much dissatisfaction and numerous secessions. Far better will it be for the entire Order, and especially for the brethren whose necessities may compel them to demand relief, if our Lodges go into operation under a far-seeing policy, which will embrace the future as well as the present—the old age as well as the youth of their members—within its provisions; which shall not hold out hopes that it cannot provide the means to realize when the unfortunate may have no other hope left, and which will not dissipate in the hour of summer

sunshine the stores which wisdom would lay by for the winter and the storm. There are some necessary expenses which every Lodge *must* incur, and, consequently, if their fees for initiation and quarterly dues are reduced below a certain point their existence cannot be maintained. These truths, however, do not always become evident to those most concerned until too late, and we believe most sincerely that the Grand Lodge has never acted with a wiser forethought than it will in not only adopting the section which we have quoted, but in providing that in all Lodges within its jurisdiction the benefits paid in cases of sickness and death shall bear a uniform proportion to the amount of fees and dues paid by those who receive them.

Two of the other amendments proposed seem intended to relieve the country Lodges from the burden imposed by the postage on communications, which in many instances are supposed not to be of the least benefit to them. These consist principally of notices of rejection, suspension and expulsion, which are now by the Constitution required to be transmitted to every Lodge in the State. One of the amendments provides that such notices shall only be forwarded to Lodges within the same county; the other, that each Lodge shall pay the postage on all the notices it issues. We are inclined to think that neither of these alterations in our regulations are at the present time expedient. It is desirable that the black book of every Lodge shall be as complete as possible, for it is well known that candidates who are rejected in our Lodges are most frequently of the migratory class; men who may be in Boston this month, and in Charlestown, Lowell, Salem or Worcester the next, and who, unless accompanied or preceded by their characters, may readily impose upon our institution. This amendment certainly should not be adopted without at the same requiring that no candidate shall be initiated in any Lodge unless he shall have resided at least one year in the town in which it is located, without a satisfactory certificate of character from his former place of residence. In relation to the other alteration proposed, it may be said, on one side, that it is unjust to compel Lodges in the remote parts of the State to pay postage on notices which are not of the least possible use to them; but, on the other hand, it may be asked, if such communications are not of still less benefit to the Lodge that is required to send them, that Lodge being already possessed of the information which they contain, and whether it would not be unfair to impose upon that Lodge not only the expense and trouble of issuing the notices, but also the cost of forwarding them to those for whose benefit they are intended? We think it will be only necessary to settle the general question — are such notices useful to the Order? That question being decided in the affirmative, equity evidently will forbid that those who are least benefited shall be subjected to the most cost. Fortunately the great change which has been made in our Post Office laws has removed much of the necessity which appeared to exist for the adoption of either of the amendments at the time they were proposed, and we believe there are other causes in operation which will lessen it still more. Chief among these is the fact that the strictness of our Lodges in investigating the characters of candidates for membership has

become so universally known that most of the unworthy are deterred from applying for admission.

But most important of all the business that is to come before the Grand Lodge, is the amendment to its own Constitution submitted at the February session, which is in these terms :

“That all Lodges in good and regular standing shall each be entitled to one regular representative. That each Lodge having one hundred members shall be entitled to two representatives; three hundred members, three representatives; five hundred members, four representatives; and for every additional two hundred members, one additional representative.”

This amendment contemplates a fundamental change in the basis of representation in the Grand Lodge. Heretofore the Lodges have possessed the right to be represented by all their Past Grands, and all (with very few exceptions), as a matter of course, are elected representatives. At this time, the Grand Lodge has about three hundred members, and had we no reason to apprehend a material increase, there would be no necessity for an alteration in the basis of representation. But, instead of this, with the present number of Lodges, the Grand Lodge increases at the rate of three hundred members a year; and, allowing for a moderate increase in the number of Lodges, it is safe to say that the ratio of increase for five years to come, under the present system, will be at least five hundred members a year. In 1850, then, the Grand Lodge will contain *three thousand members*, a number obviously too great to transact the business of the Order with anything like accuracy or despatch. It may be argued that but a few of this large number will attend the sessions, yet this argument admits the probable increase of another evil which has already, to a considerable extent, excited dissatisfaction and complaint. We allude to the controlling influence which the Lodges of the city and the contiguous towns are said to exercise in the Grand Lodge. If such is the fact, we know it is not attributable to any disposition on the part of the city members to deprive their brethren of the country of the just degree of weight to which they are entitled, as a full representation from the country Lodges is always in the city a source of general gratification. It springs rather from the very nature of things. At the last session of the Grand Lodge, there were reports from 57 subordinates, who had 255 Past Grands. Of these subordinates, fifteen were located in the city of Boston and were entitled to 93 representatives; seven of them, entitled to 45 representatives, were located in adjoining towns, almost in the very suburbs of the city. These 138 members, representing 22 Lodges, were all within half an hour's walk of the place of meeting, while the remaining 37 Lodges, scattered over the State, were entitled to only 117 representatives. It was easy for the Boston members to spare an hour from their business, to attend the Grand Lodge and dispose of any matter of more than common interest, while the country members, many of them, could only attend at a loss of one or two days' time and a considerable pecuniary sacrifice. Thus, the inequality in numbers which arose from the longer existence of the Lodges in and around Boston was immensely increased by the remoteness of the Lodges of the country. This disparity will be greater at the next ses-

sion than it was at the last, and every succeeding year must add to it, unless an amendment of the nature of the one upon which we are commenting is adopted. No Past Grand, of course, will be prevented by the change from *visiting* the Grand Lodge at his pleasure, and it will secure to every subordinate the weight of influence to which the number of its members and the character of its representatives may entitle it — the latter consideration furnishing a permanent guaranty that the most worthy will in almost all cases be selected. Representatives thus specially delegated to guard the interests of their Lodge and the Order, will feel, too, bound to discharge the duties they undertake to perform, and the Lodges can, without burdening themselves, defray the expenses incurred by their representatives while in attendance upon the sessions of the Grand Lodge. We might add other considerations of great weight in favor of the proposed alteration, but the space which we have already occupied forbids, and the necessity which will clearly soon exist (if it does not now) for the adoption of a measure similar, seems to render argument a work of supererogation. We rely confidently upon the wisdom of the Grand Lodge and upon the disposition which all its members will bring with them, let them come from what section they may, to make the good of the Order' — the *whole* Order — the chief end of all their labors.

ANNUAL SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Grand Lodge of this State will hold its annual session on the 7th of August. The officers are to be elected and much important business transacted. Let there be a full attendance of Representatives. It will be the most important meeting of the Grand Lodge that has ever taken place. Much of the future success of the Order will depend upon the selection of the best men to guide its affairs, and upon a correct disposal of the weighty questions which will present themselves for consideration. Let every Representative attend, and bring with him a dispassionate and honest intention to act as a conscientious view of his duties shall dictate.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE R. W. Grand Sire has issued his proclamation for a called session of the above R. W. Body, for the purpose of considering the report of the Committee on the Revision of the Work of the Order. It will take place on the 9th day of September next. At the same session, petitions will be considered and acted upon for the granting of charters for Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments. In the mean time, some of the State Grand Lodges have expressed their sense as to the proposed alterations; — the Grand Lodge of New York advising limited revision, correcting merely grammatical and historical inaccuracies, and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania taking ground for liberal

and thorough re-examination and change. We trust that the result, whatever it may be, may be creditable to the Order, and be brought about with as much promptitude as possible.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

WE have been compelled, in taking note of matters which have absorbed the attention of the Order for two months past, to omit our usual notices of the formation and institution of new Lodges, otherwise than in the Directory at the end of each number of the Symbol. Since May, the Order has increased in the number of Lodges, and the following new ones are to be added to the long line of prosperous societies which so rapidly extends itself within this jurisdiction:

Woronoco Lodge, No. 74,	-	-	-	Westfield.
Rising Star " " 75,	-	-	-	Randolph.
Pilgrim " " 76,	-	-	-	South Abington.
Unity " " 77,	-	-	-	Boston.
Olive Branch " " 78,	-	-	-	Charlestown.
Hockomocko " " 79,	-	-	-	Westboro'.
Mt. Wollaston " " 80,	-	-	-	Quincy.

These are all in operation. The following petitions have been forwarded to the Grand Officers. For the institution of —

Weweanti . Lodge, No. 81,	-	-	Sippican Village.
Crescent " " 82,	-	-	Weymouth.
Mutual Relief " " 83,	-	-	Haverhill.
" " 84,	-	-	Lancaster.

The hundredth Lodge will soon be in existence, and if the intermediate Lodges are like those above named, we care not how soon we see it.

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

WE learn that the Grand Lodge of Michigan has held its annual communication, and elected its officers. The session was opened on the 9th July and closed on the evening of the 10th.

There are nine Lodges in successful operation, and arrangements are being made to open three or four more. There are about 500 members of the Order in that State. The Grand Lodge meets quarterly, at Detroit.

The following officers were installed by P. G. M. Wm. Duane Wilson:—A. S. Kellogg, M. W. G. Master; Andrew J. Clarke, D. G. M.; Benjamin G. Stimson, G. Warden; John Robinson, Jr., G. Secretary; Charles S. Adams, G. Treasurer; H. M. Roby, G. Marshal; H. L. Whipple, G. Conductor; Hartford N. Joy, G. Guardian.

Ex-Gov. J. Wright Gordon, of Marshall, was elected R. W. G. Representative to the G. L. U. S. P. G. M. Wm. Duane Wilson, of Detroit, is Dist. Dept. G. Sire for that District.

There are two Encampments in that State; one at Detroit, and one at Marshall. The Order is highly respectable and prosperous in Michigan.

DEATH OF P. D. GR. SIRE ROBERT NEILSON.

We have just seen a letter written by Jas. L. Ridgely, Esq., Gr. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the U. States, to Rev. Bro. Case, senior Editor of the "Covenant," announcing the decease of the brother whose name heads this article. He was the proprietor and printer of the "Covenant." We extract the following from the letter, and shall in a future number give a more extended notice of the deceased,—his labors in behalf of our institution, and of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Of the latter Order he is said to have been the founder.

"Baltimore, July 21, 1845.

"REV. BRO CASE :

"It is a painful office to perform to announce to you the death of P. D. Grand Sire Robert Neilson, who departed this life at 4 o'clock on the 20th inst., after an illness of five weeks. We are at the moment I write about to consign his remains to the earth, with becoming honors. The defenders of the city who have survived the memorable battle of North Point, the Sons of Temperance, and our beloved Fraternity, together with a vast train of his fellow citizens, form the escort which bears all that is mortal of our departed brother to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. His death is a great calamity to his family, but there is yet a surviving Father to the fatherless, and a living husband to the widow, in the inexhaustible treasures of Odd Fellowship."

BRO. RIDGELY'S ORATION.

We have for sale a few copies of this admirable Oration delivered before the Odd Fellows at their Celebration in Boston on the 19th June. In connection with the Oration is published a description of the banners carried in the procession, an account of the proceedings at the dinner, and of the *Levee* in the evening at Faneuil Hall. They are printed in a neat pamphlet form of 42 pages. 12 cts. per copy.

MARRIED,

In East Boston, June 29th, by Rev. S. Cobb, Bro. Sylvanus Cobb, J., to Miss Mary J. Head.
In Chelsea, July 20th, by Rev. Bro. Francis, Bro. Jarvis Thayer, to Miss Abby A. Hayden.
In North Reading, May 21st, by Rev. E. W. Allen, Bro. John B. Howard, of Golden Rule Lodge, Wilmington, to Miss Eliza R. Howard, of North Reading.
In Haverhill, by Rev. Mr. Plummer, Bro. Wm. P. Richardson, of Golden Rule Lodge, to Miss Julia A. Godkin, of Haverhill.

DIED,

In East Thomaston, (Me.) July 5th, Bro. Geo. S. Glover, of Relief Lodge, aged 23. Bro. G. was buried with all the honors due a brother, according to the usages of our Order.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

Massachusetts.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Hes'h Prince, GCP; Newell A Thompson, GHP; Tho's Barr, GSW; Nathaniel Y Culbertson, QJW; Caleb C Hayden, G Scribe; Raymond Cole, G Treasurer.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; RM Baker, Treas.

TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Geo Norton, CP; Jos B Frost, jr, HP; Geo T Drinkwater, SW; J B Smith, JW; Eben'r Seaver, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Woodman C Currier, CP; Ichabod Fessenden, HP; John J Eaton, SW; Ralph W Newton, JW; Wm L Clarke, Scribe; Thomas P Pierce, Treas.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W Beard, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgrave, JW; Abiel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Charles Sampson, CP; Reuben Wheeler, HP; S Newmarch, SW; J D Newhall, JW; W A Butters, Scribe; A M Holden, Treas.

- MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Emery, C P; Thos H Lord, H P; Geo T Granger, S W; Wm Bradstreet, Scribe; Dexter Dana, J W; John N Willis, Treas.
- ABNAWAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Eliash Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; SG Driscoll, SW; E R Sawin, J W; J O Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Walit, Treas.
- WACHUSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; S S Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.
- NAHANT ENCAMPMENT, No. 11.—Henry A Breed, CP; Wm Reed, HP; Franklin Williams, SW; Wm B Hanners, JW; Jos R Bigelow, Scribe; Edward Carroll, Treas.
- SHALON ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.—Daniel Leach, CP; Horatio G Moore, HP; James Anderson, SW; A J P Whitcomb, JW; Geo P Burnham, Scribe; Ira Allen, Treas.
- NAUMKEAG ENCAMPMENT, No. 13.—William Archer, Jr, CP; Benj H Grush, HP; Israel D Shepard, SW; John C Howard, JW; Samuel B Foster, Scribe; Wm Saunders, Jr, Treas.
- GRAND LODGE.—Thos F Norris, MWGM; Newell A Thompson, RWDGM; Solon Joskins, RWGW; W E Parmenter, RWG Sec'y; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas'r; Jno McLeish, RWG Chaplain.
- UNION DOREN LODGE.—Ebenezer Seaver, DM; Chas Cobb, ADM; R H Eddy, DADM; E M P Wells, PG; H Williams, VG; W Fergus, Sec; J H Hathorne, Treas.
- MAVERICK DOREN LODGE.—Wm H Calrow, DM; Wm S Howard, ADM; E Pettengill, DADM; Jacob Barker, PG; E M Cunningham, VG; G E Pierce, Secy.
- WARREN DOREN LODGE, No. 3.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; Daniel Leach, ADM; Joseph Cracklin, DADM; Thos Hiller PG; Wm Everett, VG; Eben'r Pratt, Sec.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DOREN LODGE.—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Brewster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—David Ayres, NG; A P Cleavelly, VG; J G Morse, Rec Sec and Physician; A B Ely, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas.
- SILHAM, No. 2.—Edward Wise, NG; Arthur Stuart, VG; Geo P Geer, Rec Sec; John McClintock, Per Sec; S W Clapp, Treas.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Geo H Davies, NG; Edward G Stevens, VG; Geo W Fifield, Sec; Nath'l P Brooks, Treas; Samuel Chapman, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.—Charles Stone, NG; S C Ames, VG; Charles Dodge, Rec Sec; A P Holt, Per Sec; Thomas Bair, Treas; Thomas Ford, Chaplain.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.—S Jacobs, NG; S D Leavens, VG; Horace Williams, Rec Sec; L Thompson, Jr, Per Sec; Charles S Browne, Treas.
- CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.—John S Lamon, NG; W T Grammer, VG; Moses F Winn, Rec Sec; L Thompson, Jr, Per Sec; Albert Thompson, Treas; George Flagg, Chaplain; S W Drew, Physician.
- ORIENTAL, No. 10.—J H Hathorne, NG; J R Gardiner, VG; W H Paul, Rec Sec; Isaac P Clark, Per Sec; H W Vinal, Treas; Stephen Lovell, Chaplain.
- MECHANIC, No. 11.—John B Billings, NG; E A Rice, VG; Ambrose Lawrence, Rec Sec; H S Orange, Per Sec; Joseph Whitmore, Treas; Edward A Rice, Chaplain.
- BETHEL, No. 12.—Jno B Hartwell, NG; Addison Hill, VG; David P Lovejoy, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Sec; Thomas P Pierce, Treas; S P Landers, Chaplain.
- NAZAERNE No. 13.—Sam'l H Phelps, NG; Edwin L Brainerd, VG; Geo S Wyllie, Sec; Cha's A Stevens, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.—Daniel Johnson, NG; James R Bugbee, VG; John H Clapp, Rec Sec; J C Cutter, Per Sec; Thos J Elliott, Treas; John Smith Chaplain; J. Stearns Hurd, Physician.
- TREMONT, No. 15.—Levi Wilkins, NG; J J Jennings, VG; Caleb S McClennen, Rec Sec; H Fuller, Treas.
- COVENANT, No. 16.—J W Phelps, NG; Wm Rogers, VG; Jas W Bailey, Rec Sec; Truman D Chapman Per Sec; Carmi E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX No. 17.—Geo Baldwin, NG; Daniel Gould, VG; Wm C Prescott, Sec; Sam'l Baldwin, Treas; John Mc Leish, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.—Charles Marsh, NG; A W Folsom, VG; S S Chase, Sec; Geo B Davis, Treas.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.—John Beale, NG; Samuel Greene, VG; Wm E Cogswell, Rec Sec; Albert W Bryant, Per Sec; Geo Stearns, Treas.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.—S P Greenwood, NG; Dan'l H Thurston, VG; W P Butterfield, Rec Sec; P B G Messenger, Per Sec; Curtis Davis, Treas; Lucius R Paige, Chaplain.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.—H Marshall, NG; T Dinwiddie, VG; J A Griffin, Rec Sec; James Bell, Per Sec; Moses Clement, Treas.
- HOWARD, No. 22.—Charles Poole, NG; Henry P Gardiner, VG; Geo W Woodbury, Rec Sec; Francis Sisson, Per Sec; Ebenezer White, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.—E Oliver, NG; John Shelling, Jr, VG; John Clark, Rec Sec; R McPhail, Per Sec; A A Watson, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain.
- WINNISIMMET, No. 24.—Robert Davidson, NG; Geo W Otis, Jr, VG; Phillip R Merriam, Rec Sec; Geo W Clark, Per Sec; Sam'l Batchelder, Treas; Eben Francis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.—Daniel D Broadhead, NG; Chas T Treadwell, VG; Wm R Storma, Rec Sec; Wm B May, Per Sec; Geo P Clapp, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Phinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.—Joseph A Goldthwait, NG; Richard Lindsay, VG; J D Sheppard, Rec Sec; Nath'l Symonds, Per Sec; Nathaniel Goldsmith, Treas; D K Merrill, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No. 27.—Wm Hawkerson, NG; Wm Smith, VG; James Wilson, Sec; D King, Treas; A A Folsom, Chaplain.
- OSKELIN, No. 28.—Joel Powers, NG; N D Favor, VG; A B Plympton, Rec Sec; Sidney Davis, Per Sec; Jonathan Gage, Treas; D H Jaques, Chaplain; Josiah Curtis, Physician.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.—Daniel L Sprague, NG; Benj F Richardson, VG; Geo W Dike, Sec; Lyman Dike, Treas.
- BETHLEHEM, No. 30.—Brewster Reynolds, NG; Sam'l Newmarch, VG; Thos B Clough, Rec Sec; T S Strout, Per Sec; Chas Sampson, Treas; Jos H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.—Andrew Cole, NG; Josiah R Hodgdon, VG; Leonard P Frost, Sec; George Hill, Treas.

- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.—Wm H Johannot, NG; I B Whitney, VG; J H Lorraine, Rec Sec; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec; Hugh H Tuttle, Treas; Jno Weart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Phy.
- MONTESUMA, No. 33.—Edward W Champney, NG; Joel Scott, VG; Caleb Widdows, Rec Sec; Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec; C F Bagley, Treas; — Lovajoy, Chaplain.
- HOPS, No. 34.—A W Carleton, NG; Geo A Waldo, VG; W W Merrick, Sec; S R Merrill, Treas.
- PROSPECT, No. 35.—Jesse Glover, NG; A M Garfield, VG; Jno Pike, Sec; Gideon Haynes, Treas.
- MAVERICK, 36.—Joseph Weeks, Jr, NG; E M Cunningham, VG; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr, Rec Sec; R H Blake, Per Sec; John Pierce, Treas; J A Morrill, Chaplain.
- SHAWMUT, No. 37.—Andrew Watkins, NG; Thos P Pulsifer, VG; Jas B Davis, Rec Sec; David C Barnes, Per Sec; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
- SOUHEGAN, No. 38.—Peter Wiley, NG; John H Stone, VG; Francis Williams, Sec; Joseph W Atwill, Treas; John H Willis, Chaplain.
- QUASCACUNQUIN, No. 39.—Wm Bradstreet, NG; Thos H Lord, VG; John Akerman, Rec Sec; Moses M Ross, Per Sec; Geo T Granger, Treas; Rev Edwin A Eaton, Chaplain.
- BAY STATE, No. 40.—Asa T Newhall, NG; G W Keene, VG; Wm Bassett, Rec Sec; A S Moore, Per Sec; J S Wentworth, Treas; Tho's Driver, Chaplain.
- ACOUSHNET, No. 41.—Stephen G Driscoll, NG; Hiram Webb, VG; Isaac M Richardson, Rec Sec; Chas D Cushman, Per Sec; Augustus J Eaton, Treas; S S Fletcher, Chaplain.
- PACIFIC, No. 42.—Samuel A Cushing, NG; Henry A Fuller, VG; J C Mayo, Rec Sec; Henry Davis, Per Sec; Theo C Merrill, Treas; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Physicians.
- QUINSIGAMOND, No. 43.—F G Gouch, NG; Wm A Ayres, VG; E Harrington, Rec Sec; J S Weasby, Per Sec; Jos Pratt, Treas; Albert Case, Chaplain; Benj F Hayward, Physician.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.—E Dawes Tisdale, NG; James P Ellis, VG; Francis S Munroe, Rec Sec; A A Leach, Per Sec; Joseph Swasey, Treas; W R G Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.—Asa B Cram, NG; Horace P Stevens, VG; Wm Richardson, Sec; Jos Fuller, Treas.
- TISQUANTUM, No. 46.—James R Davis, NG; Nelson Parkhurst, VG; Wm Bragg, Rec Sec; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec; John Corbett, Treas; Benj H Davis, Chaplain.
- MACEDONIAN, No. 47.—William H Cooper, NG; Lorenzo Phelps, VG; Thomas Stiles, Sec; Chas O Gragg, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No. 48.—John F Lincoln, NG; Robert Richardson, VG; J W Follansbee, Sec; Stillman Stone, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.—E G Richardson, NG; W L North, VG; Luther P Durgin, Rec Sec; Sam'l C Baldwin, Per Sec; Behj C Hills, Treas.
- CONCORD, No. 50.—Asa C Collier, N G; Eben Wild, V G; Benj E Sawyer, Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec and Chaplain; Samuel Potter, Treas.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.—J W H Rogers, NG; Geo Darricutt, Jr, VG; CH Webb, Sec; James A Dix, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.—Abram D Wait, NG; John Kimball, 3d, VG; Sam'l Hunt, Sec; D S Wilcomb, Treas.
- HOSAN LODGE, No. 53.—Reuben Wheeler, NG; M L Capen, VG; Rufus Dodge, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Sumner Jenkins, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.—Isaac B Rich, NG; Geo Simmons, Jr, VG; Harvey W Weston, Sec; Levi Bradford, Jr, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.—Andrew Lackey, Jr, NG; Benj Brown, VG; Geo E Bartlett, Rec Sec; H Appleton, Per Sec; Thomas Mears, Treas.
- WORCHESTER, No. 56.—Geo C Talf, NG; Sam'l T Stone, VG; Julius L Clarke, Sec; Wm Greenleaf, Treas.
- BERKSHIRE, No. 57.—Thos Hamard, Jr, NG; Jas Ostrander, Jr, VG; Roswell Woolson, Sec; S S Jordan, Treas.
- ELLIOT, No. 58.—Andrew Cheney, NG; Pliny Bosworth, VG; Claudius Wadsworth, Sec; Geo W Keyes, Treas; S P Skinner, Chaplain.
- TAKEWAMBAIT, No. 59.—Thos A Davis, NG; Charles Herring, VG; Asah Parlin, Sec; Nathan Rice, Treas.
- HARVARD, No. 60.—Trumbull Bull, NG; S W Holman, VG; E A Holman, Sec; Ebenezer Willis, Treas.
- NONOTUCK, No. 61.—A H Bullen, NG; Samuel Wells, VG; Luther I Washburn, Rec Sec; R Cheney, Per Sec; C H Hawke, Treas.
- ST. JOHN'S, No. 62.—Lemuel H Brigham, NG; W W Johnson, VG; Wm P Winkley, Sec; Albert den, Treas.
- MOUNT HOPE, No. 63.—Robert S Gibbs, NG; Edwin Shaw, VG; Abial S C Lawton, Rec Sec and Per Sec; Christopher W Tillinghast, Treas; Amos D McCoy, Chaplain.
- SHAWSHIRE, No. 64.—Wm Schouler, NG; Thos Talbot, VG; John Baldwin, Jr, Sec; Gardiner Parker, Treas; V Lincoln, Chaplain.
- GOLDEN RULE, No. 65.—Simen Jaquith, NG; William Bacon, VG; Samuel B Nichols, Sec'y; Henry Kittredge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
- NANTUCKET, No. 66.—Geo H Riddell, NG; Henry C Worth, VG; Matthew Barnard, Rec Sec; Richard Mitchell, Jr, Per Sec; Francis M Mitchell, Treas.
- POCONOTUCK, No. 67.—Stephen Gates, NG; Alpheus F Stone, VG; W H Allen, Sec; R Howland, Treas; James Mudge, Chaplain.
- HARMONY, No. 68.—Albert H Butters, NG; Jas M Woodbridge, VG; George Harvey, Sec'y; Amos Hitchins, Treas.
- MASSACHUSETTS, No. 69.—Darius Forbes, NG; Lorenzo D Hervey, VG; Benj G Green, Rec Sec'y; A S Dudley, Per Sec and Chaplain; Thos S Mitchell, Treas.
- QUINOBAGUIN, No. 70.—Eliphalet Stone, NG; Carnal Richmond, VG; Augustus Mason, Sec; Aaron Clark, Treas; Hiram Beckwith, Chaplain.
- GROTON, No. 71.—Edwin Coburn, NG; E M Taylor, VG; Geo H Brown, Sec; A Wood, Jr, Treas.
- NORTH SPOUGHTON, No. 72.—Elbridge Jones, NG; Ezra Stearns, VG; Wm Hawes, Sec; Luther Hayden, Treas; Thos M Latham, Chaplain.
- WACHUSETT, No. 73.—Joseph N Bates, NG; Nahum F Bryant, VG; Edwin Woods, Sec; Charles Caldwell, Treas.

WORONOCO, No. 74.—Albert Clark, NG; Alfred A Upton, VG; H F Ketcham, Secy; W S Huttons, Treasurer.

PIRGIM, No. 75.—Instituted June 16th; returns not yet made.

BLIND STAR, No. 76.—Hiram Alden, NG; John King, VG; Royal Turner, Sec; P Stevens, Treas.

UNITY, No. 77.—Jephtha C Bruce, NG; Sidney A Stetson, VG; Levi Chubbuck, Rec Sec; Stillman D Willis, Per Sec; John Carter, jr, Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.

OLIVE BRANCH, No. 78.—Ashbael Waitt, NG; James Gould, VG; Augustus H Cole, Sec; Henry P Fairbanks, Treas.

HOCKOMOCKO, No. 79.—Hiram Haven, NG; Phineas French, VG; Elisha F Hyde, Sec; Cyrus J Tirrell, Treas; — Brooks, Chaplain.

MOUNT WOLLASTON, No. 80.—Isaac Cowing, NG; John Brokershire, VG; John V Clark, Sec; Joseph B Witcher, Treas.

Maine.

MACHIGONE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukesbury, Scribe; Joseph M Kellogg, Treas.

EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm B Kimball, SW; E P Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.

SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm B Hartwell, CP; T S Robinson, HP; John G Sawyer, SW; Chas P Branch, JW; Isaacar Snell Scribe; Chas Sager, Treas.

KATHON ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Charles Snell, CP; Wm S Warren, HP; A Kirkpatrick, SW; A M Higgins, JW; E C Smart, Scribe; Darius Lawrence, Treas.

ROBAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Joseph Hardy, CP; Geo F H Halsey, HP; Seth Gurney, SW; Perez Hill, Scribe; Jas L Lombard, Treas.

SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Peleg Rush, CP; Elisha Clarke, HP; Thomas Bowles, SW; John Elliot, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; E S J Nealley, Treas.

CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Thos O'Brien, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe; L L Bryant, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; ESJ Neally, RWDGM; Thatcher, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec'y; J N Winslow, RWG Treas; N C Fletcher, G Chaplain.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DAM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—Geo Sawyer, NG; L L Sadler, VG; Wm W Graves, Rec Sec; Charles Harding, Per Sec; John H Hooper, Treas.

SACO, No. 2.—G W Quinby, NG; J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.

GEORGIAN, No. 3.—Christopher Prince, NG; Edwin Rose, VG; Geo Abbott, Rec Sec; Geo Prince, Per Sec; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.

ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.—Charles Cobb, NG; Wm D Little, VG; Louis J de Crenay, Rec Sec; Wm Ross, Per Sec; Jos M Kellogg, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.

LIGONIA, No. 5.—Wm Boyd, NG; J W Mansfield, VG; Charles Baker, Sec; J N Morrill, Treas.

SABBATHS, No. 6.—Sewall Lancaster, NG; Lewis D Moore, VG; N M Hall, Rec Sec; J W Patterson, Per Sec; Geo Allen, Treas.

PENOBSCOT, No. 7.—Allen Haines, NG; Arthur M Higgins, VG; Sam'l E Morrison, Rec Sec; L G McKenny, Per Sec; Thos H Shaw, Treas.

RELIEF, No. 8.—Iddo K Kimball, NG; Freeman Harden, Jr, VG; Arthur L Lovejoy, Rec Sec; E L Lovejoy, Per Sec; A H Kimball, Treas.

NATANIA, No. 9.—Jas P Weston, NG; Moses S Wadsworth, VG; Nath'l K Chadwick, Rec Sec; Nath'l Stone, Per Sec; Freeman Trott, Treas; Jesse B Tozier, Chaplain.

LINCOLN, No. 10.—John Elliot, NG; John E Brown, VG; Chas B Lemont, Rec Sec; Levi P Lemont, Per Sec; Aaron Donnell, Treas.

SACCARAPPA, No. 11.—Amos H Cobb, NG; Aaron Quimby, VG; Bailey Quimby, Sec; Charles E Twombly, Treas.

KENDUSKEAG, No. 12.—Wm P Wingate, NG; Alfred Kirkpatrick, VG; Wm G Badger, Sec; S W Robinson, Treas.

PEWEECOT, No. 13.—Giles Bailey, NG; Asber Ellis, VG; Benj G Dennison, Sec; Philo Chamberlain, Treas.

CUSHNOC, No. 14.—Timothy S Robinson, NG; Greenleaf White, VG; Geo S Hall, Sec; David Golder, Treas; Wm A Drew, Chaplain.

PASSAGASSAWAKEAG, No. 15.—F A Hodgson, NG; S R Wing, VG; Wm H Burrill, Rec Sec; D K Lothrop, Per Sec; Rob't White, Treas; Rev S G Sargent, Chaplain.

HOBOMOK, No. 16.—E H Mitchell, NG; B F Chase, VG; C S S Todd, Sec; A L Stimpson, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.

WASHINGTON, No. 17.—Carlton D Elmes, NG; Wm H Clark, VG; Thomas Hovey, Rec Sec; Thos W Newman, Per Sec; Franklin Scammon, Treas.

ORONO, No. 18.—Chas Buffum, NG; Nathan H Allen, VG; Jared F Eveleth, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Daniel Hubbard, Treas.

PASSAMAQUODDY, No. 19.—John B Knight, NG; Aaron Hayden, VG; Edward Halsey, Rec Sec; Jos A Coolidge, Per Sec; Smith Tinkham, Treas; Rev Charles Farley, Chaplain.

HARRISON, No. 20.—Cyril Pearl, NG; Thos H Mead, VG; Amos P Foster, Sec; Christopher C W Simpson, Treas; Chas Soule, Chaplain.

SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN, No. 21.—Jno P Emerson, NG; Jno Traak, Jr, VG; R B Moores, Rec Sec; D Hinkley, Per Sec; Jas B Dascomb, Treas; Orest Sikes, Chaplain.

MEDOMAX LODGE, No. 22.—Thomas Gentner, NG; Alden Jackson, VG; Isaac Reed, Sec; Abram T Moses, Treas.

SOHOOLAC, No. 23.—Edward S Dyar, NG; G N Cole, VG; H E Bates, Rec Sec; B M Flint, Per Sec; Wm H C Stearns, Treas; Edward Stone, Chaplain.

ANDROSCOGGIN, No. 24.—Temple Tebbets, NG; Geo W Foss, VG; Stephen H Read, Rec Sec; Wm B Frye, Per Sec; Mark Lowell, Treas.

ACADIA, No. 25.—Wm H Mills, NG; Daniel McKuer, VG; Daniel M Huckings, Sec; Jeremiah Fanno, Treas.

MOUSAM, No. 26.—P S Holden, NG; G Cobbe, VG; J M Richards, Sec; J L Cook, Treas; A Dutch, Chaplain.

TARRANT, No. 27.—Hiram Emery, NG; H P A Smith, VG; E D Haskins, Sec; D M Hale, Treas. OLYMPIC BRANCH, No. 23.—George S Woodman, NG; Charles T. Trafton, VG; John B Nealley, Sec; Caleb Sanborn, Treas.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—David Philbrick, MWGM; Eben Francis, RWDGM; Walter French, RWGW; G H H Silsbee, RWG Sec'y; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas. G W Montgomery, RWG Chaplain.

NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—O D Murray, CP; Cha's T Ridgway, HP; A Mitchell, SW; E A Gallison, JW; I R Philbrick, Scribe; J Rockwood, Treas.

WONOLANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Charles H Chase, Treasurer.

PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Nath'l B Baker, CP; Lewis Downing, jr, HP; Stephen Brown, SW; Thos White, JW; Jona. Sargent, Scribe; Wm Walker, jr, Treas.

QUOICHECO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Wm Tredick, CP; Bethuel Keith, HP; Edmund Freeman, SW; Daniel Bogie, JW; Joseph H Wiggin, Scribe; S S Moulton, Treas.

STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—George W Towle, CP; George W Montgomery, HP; Joseph Cheever, SW; J M Locke, Jr, JW; Emerson Shurburne, Scribe; David Moulton, Treas.

PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE.—Geo W Montgomery, DM; Geo W Towle, DDM; James M Carr, ADM; Elias Ayres, PG; Cha's A Colcord, NG; Nath'l March, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—Joseph H Smith, DM; Moses Fisk, DDM; William Leach, ADM; Charles W Woodman, PG; George Gray, VG; Amasa Roberts, Sec.

GRANITA, No. 1.—N P Kimball, NG; A Mitchell, VG; I R Philbrick, Sec; Wm S Atwood, Treas; L C Browne, Chaplain.

HILLSBORO, No. 2.—Luther Smith, NG; D J Hoyt, VG; C E Potter, Rec Sec; Chas H Chase, Per Sec; O Marland, Treas.

WECOMANET, No. 3.—William Tredick, NG; Jonathan Cutler, VG; Sam'l H Pendexter, Rec Sec; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec; Jas M Flagg, Treas; W G Anderson, Chaplain.

WASHINGTON, No. 4.—J W S Drew, NG; Wm H James, VG; Thos J W Pray, Sec; Ezra Harbison, Treas; J W Orange, Chaplain.

WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—J E Lang, NG; Wm Walker, Jr, VG; H McAllister, Rec Sec; John C Wilson, Per Sec; O Turner, Treas; Wm P Tilden, Chaplain.

PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—Charles J Colcord, NG; Joseph Cheever, VG; Abram Q Wendell, Rec Sec; S W Moses, Per Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas; John P Payson, Chaplain.

WINNIPISOGON, No. 7.—Chas W Parker, NG; John M Pitman, VG; Andrew McFarland Sec; Thos Wilder, Treas; Eben S Lawrence, Chaplain.

SWANSCOT, No. 8.—Geo O Hilton, NG; Henry C Weatherly, VG; Chas H Parker, Sec; Andrew M Paul, Treas.

SAGAMORE, No. 9.—Edward H Valentine, NG; Thos L Newell, VG; Geo C Percy, Sec; John Foss, Treas.

SUNCOOK, No. 10.—Oliver N French, NG; S P H Drake, VG; Jeremiah S Folsom, Sec; Chas Sanderson, Treas.

MONADNOCK, No. 11.—John Peabody, NG; George Taft, VG; Arnold Kendall, Sec; Amos Lawrence, Treas.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—James Wood, MWGM; Jos G Chandley, RWDGM; John Hulley, RWGM; John Harper, RWGS; Wm E Rutter, RWGR; Matthew Taylor, RWGT.

NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—H L Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; J H Richmond, JW; H E Hudson, Scribe; W B Burdick, Treas.

FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Charles E Richards, NG; Wm Simons, VG; Wm S Draper, Rec Sec; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; Franklin White, Chaplain; Geo. Capron, Physician.

EAGLE, No. 2.—E H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.

ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Israel Amesbury, Jr, NG; S R Williams, VG; Pardon M Mathinson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Henry M Amesbury, Treas.

HOPKINS, No. 4.—Arnold C Hawes, NG; N A Eddy, VG; Levi Salisbury, Rec Sec; W Bathburn, Per Sec; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Henry Tidale, NG; James Atkinson, VG; Augustus Bush, Sec; William Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.

AMITY, No. 6.—Wm B Seely, NG; Wm H Turner, VG; Jos M Smith, Rec Sec; George Cole, Per Sec; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Chas S Macreading, Chaplain; Almond Gushue, Physician.

NARRAGANSETT, No. 7.—Charles H Denison, NG; Levi L Derby, VG; Wm H Reynolds, Sec; Pelleg Noyes, Treas; Henry Alcom, Chaplain.

GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—J B Searsey, NG; Wm R Eaton, VG; Jas B Benseley, Rec Sec; William Hood, Per Sec; Zelotus Witherell, Treas; J E Kent, Chaplain.

CONANT, No. 9.—Wm L Hopkins, NG; Robert C Anthony, VG; Albert P Ware, Rec Sec; B F Herrick, Per Sec; Geo S Hathorne, Treas; J E Risley, Chaplain.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCF; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Frelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.

SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Frelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.

ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Thos C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.

PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edw'd W Eells, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; Thos L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas; David Young, JW.

UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No 4.—A S Wightman CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Howitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.

DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedlent, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.

SOUHAG ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Thos C Simpson, CP; Ja's S Parmelee, HP; P Fagan, SW; Horace Hall, JW; F Burns, Scribe; L C Hubbard, Treas.

MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—John W Johnson, CP; Aaron Morley, HP; Ezra Clark, Jr, SW; Sam'l Woodruff, JW; Wm H Sweetland, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.

GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Croswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.

QUINNIPAC LODGE, No 1.—Geo N Seagrave, NG; S B Gorham, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Samuel Woodruff, NG; Joseph W Hale, VG; S H Havens, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Joseph Pratt, Jr, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Nathan Tyler, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PEQUANNOCK, No 4.—Philo T Barnum, NG; Wm S Hanford, VG; Asner H Ruggles, Rec Sec; Israel Kelsey, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No 5.—Wm H Stanley, NG; John Humphrey, VG; Samuel Tolles, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

OUSATONIC, No 6.—Robert R Wood, NG; Matthew Donnelly, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Sidney Alling, Treas.

SAMARITAN, No 7.—Ethel T Farnum, NG; Thomas Weed, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—John W Danforth, NG; Charles Spencer, VG; Benjamin Stevens, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.

THAMES, No 9.—Samuel Barry, NG; C L Daboll, VG; J K Cortbell, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; A S Wightman, Treas; Thos J Greenwood, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—S H Barley, NG; Levi Clark, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Henry H Smith, Treas.

UNCAS, No 11.—Wm L Brewer, NG; Henry A Barrows, VG; Henry W Borchley, Rec Sec; Jas L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.

CENTRAL, No 12.—Wm H Willard, NG; T P Abell, VG; Dennis Sage, Rec Sec; E J Bidwell, Per Sec; O Utley, Treas.

CHARITY, No 13.—B T Lewis, NG; R Brown, VG; J C P Park, Sec; F H Rogers, Treas.

WOPWAG, No 14.—Wm Bush, NG; Fred C Dayton, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; H Mallory, Tr.

MONTAWESE, No 15.—Wm E Sanford, NG; Luther P Bradley, VG; Jas Lindergreen, Sec; Frederick Croswell, Treas.

WASHINGTON, No 16.—Joshua B Lord, NG; Asa W Jillson, VG; Wm H Osborne, Sec; D W Brigham, Treas.

TRUMBULL, No 17.—Wm Mercer, NG; J N Harris, VG; John H Lester, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; Henry A Latimer, Treas.

NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Solomon L Griggs, NG; Wm B Brace, VG; Edwin Kilbourn, Rec Sec; Jeremiah Parish, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.

MYSTIC, No 19.—Barton Saunders, NG; Albert Saunders, VG; Geo D Hyde, Sec; Nathan P Whitney, Treas.

FENWICK, No 20.—Nathan Pratt, NG; James Phelps, VG; James H Pratt, Rec Sec; Edward W Pratt, Treas.

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No 1.—

VERMONT, No 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vall, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN THE U. STATES—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES
Meets at Baltimore, Md., on the 3d Monday in
September, annually.
Howell Hopkins, of Penn., M. W. G. S.
William S. Stewart, of Mo., M. W. D. G. S.
J. L. Ridgely, of Md., M. W. G. C. and R. Sec.
A. E. Warner, of Md., R. W. G. Treasurer.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE,
Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on
1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts.....	Boston.....	Mon
2 Siloam.....	do.....	Thu
4 New England.....	East Cambridge.....	Fri
7 Merrimack.....	Lowell.....	Mon
8 Suffolk.....	Boston.....	Tue
9 Crystal Fount.....	Woburn.....	Mon
10 Oriental.....	Boston.....	Wed
11 Mechanics.....	Lowell.....	Fri
12 Bethel.....	West Cambridge.....	Tue
13 Nazarene.....	Ware Village.....	Mon
14 Bunker Hill.....	Charlestown.....	Mon
15 Tremont.....	Boston.....	Wed
16 Covenant.....	do.....	Mon
17 Middlesex.....	Malden.....	Wed
18 Warren.....	Roxbury.....	Tue
19 Monument.....	East Lexington.....	Thu
20 Friendship.....	Cambridgeport.....	Mon
21 Fidelity.....	Andover.....	Thu
22 Howard.....	Charlestown.....	Fri
23 Franklin.....	Boston.....	Fri
24 Winnisimmet.....	Chester.....	Tue
25 Boston.....	Boston.....	Fri
26 Essex.....	Salem.....	Mon
27 Hampden.....	Springfield.....	Mon
28 Oberlin.....	Lowell.....	Tue
29 Columbian.....	Stoneham.....	Tue
30 Bethesda.....	South Boston.....	Mon
31 Lafayette.....	Watertown.....	Wed
32 Ancient Landmark.....	Boston.....	Mon
33 Montezuma.....	do.....	Wed
34 Hope.....	Methuen.....	Wed
35 Prospect.....	Waltham.....	Mon
36 Maverick.....	East Boston.....	Mon

37 Shawmut.....	Boston.....	Tue
38 Sohegan.....	South Reading.....	Mon
39 Quasacuncquou.....	Newburyport.....	Thu
40 Bay State.....	Lynn.....	Tue
41 Acushnet.....	New Bedford.....	Wed
42 Pacific.....	Boston.....	Thu
43 Quinsigamond.....	Worcester.....	Mon
44 King Philip.....	Taunton.....	Tue
45 Framingham.....	Sixonville.....	Wed
46 Tisquantum.....	Milford.....	Mon
47 Macedonian.....	Bedford.....	Wed
48 Norfolk.....	Dorchester.....	Wed
49 Veritas.....	Lowell.....	Mon
50 Concord.....	Concord.....	Tue
51 Mystic.....	Chelsea.....	Mon
52 Agawam.....	Ipswich.....	Thu
53 Hobah.....	South Boston.....	Fri
54 May Flower.....	Plymouth.....	Tue
55 Atlantic.....	Marblehead.....	Wed
56 Worcester.....	Worcester.....	Fri
57 Berkshire.....	Pittsfield.....	Tue
58 Elliot.....	Newton Upper Falls.....	Thu
59 Takewambait.....	Natick.....	Tues
60 Harvard.....	Harvard.....	Mon
61 Nonotuck.....	Northampton.....	Mon
62 St. John's.....	Cabotville.....	Tue
63 Mount Hope.....	Fall River.....	Thu
64 Shawheene.....	Billerica.....	Mon
65 Golden Rule.....	Wilmington.....	Thu
66 Nantucket.....	Nantucket.....	Tue
67 Pocumtuck.....	Greenfield.....	Tue
68 Harmony.....	Medford.....	Mon
69 Massasoit.....	North Bridgewater.....	Thu
70 Quinobequin.....	Dedham.....	Thu
71 Groton.....	Groton.....	Wed
72 North Stoughton.....	North Stoughton.....	Mon
73 Wachusett.....	Barre.....	Tue
74 Wronoco.....	Westfield.....	Tue
75 Pilgrim.....	Abington.....	Tue
76 Rising Star.....	Randolph.....	Tue
77 Unity.....	Boston.....	Tue
78 Olive Branch.....	Charlestown.....	Thu
79 Hoekomoock.....	Westboro.....	Tue
80 Mount Wollaston.....	Quincy.....	Tue

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union.....	Boston.....	Sat
2 Maverick.....	East Boston.....	2 a 4 Fri
3 Warren.....	Roxbury.....	Thu
4 United Brothers.....	S. Boston.....	2 Mon. 4 Fri
5 Norfolk.....	Dorchester.....	1 a 3 Mon

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesday next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massasoit.....	Boston.....	1 3 Fri
2 Tri Mount.....	do.....	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy.....	West Cambridge.....	2 4 Fri
4 Monomake.....	Lowell.....	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill.....	Charlestown.....	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington.....	South Boston.....	2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack.....	Newburyport.....	2 4 Mon
8 Annawan.....	New Bedford.....	2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex.....	Malden.....	2 4 Fri
10 Wachusett.....	Worcester.....	1 3 Fri
11 Nahant.....	Lynn.....	1 3 Thu
12 Shalom.....	Roxbury.....	1 3 Fri
13 Naumkeag.....	Salem.....	2 4 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine.....	Portland.....	Mon
2 Saco.....	do.....	Tue
3 Georgian.....	Thomaston.....	Mon
4 Ancient Brothers.....	Portland.....	Thu
6 Ligonis.....	do.....	Sat
6 Sabattis.....	Augusta.....	Wed
7 Penobscot.....	Bangor.....	Thu

8 Relief.....	East Thomaston.....	Fri
9 Nahahnie.....	Gardiner.....	Fri
10 Lincoln.....	Bath.....	Mon
11 Sacarappa.....	Sacarappa.....	Wed
12 Kenduskeag.....	Bangor.....	Mon
13 Pejepscot.....	Brunswick.....	Thu
14 Cushnoc.....	Augusta.....	Fri
15 Passagassawakeag.....	Belfast.....	Mon
16 Hobomok.....	Bath.....	Fri
17 Washington.....	Hallowell.....	Mon
18 Orono.....	Orono.....	Sat
19 Passamaquoddy.....	Eastport.....	Mon
20 Harrison.....	Harrison.....	Fri
21 Somerset & Franklin.....	Mercer.....	Mon
22 Medomok.....	Waldoboro.....	Tue
23 Schooiac.....	Calais.....	Tue
24 Androscoggin.....	Lewiston Falls.....	Fri
25 Acadia.....	Bangor.....	Mon
26 Mousam.....	Kennebunk.....	Thu
27 Tarraine.....	Oldtown.....	Thu
28 Olive Branch.....	South Berwick.....	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Machigonne.....	Portland.....	1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Star.....	do.....	2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore.....	Augusta.....	1 3 Tue
4 Katahdin.....	Bangor.....	1 3 Wed
5 Hobah.....	Saco.....	1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock.....	Bath.....	2 4 Wed
7 Churchill.....	Thomaston.....	

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite.....	Nashua.....	Tue
2 Hillsboro'.....	Manchester.....	Mon
3 Wecohamiet.....	Ipswich.....	Thu
4 Washington.....	Somerset.....	Tue
5 White Mountain.....	Concord.....	Fri
3 Warren.....	Roxbury.....	2 4 Fri
6 Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	Mon
7 Winnipiseogee.....	Meredith Bridge.....	Tues
8 Swampscot.....	Newmarket.....	Sat
9 Sagamore.....	Exeter.....	Thu
10 Suncook.....	Pittsfield.....	Mon
11 Monadnock.....	Mason Village.....	

DEGREE LODGES.

Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	1 3 Fri
1 Union Degree.....	Dover.....	1 3 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon.....	Nashua.....	1 3 Fri
2 Wonalaset.....	Manchester.....	2 4 Fri
3 Penacook.....	Concord.....	
4 Quocchocho.....	Dover.....	2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank.....	Portsmouth.....	2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....	Providence.....	Thu
2 Eagle.....	do.....	Wed
3 Roger Williams.....	do.....	Tue
4 Hope.....	do.....	Mon
5 Ocean.....	Newport.....	Fri
6 Amky.....	Warren.....	Wed
7 Narragansett.....	Westerly.....	Tue
8 Good Samaritan.....	Pawtucket.....	Fri
9 Conanicut.....	Providence.....	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narragansett.....	Providence.....	2 4 Fri
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STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinnipiac.....	New Haven.....	Mon
2 Charter Oak.....	Hartford.....	Tue
3 Middlesex.....	East Haddam.....	1 3 Mon

4 Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tue
5 Harmony	New Haven	Tue
6 Ouseatic	Derby	Mon
7 Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8 Mercantile	Hartford	Fri
9 Thames	New London	Mon
10 Our Brothers	Norwalk	Mon
11 Uncas	Norwich	Mon
12 Central	Middletown	Thu
13 Charity	Lower Mystic	Wed
14 Wopowage	Milford	Wed
15 Montawese	New Haven	Wed
16 Washington	Williamantic Village	Sat
17 Trumbull	New London	Tue
18 Nathan Hale	Tolland	Wed
19 Mystic	Mystic	Thu
20 Fenwick	Essex	Thu
22 Farmers' and Mechanics'	Warehouse Point	

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Saassacas	New Haven	13 Fri
2 Oriental	East Haddam	24 Fri
3 Palmyra	Norwich	13 Fri
4 Unity	New London	24 Thu
6 Souheag	Middletown	1 Tue
5 Devotion	Danbury	13 Fri
7 Midian	Hartford	1 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green Mountain	Burlington	Tue
2 Vermont	Montpelier	Thu

NEW YORK.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at National Hall, city of New York, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Columbia	New York	Thu
3 Hope	Albany	Tue
5 Philanthropic	do	Fri
8 Union	do	Thu
9 Tompkins	New York	Tue
10 New York	do	Wed
11 Gettys	do	Tue
12 Washington	do	Tue
13 Germania	do	Fri
14 Teutonia	do	Mon
15 German Colonial	Albany	Mon
18 Lafayette	Channingville	Tu
19 Firemen's	Albany	Thu
20 Manhattan	New York	Mon
21 Poughkeepsie	Poughkeepsie	Mon
22 Knickerbocker	New York	Thu
23 Mariners'	do	Mon
24 Franklin	Troy	Wed
25 Niagara	Buffalo	Mon
26 Brooklyn	Brooklyn	Tue
27 Trojan	Troy	Mon
28 Ark	New York	Wed
29 Star	Lansingburgh	Tue
30 National	New York	Mon
31 Olive Branch	do	Wed
32 American	Albany	Wed
33 Metropolitan	New York	Thu
34 Marion	do	Thu
35 Covenant	do	Thu
36 Enterprise	do	Tue
37 Buffalo	Buffalo	Tue
38 Watervliet	West Troy	Mon
39 Naassau	Brooklyn	Thu
40 Greenwich	New York	Mon
41 Phoenix	Albany	Wed
42 Meridian	New York	Wed
43 Concord	do	Tue
44 Harmony	do	Mon
45 Kings County	Williamsburgh	Wed
46 Jefferson	New York	Tue
47 Mercantile	do	Tue
48 Teboehoron	Buffalo	Thu

49 Hancock	New York	Wed
50 Atlantic	Brooklyn	Mon
51 Genesee	Rochester	Fri
52 United Brothers	New York	Tue
53 Rensselaer	Troy	Tue
54 Whitehall	Whitehall	Thu
55 Courtlandt	Peekskill	Wed
56 Halcyon	Troy	Thu
57 Mutual	New York	Mon
58 Grove	do	Thu
59 Dutchess	Poughkeepsie	Wed
60 Howard	New York	Wed
61 Williamsburgh	Williamsburgh	Tue
62 Sparta	Cohoes	Fri
63 Long Island	Wallabout	Fri
64 Empire	New York	Mon
65 Highland	Newburgh	Wed
66 Fulton	Brooklyn	Wed
67 Commercial	New York	Tue
68 Oriental	do	Thu
69 Teoronto	Rochester	Mon
70 Oneida	Utica	Thu
71 Ithaca	Ithaca	Fri
72 Mohawk Valley	Schenectady	Mon
73 Mount Vernon	New York	Fri
74 Orange County	Newburgh	Wed
75 Cryptic	Peekskill	Fri
76 Rockland County	Haverstraw	Thu
77 Westchester	Tarrytown	Mon
78 Croton	New York	Wed
79 Onondaga	Syracuse	Fri
80 Cayuga	Auburn	Thu
81 Jamaica	Jamaica	Tue
82 German Oak	New York	Fri
83 Piermont	Piermont	Tue
84 Chelsea	New York	Fri
85 Pacific	Flushing	Mon
86 Kosciusko	Kingston	Wed
87 Fidelity	New York	Fri
88 Richmond County	Factoryville	Wed
89 Putnam	West Farms	Thu
90 Suffolk	Sag Harbor	Mon
91 Fishkill	Fishkill	
92 Allen	Hudson	Sat
93 Samaritan	Albany	Mon
94 Eagle	Brooklyn	Mon
95 Shenandoah	Utica	Fri
96 Rising Sun	Lansingburgh	Wed
97 Osewaun	Sing Sing	Fri
98 Saratoga	Saratoga Springs	Tue
99 Saint Paul's	Schenectady	Tue
100 Wyoming	Attica	Fri
101 Cincinnati	Batavia	
102 Kayaderosaros	Ballston Spa	Fri
103 Otsego	Cooperstown	
104 Stanwix	Andover	Wed
105 Washington Co	Hartford	Wed
106 Silver Lake	Perry	Sat
107 Hinman	New York	Mon
108 Hughsonville	Hughsonville	Mon
109 Syracuse	Syracuse	
110 Waverly	Waterford	Tue
111 Owasco	Fort Byron	
112 Middletown	Middletown	
113 Mechanics'	New York	Fri
114 Chenango	Oxford	
115 Rome	Rome	Tue
116 Ontario	Canandalgua	Wed
117 Continental	New York	Wed
118 Genesee Valley	Mount Morris	Thu
119 Leroy	Leroy	
120 Cold Spring	Cold Spring	
121 Cataract	Lockport	
122 Union Village	Union Village	Mon
123 Canaseraga	Danville	
124 Black River	Watertown	Thu
125 Van Epps	Vernon	Mon
126 Excelsior	New York	Fri
127 Chemung	Elmira	
128 Morning Star	Chatham 4 Corn.	Wed

129 Schiller	New York	
130 Chautauque	Fredonia	
131 Evergreen	Flahkitt Landing	
132 Tuckahannock	Trumansburg	
133 Seaborn	Brooklyn	Wed
134 Amsterdam	Amsterdam	
135 Phelps	Vienna	Tue
136 Adirondack	Kesewille	
137 Valatie	Valatie	
138 Chester	Chester	Mon
139 Orleans	Medina	Fri
140 Diamond	New York	
141 Hempstead	Hempstead	Wed
142 Madison	Oreida Depot	Tue
143 Seneca	Roselyn	Thu
144 Protection	Roselyn	
145 Tonawanda	Alexander	Thu
146 Brutus	Weedsport	Thu
147 Schuyler	Utica	
148 Wayne	Falmira	Mon
149 Keuka	Penn Yan	Thu
150 Merchants	New York	Tue
151 City	do	Sat
152 Neptune	Tompkinsville	Fri
153 Montague	Brooklyn	Tue
154 Camden	Camden	
155 Huntington	Huntington	Thu
156 Oswegatchie	Oswego	Thu
157 Wawayanda	Goshen	Fri
158 Independence	New York	Wed
159 Teondatha	New London	
160 Jensequa	Ovid	
161 Iroquois	Watertown	
162 Rhinebeck	Rhinebeck	
163 Melancthon	Fort Chester	
164 Montgomery	Fort Plain	
165 Hermitage	New York	
166 Magnolia	Brooklyn	Thu
167 Frontier	Rouse's Point	

DEGREE LODGES.

1 New York	New York	Wed
2 Manhattan	do	Thu
3 Erie	Buffalo	Wed
4 Hudson	New York	Sat
5 United Brothers	do	Wed
6 Clinton	do	Sat
7 Rensselaer	Troy	W-
8 Ridgely	do	Fri
9 Duchess	Channingville	Sat
10 Selby	Poughkeepsie	Fri
11 Albany City	Albany	Thu
12 Monroe	Rochester	Tue
13 Franklin	Brooklyn	13 Fri
14 Washington	Williamsburg	Thu
15 Excelsior	Albany	Tue
16 Harmony	Lansingburgh	Tue
17 Kennedy	Ithaca	Fri
18 Utica	Utica	Thu
19 Treadwell	Syracuse	
20 Myrtle	Newburg	

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT

Meets at National Hall, in the city of New York semi annually, on the Mondays following the first Wednesdays of February and August.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Mount Hebron	New York	24 Fri
3 Mount Sinai	do	13 Fri
4 Troy	Troy	13 Fri
5 Enkhakore	Albany	24 Fri
6 Mosaic	New York	13 Fri
7 Salem	Brooklyn	24 Fri
8 Mount Vernon	Buffal	13 Wed
9 Palestine	New York	24 Sat
10 Mount Olivet	do	13 Fri
11 Mount Hope	Rochester	13 Thu
12 Mt Horeb, Ger	New York	24 Mon
13 Mohawk	Schenectady	
14 Mount Noho	Syracuse	13 Mon
15 Olive Branch	Lansingburgh	
16 Mount Ararat	Peeckskill	24 Tue

17 Union	Hudson	24 Fri
18 Damascus	New York	24 Wed
19 Lebanon	do	24 Fri
23 Phoenix	Auburn	

NEW JERSEY.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Trenton, quarterly, on the first Thursdays in February, May, August and November.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

2 Benevolent	Paterson	Tue
3 Trenton	Trenton	Tue
4 Concordia	do	Wed
6 New Brunswick	New Brunswick	Mon
7 Howard	Newark	Mon
8 Newark	do	Fri
9 Franklin	Elizabethtown	Mon
10 Nassau	Princeton	Thu
11 Friendship	Newark	Tue
12 La Fayette	Orange	Thu
13 Covenant	Belvidere	Thu
14 Hudson	Jersey City	Mon
15 Levi Lenape	Lambertville	Tue
16 Bordentown	Bordentown	Mon
17 Madison	Allentown	Fri
18 Clinton	Clinton	Mon
19 Mount Holly	Mount Holly	Wed
20 Monmouth	Freehold	Thu
21 Washington	Salem	
22 Burlington	Burlington	
23 Vincenttown	Vincenttown	
24 Spartan	Hope	
25 Harmony	Newark	
26 Marion	Morristown	
27 Essex County	Rahway	
28 Protection	Newark	

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT

Meets at Newark, semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

2 Trenton	Trenton	13 Thu
3 Mount Ararat	Newark	13 Wed
4 Olive Branch	Trenton	13 Fri
5 Mount Sinai	Jersey City	13 Mon
6 Baritan	New Brunswick	

PENNSYLVANIA.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Philadelphia, bi-monthly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Pennsylvania	Philadelphia	Wed
2 Washington	do	Tue
3 Wayne	do	Mon
4 Morning Star	do	Fri
5 Franklin	do	Thu
6 General Marion	do	Fri
7 Herman	North'n Liberties	Tue
8 Rising Sun	Frankford	Sat
9 Mechanics	Pittsburg	Thu
10 Philomatheon	Germantown	Sat
11 Kensington	N. Liberties	Wed
13 Philadelphia	Philadelphia	Wed
14 Witley	Frankford	Sat
15 Philanthropic	Philadelphia	Sat
18 La Fayette	do	Thu
19 Amity	do	Thu
20 Miners	Pottsville	Sat
21 Toutonia	Philadelphia	Mon
23 Friendship	do	Tue
21 Western Star	Pittsburg	Mon
26 Penn	N. Liberties	Mon
27 Schnylkill	Port Carbon	Tue
28 Henois Adelpian	N. Liberties	Thu
29 Robert Morris	Philadelphia	Wed
31 Manayunk	Manayunk	Sat
33 Decatur	Philadelphia	Wed
40 Benevolent	Village Green	13 Sat
43 Hancock	Philadelphia	Fri
44 Hayden	Pottsville	Thu
45 William Tell	Pittsburg	Sat
53 Girard	Pottsville	Sat

55 Independence.....	Philadelphia.....	Thu
56 Social.....	Minersville.....	Sat
57 Montgomery.....	Norristown.....	Sat
58 Cambria.....	Carbondale.....	Sat
59 Montgomery.....	Reading.....	Thu
60 Concordia.....	Catawissa.....	13 Sat
61 Adam.....	Philadelphia.....	Mon
62 Beaver Meadow.....	Beaver Meadow.....	Sat
63 Hand-in-Hand.....	Philadelphia.....	Tue
64 Gomer.....	Birmingham.....	Sat
65 Hazleton.....	Hazleton.....	Sat
66 Roxborough.....	Roxborough.....	Sat
67 Lancaster.....	Lancaster.....	Thu
68 Harrisburg.....	Harrisburg.....	Wed
69 Peace-and-Plenty.....	Easton.....	Wed
70 State Capitol.....	Harrisburg.....	Tue
71 Allen.....	Allentown.....	Sat
72 Evening Star.....	Millets town.....	Sat
73 Delaware.....	Easton.....	Tue
74 Mount Zion.....	York.....	Wed
75 Columbus.....	Chambersburg.....	Thu
76 Mauch Chunk.....	Mauch Chunk.....	Tue
77 Brotherhood Love.....	Kurtz town.....	Sat
78 Keystone.....	Bethlehem.....	Thu
79 Howard.....	Honesdale.....	Wed
80 Susquehanna.....	Columbia.....	Sat
81 National.....	Washington.....	Thu
82 Charity.....	Halifax.....	Sat
83 Lehigh.....	Allentown.....	Sat
84 Friendly.....	Millets town.....	Wed
85 Mutual.....	Milton.....	Wed
86 Harmony.....	Tamaque.....	Mon
87 Hopkins.....	Bristol.....	Wed
88 Freedom.....	Prompton.....	Thu
89 Good Samaritan.....	Southwark.....	Wed
90 Cumberland.....	Shippensburg.....	Tue
91 Carlisle.....	Carlisle.....	Mon
92 Chester.....	Chester.....	Sat
93 Hope.....	Southwark.....	Fri
94 Doylestown.....	Doylestown.....	Mon
95 Schiller.....	N. Liberties.....	Wed
96 Lewisburg.....	Lewisburg.....	Wed
97 Lewistown.....	Lewistown.....	Thu
98 Clinton.....	Lockhaven.....	Thu
99 Spring Garden.....	Spring Garden.....	Thu
100 Chosen Friends.....	N. Liberties.....	Wed
101 Jersey Shore.....	Jersey Shore.....	Wed
102 Newport.....	Newport.....	
103 Symmetry.....	Hamburg.....	
104 United States.....	N. Liberties.....	

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT

Meets at Philadelphia, bi-monthly.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Philadelphia.....	Philadelphia.....	13 Tue
2 Pittsburgh.....	Pittsburg.....	13 Sat
3 Morning Star.....	Frankford.....	13 Wed
4 Franklin.....	Pottsville.....	13 Sat
5 La Fayette.....	Philadelphia.....	13 Fri
6 Mount Olive.....	Kensington.....	13 Fri
7 Walhala.....	do.....	13 Sat
8 Hebron.....	Reading.....	13 Sat
9 Andrew Jackson.....	Manayunk.....	13 Sat
10 Dauphin.....	Harrisburg.....	13 Fri

DELAWARE.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Wilmington, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Delaware.....	Wilmington.....	Mon
3 Bayard.....	Laurel.....	Sat
4 Mechanics.....	Wilmington.....	Sat
5 Washington.....	Newcastle.....	Sat
6 Morning Sun.....	Smyrna.....	Wed

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Delaware.....	Wilmington.....	
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MARYLAND.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Washington.....	Baltimore.....	Mon
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2 Franklin.....	do.....	Thu
3 Columbia.....	do.....	Wed
4 William Tell.....	do.....	Tue
5 Gratitude.....	do.....	Mon
6 Harmony.....	do.....	Wed
7 Friendship.....	do.....	Thu
8 Marion.....	do.....	Tue
9 Jefferson.....	do.....	Thu
16 Union.....	do.....	Thu
18 Miller.....	Easton.....	Sat
20 Morning Star.....	Havre-de-Grace.....	Sat
24 Mount Pisgah.....	Port Deposit.....	Tue
26 Mount Vernon.....	Abingdon.....	Sat
29 Philip Reed.....	Chestertown.....	Mon
31 Potomac.....	Hagerstown.....	Tue
32 Mount Moriah.....	Clear Spring.....	Thu
33 Aaron.....	Williamsport.....	Fri
34 Chosen Friends.....	Cumberland.....	Fri
35 Adam Lodge.....	Frederick.....	Tue
36 La Grange.....	Sharpsburg.....	Sat
37 Covenant.....	Haacock.....	Thu
38 Benevolent.....	Middletown.....	Sat
39 Neilson.....	Hillsborough.....	Sat
40 Centre.....	Ellicott's Mills.....	Sat

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Jerusalem.....	Baltimore.....	Fri
2 Salem.....	do.....	Tue
3 Zion.....	Cambridge.....	Tue
4 Jacob.....	Easton.....	Tue
5 Bethlehem.....	Chestertown.....	Tue
6 Galena.....	Hagerstown.....	Tue
7 Mount Carmel.....	Cumberland.....	Tue
8 Evening Star.....	Havre-de-Grace.....	Tue

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Washington, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Central.....	Washington.....	Fri
6 Washington.....	do.....	Tue
7 Eastern.....	do.....	Fri
8 Potomac.....	Alexandria.....	Mon
9 Harmony.....	Washington.....	Thu
10 Columbia.....	do.....	Thu
11 Union.....	do.....	Wed
12 Friendship.....	do.....	Thu
13 Covenant.....	do.....	Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Columbia.....	Washington.....	last Wed
2 Marley.....	Alexandria.....	24 Mon

VIRGINIA.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Richmond, semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Virginia.....	Harper's Ferry.....	Mon
2 Washington.....	Norfolk.....	Mon
3 Virginus.....	Wheeling.....	Mon
4 Jefferson.....	Richmond.....	Mon
5 Old Dominion.....	Portsmouth.....	Fri
6 Madison.....	Winchester.....	Wed
7 Union.....	Richmond.....	Fri
8 Monroe.....	Petersburg.....	Mon
9 La Fayette.....	Norfolk.....	Mon
10 Friendship.....	Richmond.....	Fri
11 Wildey.....	Charlestown.....	Sat
12 Powhatan.....	Richmond.....	Wed
13 Franklin.....	Wheeling.....	Mon
14 Rappahannock.....	Fredericksburg.....	Mon
15 Patrick Henry.....	Hampton.....	Sat
16 Appomattox.....	Petersburg.....	Fri
17 Lynchburg.....	Lynchburg.....	Thu
18 St. Paul's.....	Princess Anne c. h. The	Thu
19 Harmony.....	Norfolk.....	Tue
20 Smithfield.....	Smithfield.....	Mon
21 Maffit.....	Martinsburg.....	Sat
22 Pythagoras.....	Lynchburg.....	Fri
23 Caledonia.....	Shepherdstown.....	Sat
24 Gratitude.....	Hedgesville.....	Thu

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT
Meets at Portsmouth, annually.
SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Abrams..... | Whealing | |
| 2 Neilson..... | Richmond | |
| 3 Willey..... | Portsmouth..... | 24 Thu |
| 4 Jerusalem..... | Norfolk | |
| 5 Widow's Friend..... | Winchester | |
| 7 Glazier..... | Petersburg | |
| 8 Virginia..... | Lynchburg | |
| 10 Salem..... | Hampden | |

NORTH CAROLINA.

Grand Lodge meets at Wilmington, quarterly.
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|-----|
| 1 Weldon..... | Weldon..... | Tue |
| 2 Cape Fear..... | Wilmington..... | Tue |
| 3 Washington..... | Murfreesborough..... | Fri |
- SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.**
- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|--|
| 1 Campbell..... | Wilmington | |
| 2 Baln..... | Murfreesborough | |
| 3 Pine..... | Fayetteville | |

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Grand Lodge meets at Wilmington, quarterly.
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|-----|
| 1 South carolina..... | Charleston | Wed |
| 2 Marion..... | do | Fri |
| 3 Howard..... | do | Thu |
| 4 Jefferson..... | do | Tue |
| 6 Palmetto..... | Columbia..... | Fri |
| 6 De Kalb..... | Winnaborough..... | mon |
| 7 Aiken..... | Aiken..... | Wed |
| 8 Lafayette..... | Chesterville..... | mon |

The Grand Lodge meets at Charleston.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------|--|
| 1 Palmetto..... | Charleston | |
| 2 Eutaw..... | Columbia | |
| 3 Ashley..... | Charleston | |

GEORGIA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Savannah.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------|--|
| 1 Oglethorpe..... | Savannah | |
| 2 Franklin..... | Macon | |
| 3 Live Oak..... | Savannah | |
| 4 Sylvian..... | Milledgeville | |
| 5 United Brothers..... | Macon | |
| 6 Muscogee..... | Columbus | |
| 7 Washington..... | Augusta | |
- SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.**
- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------|--|
| 1 Magnolia..... | Savannah | |
| 2 Ockmulgee..... | Milledgeville | |
| 3 Franklin..... | Macon | |
| 4 Chattahoochee..... | Columbus | |

FLORIDA.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|--|
| 1 Florida..... | Jacksonville | |
| 2 Kennedy..... | Black Creek | |

ALABAMA.

The Grand Lodge meets at Mobile, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|-----|
| 1 Alabama..... | Mobile..... | Tue |
| 2 Mobile..... | do | Wed |
| 3 Chosen Friends..... | do | Thu |
| 4 Samaritan..... | | |
- SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.**
- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------|-----|
| 1 Mount Ararat..... | Mobile..... | Fri |
|---------------------|-------------|-----|

LOUISIANA.

GRAND LODGE

Meets quarterly in the city of New Orleans.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-------------------|------------------|------|
| 1 Louisiana..... | New Orleans..... | Fri |
| 3 Washington..... | do | Thur |
| 4 Feliciana..... | Bayou Sara..... | Thur |
| 6 Union..... | New Orleans..... | mon |

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------|
| 1 Wildey..... | New Orleans..... | 13 Wed |
| 2 Louisiana..... | St. Francisville | |

MISSISSIPPI.

THE GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Natchez, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|-----|
| 1 Mississippi..... | Natchez..... | Wed |
| 2 Washington..... | do | Thu |
| 3 Warren..... | Vicksburg..... | Thu |
| 6 Grenada..... | Grenada..... | Fri |
| 8 Macon..... | Vicksburg..... | Wed |
| 9 William Dale..... | Liberty..... | do |
| 10 Wilkinson..... | Woodville..... | do |
| 11 Capital..... | Jackson..... | Thu |
| 12 Concordia..... | Natchez | |
| 13 Belmont..... | Belmont | |

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------|--|
| 1 Wildey..... | Natchez | |
| 2 Vicksburg..... | Vicksburg | |

TENNESSEE.

The Grand Lodge meets at Nashville, quarterly.
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------|-----|
| 1 Tennessee..... | Nashville..... | Tue |
| 2 Nashville..... | do | Thu |
| 3 Columbia..... | Columbia..... | Wed |
| 4 Spring Hill..... | Spring Hill..... | Th |
| 5 Washington..... | Dresden..... | Sat |
| 6 Memphis..... | Memphis..... | Thu |
- SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.**
- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|--------|
| 1 Ridgely..... | Ridgely..... | 24 Sat |
| 2 Washington..... | Columbia..... | 24 Sat |
| 3 Gayoso..... | Memphis | |

KENTUCKY.

Grand Lodge meets at Louisville, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|------|
| 1 Boone..... | Louisville..... | Mon |
| 2 Chosen Friends..... | do | Tue |
| 3 Washington..... | Covington..... | Wed |
| 4 Loraine..... | Louisville..... | Wed |
| 5 Friendship..... | Lexington..... | Frid |
| 6 Capitol..... | Frankfort..... | Mon |
| 7 Franklin..... | Lancaster..... | Sat |
| 8 Central..... | Danville..... | Tue |
| 9 Social..... | Stanford..... | Wed |
| 10 Union..... | Nicholasville..... | Sat |
| 11 La Fayette..... | Georgetown..... | Tue |
| 12 De Kalb..... | Maysville..... | mon |
| 13 Stranger's Rest..... | Henderson..... | Sat |
| 14 Madison..... | Richmond..... | Tue |
| 15 Howard..... | Shelbyville | |
| 16 Morning Star..... | Petersburgh. | |
| 17 Herman..... | Louisville..... | Sat |
| 18 Montgomery..... | Harrrodsburg..... | Wed |
| 19 Hebron..... | Springfield | |

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT

Meets at Louisville, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Mount Horeb..... | Louisville..... | 13 Mon |
| 2 Olive Branch..... | Covington..... | 14 Mon |
| 3 Moriah..... | Lexington..... | 13 Thu |
| 4 Pilgrim..... | Frankfort..... | 13 Thu |

OHIO.

THE GRAND LODGE

Meets at Cincinnati, on the 3d Saturday in every month.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----|
| 1 Ohio..... | Cincinnati..... | Mon |
| 2 Washington..... | Cincinnati..... | Tue |
| 3 Cincinnati..... | do | Wed |
| 4 Franklin..... | do | Thu |
| 5 Montgomery..... | Dayton..... | Wed |
| 6 Jefferson..... | Steubenville..... | Thu |
| 7 Charity..... | Lancaster..... | Mon |
| 8 Piqua..... | Piqua..... | Wed |
| 9 Columbus..... | Columbus..... | Mon |

10	Wayne	Dayton	Tue
11	Warren	Franklin	Mon
12	Union	Warrenton	Sat
13	Cleveland	Cleveland	Mon
14	Harmony	Rossville	Tue
15	Lebanon	Lebanon	Wed
16	Hope	Middletown	Thu
17	Hamilton	Hamilton	Thu
18	Marion	Miamisburg	Tue
19	Mansfield	Mansfield	Fri
20	Mount Vernon	Mount Vernon	Wed
21	Friendship	Germantown	Fri
22	Cuyahoga	Cleveland	Wed
23	Central	Columbus	Thu
24	Chillicothe	Chillicothe	Mon
25	La Fayette	Hillsborough	Mon
26	Morning Star	Medina	Mon
27	Erie	Ohio City	Fri
28	Muskingum	Zanesville	Wed
29	Mahoning	Warren	Mon
30	Eaton	Eaton	Wed
31	Scioto	Portsmouth	Tue
32	Columbia	Circleville	Fri
33	Springfield	Springfield	Thu
34	Olive Branch	Newark	Tue
35	Seneca	Tiffin	Mon
36	Valley	McConnellsville	Mon
37	Huron	Norwalk	

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Willey	Cincinnati	13 Fri
2	Dayton	Dayton	13 Fri
3	Nimrod	Steubenville	24 Fri
4	Cleveland	Cleveland	24 Fri
5	Piqua	Piqua	24 Fri
6	Capitol	Columbus	13 Fri
7	Butler	Hamilton	24 Fri
8	Pataskala	Zanesville	12 Fri

MICHIGAN.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets at Detroit, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Michigan	Detroit	Mon
2	Wayne	do	Tue
3	Pontiac	Pontiac	Wed
4	Jackson	Jackson	Mon
5	Peninsula	Marshall	Wed
6	Berrien County	Niles	Thu
7	Kalamazoo	Kalamazoo	
8	Adrian	Adrian	Mon
9	Washtenaw	Ann Arbor	Thu

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Michigan	Detroit	24 Thu
2		Marshall	24 Thu

INDIANA.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets at Madison, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

2	Monroe	Madison	Mon
3	Jefferson	Jeffersonville	Mon
4	Friendship	Rising Sun	Tue
6	Vevay	Vevay	Thu
7	Morning Star	Evansville	Thu
8	Union	Lawrenceburg	Thu
9	Patriot	Patriot	Sat
10	New Albany	New Albany	Thu
11	Washington	Madison	Thu
12	Nelson	Logansport	Thu
13	Chosen Friends	Aurora	Tue
14	Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne	Mon
15	La Fayette	La Fayette	Tue
16	Vigilance	Lawrenceburg	Mon
17	Wayne	Cambridge City	Mon
18	Centre	Indianapolis	
19	Harmony	Fort Wayne	Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Jerusalem	New Albany	
2	Willey	Madison	13 Tue
3	Bethlehem	Lawrenceburg	

ILLINOIS.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets at Springfield, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Western Star	Alton	Mon
2	Alton	do	Tue
3	Clarke	Greenville	Sat
4	Illini	Jacksonville	Sat
5	Willey	Galena	Sat
6	Sangamon	Springfield	Mon
7	Jefferson	Belleville	Frid
8	Washington	Springfield	Tue
9	Union	Chicago	Thu

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Willey	Alton	
2	Chosen Friends	Galena	
3	Lebanon	Springfield	13 Frid
4	Illinois	Chicago	24 Mon

MISSOURI.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets at St. Louis, quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Travellers' Rest	St. Louis	Mon
2	Willey	do	Tue
3	Germania	do	Thu
4	Far West	Boonville	Mon
5	Saint Louis	St. Louis	Sat
6	Western Light	Weston	Sat
7	Covenant	Warsaw	
8	Damon	Hannibal	Mon
9	Harrison	Lexington	
10	Howard	Fayette	
11	Missouri		
12	Nebraska	Platte City	
13	Teutonia		

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Willey	St. Louis	Fri
2	Frontier	Weston	
3	Stewart	Hannibal	13 Wed

WISCONSIN.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Iowa	Mineral Point	
2	La Fayette	do	
3	Milwaukee	Milwaukee	
4	Rose of the Valley	Potosi	

IOWA.

SUBORDINATE LODGE.

1	Washington	Burlington	
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TEXAS.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets in the city of Austin.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Lone Star	Houston (charter sur.)	
2	Harmony	do	Fri
3	Galveston	Galveston	Wed

CANADA.

THE GRAND LODGE
Meets in the city of Montreal.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Prince of Wales	Montreal	Tue
2	Queen's	do	Wed
3	Prince Albert	St. Johns	Mon
4	Albion	Quebec	Mon
5	Commercial	Montreal	Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1	Hochelaga	Montreal	24 Thu
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have a number of communications on hand, intended for publication in the present number, which we are obliged to lay over till our next.

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

NO. IX.

THE BOY AND HIS ANGEL.

—
BY MRS C. M. SAWYER.
—

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!"
I was out, all alone, in the forest at play,
Chasing after the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played, and I played, till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if, 'Come, oh brother!' it said;
And there, right up over the top of the tree,
Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And 'Brother!' once more, 'come, oh brother!' he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And, mother, oh, never was being so bright
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight!
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell,
While the eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove!
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my brow he caressingly laid,

And whispered so softly and gently to me,
 'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
 Such kisses—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast,
 As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high,
 When the chariots of God roll along the black sky!
 While his breath, floating round me, was soft as the breeze
 That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees:
 At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
 Then plumed his bright pinions and upward he soared!
 And up, up he went, through the blue sky so far,
 He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
 Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
 Till, lost in the azure, he passed from my sight!
 Then, oh, how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
 Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
 When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
 'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'"

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
 For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart!
 That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
 Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.
 Oh, how his young footsteps she watched day by day,
 As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
 Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
 And he crept up to die in her loving embrace;
 "Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
 On that gentle pillow again let me rest!
 Let me once more gaze up to that dear, loving eye,
 And then, oh, methinks, I can willingly die!
 Now kiss me, dear mother! oh, quickly, for see,
 The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast
 As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she press'd!
 And felt the vain search of his soft, pleading eye,
 As it strove to meet hers, ere the fair boy could die.
 "I see you not mother, for darkness and night
 Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight—
 But I hear your low sobbings—dear mother, good bye!
 The angels are ready to bear me on high!
 I will wait for you there,—but oh, tarry not long,
 Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song!"
 He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
 While his sweet face sank down on his pillow of rest,
 Then, closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
 Went up with the angels that waited for him!

Original.

PATCHOULY, OR THE TEST OF THE LIPS.

A TALE INSCRIBED TO ALL FLIRTING HUSBANDS.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

It is known to all lovers of sweet *aromas* that there is a very costly and fashionable perfume bearing the unseemly-looking term which we have placed at the head of our story.

But as much in vogue as this charming scent now is, it is not a very long time ago that it was first introduced upon the toilets of the fair ladies this side of the Atlantic. Its origin is Parisian; and when first discovered, its rare and delicate odor with its costliness united it exclusively to royal patronage.

It is at this period that our story opens; the scene, however, is laid not in Paris but in Boston.

By a window in the drawing room of a handsomely furnished house sat a young married woman, her cheek resting upon her fair hand, and her eyes vacantly fixed upon a small parterre of flowers that intervened between the mansion and the street. The roseate glow of a rich twilight lent a glory to her brow, which was lofty and very beautifully shaped. The lady was dressed with simplicity and taste in white, her dark brown hair bound about her head in a graceful band of folds, with a tress or two falling beneath the ear and resting upon the snowy neck. Her beauty was without fault, save that her cheek was something pale, and her looks disturbed and anxious.

She sighed heavily, and lifting her eyes from the parterre for an instant, let them rest upon the moulded arm which had supported her cheek. The arm was bare in its loose sleeve and clasped at the wrist by a bracelet of golden links. The shape of it was incomparable. A painter would have done homage to its faultless outline. She regarded it for a moment or two and sighed heavily.

"What is beauty to me if it no longer binds Edward to my side?" she said sadly. "We have been but a year and a half married and already his heart is estranged. His love is another's. He once praised my arm and called it faultless. He once called me beautiful beyond all of my sex. He used to tell me that one hour of my society was dearer to him than years would be passed in the presence of others. He said he had no eye or thought or emotion for any other. But now how changed is his conduct from these protestations! I know he no longer loves me. He cares but lightly for my society. I know that another has taken his love from me. That other! Oh, that he had never beheld her! Her dangerous beauty has ensnared him, and my power over him is gone. At this moment, instead of sitting here

by my side or walking with me abroad enjoying my society and sympathizing with me in the beauty of the scenery and of the hour, he is with her! Perhaps at this moment she leans upon his arm, and looking up into his face with her deep blue eyes, listens enraptured to his voice as he bends tenderly towards her and discourses of love. That low voice which is *mine* only to listen to! That arm upon which it is my wifely privilege to be sustained at such an hour and time!"

"Sister Clara!" said a voice near her.

"Ah, Frank, how softly you entered!" she exclaimed with surprise and in slight confusion.

"No. I came in as usual; but you were so much engaged in talking with yourself that you did not regard my step. What is this? Are you really jealous of Edward? said the young man laughing, as he threw himself upon the ottoman by her and took her beautiful hand in his.

"I am not *jealous*, brother; but I do *not* like Edward's attentions to Miss Lawrence."

"Why it is nothing, Clara. You know he was in college with her brother, and they are very intimate; and he looks upon Emma only as a sister."

"No, Frank. He does n't look upon her only as a sister! He speaks of her as he never speaks of his sister. His manner in her society is not the same that it is in his sister's."

"What is it like then?"

"It is like his manner to me when we were engaged. He regards her with the same expression with which he used then to look upon me. You need not smile, Frank. It is to me a very serious matter. I am satisfied that Edward *loves* Emma Lawrence."

"Folly! Emma, you know, is a clever girl. She is very fond of literature, and so is Ned. She writes poetry, and so does he. She sings and plays, so does he. She—"

"I know all you can say, and it is these very accomplishments which, added to her beauty, have ensnared his heart. Why should he so often seek her society and leave mine? The husband's presence will be where his heart is. Edward scarcely passes an evening with me."

"Do you know that he passes them with her?"

"I am sure he does."

"Do you know it, sis?"

"Where else should he go? Besides, he is so confused or else gets so angry when I ask him. I am certain that he passes with her more of his time evenings than he does with me."

"Well, it may be so. Emma is very interesting, and I know Ned delights in hearing her converse. Be assured their acquaintance is merely intellectual. Ned's heart has nothing to do with it. I know he loves *you*. I could n't be made to believe the contrary. His attentions to you are as lover-like now as they were before you were married. As to *looks*, he certainly never looks at you without making love-eyes. The truth is, Clara, you are too monopolizing. You are suspicious of any other lady's admiration of him, and tremble if he

speaks in civil terms of any lovely girl he has seen. This active, wakeful, selfish love has annoyed your husband, who has more than once spoken to me about it. He is of a social turn and loves intellectual conversation. You know you are very taciturn and do not call up the resources of your mind as you ought to. You read very little, while he reads much. Great readers love to interchange ideas upon books and authors. You care little for books, and such conversation can never be long continued between you. If Edward meets with a lady like Miss Lawrence, for instance, in whom he discovers a mind congenial in its sympathies with his own, it is natural that they should seek an interchange of the treasures of their intellect. This alone is the basis of their friendship, and be assured you have nothing to fear from it as a wife."

"If Emma were not so beautiful!"

"Your own beauty is his protection. His heart will ever be yours."

"But I do not like this close intimacy. It robs me. It vexes me that she should share his society. I envy her — nay, I almost hate her. I confess that it is with difficulty I can speak to her with civility. She seems to look as if she knew she held a power over my husband."

"This is all in your imagination, Clara."

"Do you think it possible that Edward can be so much with her and not feel a deeper emotion than mere intellectual friendship? She has fascinating eyes and a dangerous voice and smile for such a susceptible person as he is. If I was sure he never took her hand when he was with her, I should'nt care so much."

"It would be no great harm done if he did."

"I should never care to have him take mine after. An intellectual conversation does not require that the hands should be locked together."

"Do you suspect him of this enormous offence?"

"You may ridicule me, Frank. But I don't feel like smiling. I know he takes her hand. Last evening when he came in after nine o'clock he set by me and lifted my hand to his lips. He seldom does it. He then began to play with my fingers and to admire and speak of their shape; he would then turn my hand over and then look at my arm, and all in such a way that I was sure he was mentally comparing me with Emma Lawrence; and so, snatching my hand from him, I told him plainly, if he wanted to dally with pretty hands and arms, he had better go back to the society he had just left."

"What said Ned to that?"

"He blushed, was silent, and then laughed as if he would treat the matter lightly."

"You take the course, Clara, to make him do just what you told him to do. If you really think that your husband loves this fair girl, your proper course should be to try to surpass her in attractions. In beauty, beautiful as she is, you are her superior. In every quality of the head and heart you are her equal. If you fear for your power over his heart, you have only to rival her you fear is your rival. Read the books that he loves, and talk with him upon them. Study his tastes, and meet him with smiles and not suspicious looks. He sees

only smiles on Miss Lawrence's face. Let him see only smiles on yours. It is no way for a wife who would retain a husband's love to make her face and herself as disagreeable to him as possible. He will be sure mentally to contrast it with the brighter face of her rival. She loses by the comparison. The rival gains by it. His affections are hardened by it. He is rendered indifferent and reckless as to your frowning, and, out of opposition, will perhaps give you real cause for jealousy. I do not believe Ned has either pressed the hand or lip of Miss Lawrence; but I believe you could make him resolve to do both the very next time he met her."

"You are in conspiracy with both of them against me."

"No. I am your friend, Clara. I know that Edward's acquaintance with Miss Lawrence has been honorable. Did I suppose it to be otherwise, I should be the last to defend him."

"I do not doubt his honor; I do not question her purity. No! But if I knew that he had but kissed her, it would render me miserable."

"You are very foolish. I have seen Edward kiss at least two young ladies in your presence."

"Those were my cousins, and my particular friends. I do n't mind that."

"Then I will tell you how to put this jealousy of yours to death."

"How?"

"Make Miss Lawrence your friend. Seek her society. Treat her with affectionate interest. Know her good qualities, and you will love her. Once you are good friends, you will no longer mind Edward's attention to her, nor take it very much to heart if he *should* kiss her. But, as it is, you treat her coldly, and he sees it, and sympathizing with her, will be sure to treat her the more tenderly to atone for it. You make, you see, a bad matter worse. Make your *rival* your *friend*, and she will then have too much generosity to suffer your husband to take a liberty with her that he would not take in your presence. But treat her as an enemy, and you have no such protection from her gratitude, and everything to fear from sympathy for her and resentment at your jealousy. But I must go. I have brought you that little bottle of Parisian scent, that I by the merest chance succeeded in getting before I left Paris. It is probably the only one in America."

"It is delicious!"

"Yes, it is the most exquisite perfume in the world. *Au revoir!* To-morrow I will dine with you. Heed my advice, and be assured you will destroy all cause for jealousy."

"Now," said the jealous bride, as the door closed on her brother, "now will I put the test. I *know* that their meetings are not purely intellectual. Emma loves him; for I have discovered it also in her looks. Never maiden loved her lover more than this beautiful, dangerous, talented girl loves Edward. I will think of what Frank has said, if, after this trial, he proves innocent."

II.

The following morning, about eleven o'clock, Emma Lawrence was practising upon her harp a piece of new music, on the top of which,

in pencil, was written, "*To Emma from E.*" A servant entered and announced "Mrs. Cleaves."

The lovely girl blushed deeply between surprise and pleasure, and putting aside the harp, rose to meet her visiter, who of late had been estranged. Emma met her with frankness, and would have kissed her, but Mrs. Cleaves slightly drew back. The interview was for a moment or two mutually embarrassing. Emma had long felt Mrs. Cleaves' coldness, and she hardly knew how to treat her. At length, Clara, glancing at the harp, asked her to play. Emma, happy to have an end to the constraint, seated herself by her harp and sang several songs with exquisite effect, accompanied by the rich music of the skillfully touched strings.

Gradually the restraint wore off, and they conversed easily and cheerfully. Emma was delighted. Clara was all the while envying her grace and beauty and trembling for her husband's loyalty. She felt that in her heart she hated her for the very qualities Edward loved in her. She turned the conversation to Paris, and then to her brother's return.

"By the by, Emma, you are very fond of scents. Frank brought home one very rare, that is only in use with royalty. I have a bottle that I can spare, and beg you will accept of it. It is called by the odd name of "*PATCHOULY.*"

"You are too kind to remember me. But I can't take anything so valuable from you."

"I assure you it will afford me pleasure to have you receive it, Miss Lawrence. Frank says it is used only for the lips, to which it gives a charming red, while it makes the whole breath as fragrant as the perfume of a rose."

The gift was accepted, and the fair conspirator took her departure.

III.

The evening of the same day Edward Cleaves rose from the tea-table and took up his hat.

"Where to-night, Edward?"

"I am going out to walk, Clara."

"To see Miss Lawrence, I dare say. I think you had better divorce me and marry her at once."

"I shall not go there."

"Will you promise me?"

"No — not if you are so jealous as to make me promise."

"I have reason to be jealous."

"You have not. I have never said a word to Miss Lawrence, or comported myself towards her in any manner different than I should have said or done in your presence. Yet you accuse me constantly of it. You will soon weary my forbearance, and I may do that out of revenge which your suspicions are constantly charging me with. I *shall* call and see her, Clara, and now! Your jealousy makes your society distasteful. Your beauty is marred by it. You watch me with an active eye, and mark all my movements. If I am ten minutes late from the post-office, that ten minutes you accuse me of having passed on

the way with Miss Lawrence. Try and make yourself as agreeable to me as Miss Lawrence is, and I shall never seek her society or that of any other person."

Thus speaking, the flirting husband left the room.

IV.

About half past nine the young wife heard the footsteps of her husband.

"Now shall I know!" she said, with a feeling of painful triumph.

"Good evening, Clara," said he as he approached her.

"Good evening, Edward," she answered, rising and kissing him upon the lips.

"I am glad to see you meet me so instead of with reproaches."

"Reproaches!" and do you not deserve them, sir?" she demanded with vehemence; for she had detected the aroma of Patchouly upon his lips.

"No!"

"No? How dare you answer me so innocently? You have been to see Emma Lawrence."

"I told you I should go, because you were in such a jealous mood."

"Fine intellectual interviews! Very philosophical, I have no doubt!" said she scornfully.

"What is the matter?"

"How innocent! Pray, which kisses the sweeter?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have found you out."

"Me?"

"Yes — *me!*"

"What have I done?"

"You have kissed Emma Lawrence!"

"Kissed her!"

"I dare say you would call it extracting the dews of wisdom from her lips!"

"Upon my word, Clara —"

"You may laugh. But it is true. You have kissed her. Deny it if you can. *Kissed her upon the lips, too!*"

The husband stood a moment in a state between laughter and vexation. At length the former prevailed, though he colored from conscious guilt.

"Confess it, Edward. Tell me the truth and I won't be so angry."

"I will tell you the truth if you will tell me why you suspect."

"I do not suspect — I *know!* Am I not right?"

"Yes. But it is the first time. I did it out of revenge upon you for so often having charged me with it. I ask your forgiveness, as I had to do hers. But, now, how did you know it? Were you peeping in at the window by some tell-tale crevice?"

"No. I knew Emma was very fond of perfumes. Edward brought me a new and costly one from Paris. There is none like it in this country. I suspected you. I made a present of the bottle to Emma,

telling her it was used for the lips and breath. When you kissed me just now I found your lips as fragrant as doubtless her own were when yours met them. This is the way I have discovered your treachery to me. It has been, you will confess, a successful test."

The convicted husband laughed heartily at this development of the plot against him; and promised his ingenious wife that from that hour she should never have reason to question the loyalty of his love.

"And I too, Edward," said Clara, "will endeavor to consult your intellectual tastes, and so charm you with my society that you will never seek that of others for mental recreation; for you have been in great danger. The love of the intellectual of a beautiful woman in a man of imagination may be transferred to the person, and the friendship that had its beginning in the head may end by enslaving the heart."

From the Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.

LONDON, June 2d, 1945.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLAND.

As your journal is the medium of general intelligence of a popular character, I will give you a short sketch of Odd Fellowship in England, which subject, I believe, will be highly acceptable to nearly all your readers.

It is only recently that the Order of Odd Fellows has been established in the United States; but it has advanced more rapidly there than in England, although the yearly additions here are very numerous, and the annual subscriptions are enormous. In England the Order has the same broad basis, but the superstructure is quite different, and an Odd Fellow from the United States would not, I have been informed, be recognized by an Odd Fellow of England. The rules and regulations of the Order here, differ, in many respects, from those of the Order in America. The great majority of members here are work people, and join the Order to provide for themselves and families, in case of necessity; while the great majority in the United States do not anticipate any such case, and join for the pure motive of doing good to their less fortunate brother. Here, upwards of three hundred thousand pounds are annually distributed as charitable donations, and the total amount of funds belonging to the different Lodges is *three and a half millions of dollars*! This immense sum has been got together by weekly contributions of two-pence and three-pence from each member; the number of Odd Fellows in England is stated to be 260,000. The Society commenced thirty years ago, in this country, with only twenty members! The Society publishes a Quarterly Magazine, and the articles are all contributed gratuitously by Odd Fellows. The work has proved a profitable speculation for the Society, as the net profit, last year, was something like three thousand dollars; the profit of this work goes to the "Widow and Orphan Fund."

A synopsis of the proceedings at the last annual meeting at Glasgow, held last month, may prove interesting.

Much business and many resolutions of importance came before the meeting, which was finally closed by a "Grand Demonstration Dinner," which was given in the large room of the Traders' Hall, in Glasgow; about a thousand members paid for dinner tickets—Sheriff Alison, of Glasgow, presided as Chairman on the occasion, and on the removal of the cloth, he said, that the motto of the Unity of Odd Fellows was "Friendship, Love and Truth," and with such a motto he expected a cordial reception of the health of "*The Queen*." This toast was drank with loud cheers. Prince Albert—the Queen Dowager—and Sir Henry Pottinger—were the next regular toasts.

Sheriff Alison, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity," made a lengthy speech, remarkable for its brilliancy and point. I can give you only a few of its leading features.

He said that he felt a special pleasure in presiding over the meeting, composed, as it was, of the members of an institution unprecedented in the Christian world, for the magnitude of the benefits it had conferred, and was still conferring on mankind. Before he had become acquainted with the objects and utility of this Society, he was repelled from it by the peculiarity of the designation it bore—he did not know who the Odd Fellows were! It was only recently that he discovered the magnitude of the Society, and its objects. Sheriff Alison then gave a brilliant account of the condition of the social world, and the uncertainty of the prosperity or happiness of millions of human beings. He referred to the case of an honest, industrious, well-doing man; down-spirited and forlorn, and by no fault of his own. It was at such a moment that this Society steps forward, and holds out a helping hand, alleviating distress, and giving good cheer to the desponding heart.

Sheriff Alison alluded to the embryo state of this Society. It commenced in consequence of the limited exertions of a number of individuals, who saw the necessity that existed for such a provident institution for the workingman, and so rapid has been its growth within thirty years, that it now numbers two hundred and sixty thousand individuals, while the funds of the Society, derived from weekly contributions of two-pence, and three-pence, amount to two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds per year! The aggregate amount of money belonging to the different Lodges is upwards of seven hundred thousand pounds! The sum distributed annually, in the way of charity, amounts to three hundred thousand pounds!

Sheriff Alison gave several other interesting facts connected with the Society, and went on to remark, that one of its peculiarities in distributing relief to suffering members, struck him with admiration. It was this—that no questions were ever asked respecting political opinions or religious creeds. This he considered one of the brightest features of the Order. It recommended it in a special manner to his love and admiration. He made a happy reference to the wayfaring man, beset by thieves and left for dead. The Pharisee passed on one side—the Levite on the other—but the good Samaritan did not ask whether the wounded man was a Pharisee or a Levite.

The good Samaritan saw only a "brother" in misfortune, and he immediately dressed his wounds, and sent him on his way rejoicing. After such an example, from such an authority, no man, remarked Mr. Alison, need be ashamed of advocating the principles on which the Society of Odd Fellows is based. Mr. Alison then referred to another peculiarity which recommended the Society to every one: no man is allowed to remain in it who is convicted of any crime against the laws of his country. He stated, as a remarkable fact, that out of two hundred and sixty thousand members, only twenty-nine persons had been expelled during the last year, in consequence of bad conduct. When he reflected upon this fact, he thought there must be some good principles in the Society. He concluded his long and eloquent speech by remarking, that it would be a happy day, when, for similar objects and similar associations, not only two hundred and sixty thousand, but twenty-six millions of human beings were united together!

A Mr. Mansfield followed Mr. Alison, and said, that when he first became a member of the Order, it was a different Society to what it is at the present moment. Formerly it was a Society shrouded in mystery — members were afraid to allow their proceedings to be made public; but now the Order courted publicity, and it had abolished many absurd forms and ceremonies. The institution was now placed on a sure and permanent basis, a lasting monument of the great and moral good which can be achieved by similar institutions, having for their object the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and the dissemination of the principles of benevolence and charity, not only amongst Odd Fellows, but to mankind generally. Mr. M. remarked that clergymen now gave their countenance and support to the Order, as also manufacturers and merchants, in large commercial districts, and land owners and noblemen — members of the House of Commons, too, did not feel any degradation in joining the Society, as a very great portion of that House were enrolled as members of the Order. The nobility, too, were daily joining the ranks of Odd Fellowship. This, Mr. Mansfield said, must give an assurance to the world at large, that there must be something good — something charitable — something truly benevolent in connection with the Order, or it would be impossible to hail as brothers men of such exalted stations in society.

The same gentlemen went on to refer to the "benefits," as they are termed, allowed to poor or sick members, and also to the friendship that existed between members — parties violently opposed in politics were the best possible friends in private Lodges. He considered the Order the greatest institution in the known world, as the promoter of benevolence and charity to mankind, and the harbinger of peace and good will to all men.

A clergyman followed Mr. Mansfield. He was a delegate to the meeting from a distant town. He made a singular confession in the course of his remarks. He said he had found that the introduction of Odd Fellowship into his district had done more good than all the sermons he had ever preached!

A delegate from Exeter made an equally singular observation. He said that the Order was progressing so rapidly in Exeter, and doing so

much good, that the legal profession would be losers, to the extent of fifty thousand pounds a year! He explained by saying that the principles of the Order, peace and good will to man, reigned there, and the lawyers could find nothing to do!

The meeting was addressed by several other members, and it was finally concluded by a few remarks from Mr. Croupier, who, in proposing the health of the Chairman, Mr. Alison, alluded to his brilliant speech, his public and private life, and his literary labors, that had gained for him a wide European fame.

An important feature of this grand annual meeting of Odd Fellows, is a proposition for a course of lectures for the benefit of members and their families. Ten pounds is the sum voted to be paid for each lecture. Libraries and schools, too, are to be established under the auspices of the Order, for the same object. Cha's Kemble, gave two "Readings from Shakspeare" recently, in Birmingham, for the benefit of the Order, for which he charged forty guineas!

All the Lodges in Great Britain are under the guardianship of the Manchester Unity, called "The Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the Manchester Unity."

THE SABBATH BELLS.

DOUGLASS JERROLD, scarcely inferior to the lamented Hood in a tender and overflowing humanity, that highest characteristic of genius, is now writing a story in his Shilling Magazine entitled "St. James and St. Giles," in which the extremes of society in England are brought together and their terrible contrasts delineated with a master hand. We extract the following striking passage :

"There's something beautiful in the church bells, do'n't you think so, Jem?" asked Capstick in a subdued tone. "Beautiful and hopeful! they talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts, from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, Jem, there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we only have the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, Jem, that cries, 'Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings. And you, ye humble vessels, gilt and painted; believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth with the beggars at your gates.'

"Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble; learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay!—Come, Dives, come; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Hea-

ven as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus ! And ye poor creatures, livid and faint, stunted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world — come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel — come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickedness and cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

THE LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

[A correspondent of the *Auburn Journal*, writing from Boston, thus speaks of a late production of A. J. H. DUGANNE, already known to our readers by his contributions to the *SYMBOL* : — "Visited Prof. Longfellow at his rooms in Old Harvard. The poet was in fine health and spirits, and gave me some stanzas entitled "*The Lament of the Widowed Inebriate*," by Duganne, which I enclose for the gratification of the readers of your paper. They breathe the true spirit of poetry, and surpass in tenderness, beauty, pathos and delineation of heart-broken sorrow, anything I ever saw. Longfellow says they are enough to immortalize any poet. Alas ! the poor inebriate ! How just, how true the following lines ! What daguerreotype likeness of the inmost soul of the drunkard have we here !" Although the "*Lament*" has been widely circulated, no one, we trust, will require an apology for its republication here.]

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary,
Thy bright and trusting smile,
In the morning of our truth and love,
Ere sorrow came or guile—
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone
Was nestling close to mine !

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight : —
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee !

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips
To thee I homeward came : —
O the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved !

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad,
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad : —
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild ;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled : —
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curses of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'T was a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife —
And 't was pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door : —
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I ne'er shall see them more !

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head ;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed : —
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate !

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest :
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung : —
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I heard,
That I fancied whispered by thee !

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow ;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead !

For the Symbol.

MANCHESTER N. H.

BRO. CHAPIN: — On the 14th inst., I visited this town, for the first time, and I was so much pleased with my visit, the appearance of the place, and the character of the people, so far as I became acquainted, and the distinguishing characteristics of the community, as exhibited in what I saw and heard, that I feel a strong disposition to express my thoughts, with your permission, concerning the place and its destiny, and my impressions of the condition and prospects of the institution of Odd Fellowship, the interests of which it was the object of this visit to promote, according to my humble abilities, through the columns of the Symbol. And I trust it may not be without interest to your readers.

Manchester lies on the east side of the Merrimac river, which forms its western boundary. The soil is light and sandy. The village is at the Amoskeag Falls, where the immense water-power, of the river is made available through a canal round these Falls. The arrangement is such, that the entire water-power of the river can be commanded at this place, and used twice over. The banks of the river are so high and the fall so great, that they admit of two canals, and a double line of mills on the bank, parallel with the river. These, of course, may be extended down the river as far as water is sufficient to carry the mills can be supplied by the river, and that used twice over.

The last season, one of the largest mills in the United States was erected, and at the present time, another of the same size is going up. There is a great amount of work going on in the way of building and other improvements upon the corporation, where every thing, except the buildings, bear the marks of a recent commencement — is in a rough and unfinished state. But the process of improvement is rapidly progressing, and in a few years will put a new face upon that neighborhood, if nothing occurs to embarrass their operations.

What may be said of the corporation, may be said of the village. Every thing about it marks a recent beginning and a rapid growth. It is very well laid out, with the streets crossing each other at right angles; the main street runs parallel with the river, and at considerable distance from it. The buildings are mostly of wood, though there are several fine blocks of buildings on the main street built of bricks. These however, are mostly stores and public buildings. The upper part of the stores, I should judge, from appearances, were very generally occupied as dwellings. The principal part of the buildings erected solely for dwelling-houses are built of wood, of which there are many fine specimens of good taste and beautiful architecture. At the present time, there is the greatest amount of building going on, that I ever saw in any place of its size. Dwelling-houses are springing up in every direction, all over the place, where there are vacant lots. Among the buildings in process of erection, is the new town-house, which is destined, from present appearances, to be one of the finest specimens of architecture of its kind, in the country, and alike an ornament to the place, and an honor to the inhabitants for their public enterprise and spirit. I never have seen a

town-house, in any place, that would compare with it in elegance and beauty, judging from the structure in its present unfinished state.

There are two public squares in the village. The first is near the centre. It is an open space without trees or shrubbery, having a small pond or reservoir of water near the centre, of an oval shape, which is handsomely walled in, like that on Boston Common. The square contains I should judge, from six to ten acres of ground. It is in a rough and unimproved state, though in fact it is under cultivation, preparatory to planting it with shrubbery and trees, and laying out the walks. But rude and unsightly as it now is, when the contemplated improvements are effected, it will be a most lovely place. The other square is at the south of the first, and is mostly covered with forest trees, while little has been done to improve it. It is in all the wildness of nature, with a small rivulet running through it diagonally.

At the south, just out of the village, the town has purchased a lot containing some twenty acres, for a Cemetery. It has been fenced, and that is about all that has been done in the way of improvements. But few of the bodies of those who have gone home, have yet found a resting place within its precincts. But one monument met my eye, and that is a plain pyramidal shaft of granite, resting upon a square base of the same beautiful and durable material, upon which the family name is engraved.

The spot for this Cemetery is well-chosen, and will be a beautiful place when it is improved, and ornamented as it no doubt will be. It is now mostly covered with forest trees, among which the pine predominates. A deep ravine extends through it diagonally, from the north-east to the south-west, through which a small brook clear as crystal, flows so silent and calm, along its serpentine course, that not a murmur is heard, and one can almost imagine that it looks up and smiles in your face, and would say to the mourner, move calmly and quietly on in life's mission, and by and by we will both get home, after strewing our paths with blessings. O that beautiful brook! It is so bright and cheerful, that it would seem as if every stricken heart, which will go and sit upon its banks and look into its limpid waters, must be comforted, and have a spirit of calm and chastened cheerfulness come over his soul. I do not know why it was, but that little brook made an unusual impression upon my mind.

The public buildings, with the exception of the town-house in process of erection, consist entirely of churches, of which there are a number, sufficient for the accommodation of all the different sects usually found in New England villages. Most of the churches are built of bricks, and are very respectable structures. One great defect I noticed in the most of them, and that is the deficiency of blinds, or any kind of shade to the windows, either inside or out. This gives them the appearance of nakedness on the outside, and on the inside there must be a glare highly disagreeable to the eye.

Such is Manchester. It is a place of extraordinary activity, and if manufacturing operations continue in their present condition, it is destined to be a great place. There is however, one serious draw-back upon the agreeableness of the place as a residence, in its present condition,

and that is, the sand. At any time, one stands a pretty fair chance of getting mired in sand, and when the wind blows, woe-betide the eyes and nostrils! But this is not so bad for these organs, as the miserable grog-shops, of which, I judge from appearances, there are quite a number, must be ruinous to the moral health of the community. Those "holes in the wall" need to be stopped up with something more effectual than the law.

So much for Manchester as a town; and now a word for the people. Of these I can say but little. My opportunity for forming acquaintances was small; but if the inhabitants are fairly represented in those I met with, it must be a very pleasant community. Judging from what I saw and heard, the people must have the credit of possessing no ordinary degree of enterprise in business, and also of public spirit. Business is the most brisk and active that I ever saw, in any place of its size. It is manifest from the appearance of public matters, that any public enterprise meets with a hearty response from the people, and is managed with a wonderful energy and spirit. The public improvements now in progress are proof enough of this.

In such a place as this, we might expect that the institution of Odd Fellowship would meet with a hearty welcome, and if once introduced, it would meet with great success. And so it is. There is both a Lodge and Encampment of the Order in the place, and I judge both are in a very flourishing condition, from what I saw and heard. I visited the Lodge at its regular meeting, and agreeable to a previous invitation, gave them a lecture on our duties and obligations to each other, as Odd Fellows. It was an exceedingly warm night, but it was more comfortable than I expected, in consequence of the facilities they enjoy for ventilating their hall, a thing of which a great proportion of our halls are most lamentably deficient. A very respectable number of brothers were present, to quite a number of whom I was introduced. I was much pleased with the appearance of the Lodge and its working, as I was with the individual members to whom I received an introduction.

From what I saw and heard, I judge that the interests of our Order this place are entrusted to good hands. It seemed to be the desire and purpose of all to carry out the intentions and purposes of the institution, both among themselves and in the community. It is exceedingly grateful to a true Odd Fellow to find such a spirit in any place, not only on account of the excellence of the thing itself, but because of its importance to the utility and permanency of the institution itself. Enough, I fear, is not thought of these things by many of the brothers, and especially of the *duties we owe each other*. If great care is not exercised in this respect, the result must be jealousies, divisions and strife, which must end in the injury both of the individuals concerned and the Order. May the future confirm this judgment of the state of things among our brothers in Manchester, and may the same spirit prevail throughout the Order.

Yours in F. L. and T.,

D. F.

West Bridgewater, July 21, 1845.

Original.

ON RECEIVING A VIOLET,

Plucked and sent me from the South early in March.

BY A. B. ELY, ESQ.

Lo! flower, my heart leaps up to greet thee
 here,
 Sweet native of the sunny South, whose skies
 Were brightly o'er thee, and whose breezes stoop'd,
 With fragrant breath, to kiss thy lowly buds,
 In loveliness expanding with the warmth
 Of early spring, so little time ago.
 Thy bloom is withered now, for thou hast left
 Warm clime, and fostering soil, to come where
 snow,

And cold, and wintry winds still linger on.
 But thou art welcome; for thou dost seem
 To me full fraught with pleasant messages
 From the far land of thy nativity.
 Thou speak'st to me of absent ones, and scenes
 Once mingled in, and, as I gaze on thee,
 Do rich remembrances of days gone by
 Come gushing like a well-spring of the past,
 And thought reverts to that fair sunny land,
 Where thou so late didst spring in vernal bloom,
 And where erst while I wander'd, when rich hopes
 Of youth were buoyant in my breast, and when
 My heart, that the bright sunshine of a life
 Till then undimmed by clouds of care or grief
 Had warmed, was filled with trustful confidence,
 And joyous feelings basking in the light
 Of their own truthfulness, and leaping
 To the music tone of Friendship and of Love.
 Strange that a thing so simple should exert
 So strong a power to lift aside the veil
 That Time, with stealthy fingers, ever draws!
 Yet Men'try, at thy beck, her magic wand
 Waves o'er the mirror of the past, and lo,
 A lengthened train of well remembered forms,
 Whose presence never failed, with greetings kind,
 To waken joy within my breast, come forth
 To my mind's eye, and pass across in full
 And bright array.

But of that goodly throng,
 Whom I have aye remembered since, and loved
 Full oft to think upon, thou whisperest me,
 In accents sad'ning to the soul, that some,
 Whose greeting ever seemed the welcome warm
 Of Friendship, and whose constant intercourse,
 (For which I ever sought with eagerness,)
 Did protestation give of kind regard,
 And fond remembrance that should never die,
 Have ceased to think of him, who fain had hoped,
 At least a little time, to hold a place
 Within their memories, and wished his name,
 Not utterly forgot, in time to come
 Might pleasant recollections still suggest.

But thou dost tell me in another voice,
 That falls, sweet flower, like liquid melody,

Boston, August, 1845.

To waken joyous thoughts, and glad the heart,
 That there are some in thine own distant clime,
 And those, (I bless thee for th' assurance given,)
 Most worthy of esteem, with souls imbued
 With generous sympathies that ever gush
 Perennial as the fount of life and love,
 Who still, in changeless truthfulness, oft think
 Of him, the fair haired stranger, who some time
 Did dwell with them, and whom, when far away
 From home, and scenes of early life, and friends,
 Their kind attentions and free offices
 Did oft from loneliness beguile; nor fall
 To cheer his spirits with communings rich
 In friendly intercourse and confidence,
 The warm outpourings of pure, generous hearts.

Thou speak'st to me, lone flower, and thy low
 tone

Thrills like rich music from the spirit land
 Afar, of her who plucked thee from the spot
 Where genial suns had waked thee into life;
 And her, that beautiful one, of whom thou art
 Fit emblem, in the modest purity,
 And unpretending loveliness that charms
 By its own native worth, who sent thee forth,
 With bashful hesitation and reserve,
 A humble token of remembrance true.

Oh, we do love in this cold world to know
 That those whom we have once as friends enrolled,
 And learned to love, do still remain the same,
 Unchanged by Time, that changes all things else,
 And we do love, with pleasure most sincere,
 To look on each memorial that may bring
 This wished assurance home.

E'en such to me
 Has been thy mission, modest messenger.
 And well hast thou fulfilled this thy behest.
 Thou hast brought joy to me, and oft henceforth,
 As I may gaze on thee, will pleasant thoughts,
 And happy hopes, come crowding through the
 mind.

Twining,
 Long years may pass, with Time's most rapid
 Ere I may meet again those friendly ones
 That sent thee forth in love; or it may be,
 And thy untimely fate this warning speaks,
 That Time itself with me shall be no more,
 And the dark grave close coldly o'er my head,
 Ere their warm greetings ever strike my ear:
 Yet may their lives pass peacefully away,
 With every blessing crowned and holy joy!
 And when the world, with sin and sorrow fraught,
 Shall fade away, and we shall sleep in death,
 Transplanted by a Saviour's tender care,
 May we awake in Heaven, and there renew
 A friendship that shall last forevermore!

Maine Lodge, No. 1, I, at Portland, has authorised its Trustees to subscribe for twenty shares in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road.

THE TUTOR AND THE PROPRIETOR.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

WE passed pretty near a house which was a short time ago the scene of an incident which, in the hands of a skilful novelist, might be so spun out as to make the orthodox three volumes. In that house there lived—I am not sure that he does not still reside there—an eccentric old rich landed proprietor. His own dress and manners were plain, and his modes of life homely; but, intending a handsome fortune for each of his family—two sons and a daughter—it was his great ambition to give them a first-rate education. The daughter, being the eldest, had returned from one of the first boarding schools, quite an accomplished lady. He doated on her, and fully made up his mind that she should either be married to a man of rank and importance in the world, or not married at all. For the two sons as he said, might be educated under his own eye, and that he might see that full justice was done to them, he employed a talented young man, whom the old eccentric gentleman constantly lauded to the skies, for his exceeding modesty of manner.

Things went on for a season as smoothly as either party could wish, the tutor growing every hour in the good graces of his patron. He became, in fine, a confirmed favorite, and was in every respect “treated as one of the family.” One day after dinner the modest tutor (there being no one present but themselves) said to the old gentleman in hesitating accents, scarcely venturing to raise his head as he spoke, that he wished to consult him confidentially for a few minutes, on a very important and delicate matter, and to get his advice as to how he ought to act in the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed.

“Quite ready to hear you sir; and to give you the best advice in my power,” observed the other, who had always been remarkable for his rough, blunt manner of speaking.

“I really do not know how to begin, I’m almost afraid to mention the thing to you,” remarked the tutor, tying and untying a piece of twine in his finger, on which he kept his eye thoughtfully fixed.

“Oh, don’t be afraid, sir, out with it. It’s nothing horrible, I hope!”

“Oh, dear, no.”

“Well then, let us hear it at once.”

“It’s about an affair of the heart.”

“Ah! an affair of the heart! Ay, I see you young men know something about these matters. It’s long since I had an affair of the heart, though I have plenty of other “affairs” far more serious; but young men must be young men; yes they must. Come, tell us all about this affair of the heart. This love story—this affair of the heart; you have fallen in love with some pretty girl and wish to marry her, I suppose.”

The tutor owned the soft impeachment..

“Well, and why not marry her?”

“That’s just the point about which I wished to consult you.”

“Is she an aimable girl?”

"The very perfection of every thing that is morally good, and mentally excellent."

"So, so. And belongs to a respectable family?"

"A very respectable family. Indeed, she moves in a better sphere of life than I do myself, and her family are so respectable that any gentleman might and would be proud to be connected with it."

"Then why, you spalpeen, don't you marry her at once?" said the old man raising his right leg placing it on an adjacent chair.

"But I have not yet obtained the consent of her father," replied the tutor, speaking in a seemingly subdued and timid tone, and not having courage enough to look his patron in the face.

"Then why, sir, don't you obtain it?"

"I'm afraid to ask it."

"Why afraid to ask? Don't be a coward."

"I'm afraid because she assures me that she knows her father would never give his concurrence to her marriage to one who is entirely without means, and has nothing but his education and good moral character to recommend him."

"Does she speak confidently on the point?"

"Oh, most confidently. She is quite positive."

"Quite sure eh?"

"Perfectly certain."

"No chance for father yielding?"

"Not the slightest."

"Is he an old man?"

"He is advanced in years."

"Then, sir, he must be an old fool. Do I know this stupid piece of antiquity."

"Intimately."

"And for some time?"

"For very many years."

"Do he and his daughter reside in this neighborhood?"

"They do."

"Is it a fair question to ask the old idiot's name?"

"I would rather not mention it in existing circumstances?"

"Oh, very good, very good. I would not press you — not by any means — I say!"

The love-struck tutor was all attention.

"Listen to me, sir. Lend me your ears."

"I will with the greatest of pleasure."

"What I'm going to say is worth hearing."

"I'm anxious to hear it."

"I'll tell you what you'll do."

"I shall be most grateful for your advice in so trying a situation as that in which I am placed."

"Is the young lady very much attached to you?"

"I have no reason to doubt the ardor of her affection."

"Would she elope; that is to run away with you?"

"She is willing to do anything."

"Then, sir, your course is clear. Carry her off, and get married at once."

"I'm afraid of offending the old gentleman her father."

"Oh, the old gentleman, her father. Never mind him if you can get the girl herself."

"And would you really advise me to run away with her. I would not like to take so important a step without your approval."

"Would I advise you? I do advise you, and let it be done directly, sir. Why, sir, you have no pluck or spirit about you, or you would have done it before now. Thunder and lightning! old as I am, sir, I would do it myself. You do it at once."

"I was anxious to consult you on so delicate a matter."

"Well, sir, you now know my opinion and have got my advice. Don't be faint-hearted, sir, get up early and elope with the lady to-morrow morning; and take my horse and gig for the purpose. They are quite at your service, very much at your service."

"I am really under infinite obligations to you for the deep interest you have taken in the matter. I'll adopt your advice and avail myself of your kind offer of your horse and gig to enable me to carry her off."

"Do sir, do; and mind you do it effectually. Let there be no mistake, no failure in the matter. Success to you in your enterprise. Let me know when you have made the young lady your wife."

"I will with the greatest possible pleasure."

On the following morning the old gentleman summoned his daughter, as was his custom, down to breakfast, he stationing himself on the occasion at the foot of the stairs. No response was made to his first summons.

"What do you mean, you lazy, indolent huzzy that you don't come when you're called?" bawled the old and eccentric personage, in the way of continuing his first call.

Still there was no answer.

"You are sound asleep, I suppose. Why don't you get up and come down directly? Do you hear? I say you indolent, good-for-nothing piece of goods, why don't you" —

"Please, sir," interposed an out-door man servant, who had just entered the hall; "please sir, I saw Miss and the tutor driving away this morning at five o'clock in your gig. And more than that please yer honor, they (horse, gig and all) seemed as if they were in a dreadful hurry. They were indeed, sir."

The old man audibly groaned, and sunk down on the stairs. The truth flashed into his mind. It was his own daughter who had eloped with the tutor, in obedience to his own advice tendered to the latter so emphatically on the previous day.

PRESENTATION OF REGALIA.

WE have been furnished with the following remarks delivered by Bro. *Mark Graves*, before the Canonicus Lodge, No. 9 of this city, on the presentation of a P. G.'s Regalia, to Bro. John Hully, P. G. by the members of that Lodge. Bro. *Graves* has done himself much credit

by his remarks; and we know of no brother of the Order more worthy of such a mark of distinction and respect, than Brother Hully, who is eminently a "*Good Fellow*."

Worthy Past Grand Hully:—

"The brothers of Cononicus Lodge, No. 9 appreciating in some good degree, your labors and exertions in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and being desirous of expressing to you the sincere respect and esteem which they have ever regarded you, and also to express their *heartfelt* thanks, for the deep interest you have taken in the welfare of their Lodge, have honored me with the privilege of presenting to you, in their name, this Past Grand's Regalia. We present it, not for its intrinsic value, but as a *slight* token of the *highest respect* and the *warmest brotherly affection*. And in presenting to you this token of our sincere regard, permit to remark, that it gives us the greater pleasure from the fact, that you are comparatively a stranger among us. You have left the land of your nativity, and the home of your early days—have crossed the broad Atlantic, and have cast your lot among strangers: and whatever may be the prejudices and feelings of some, towards those who make this the land of their adoption, be assured that we cherish towards you none other feelings than those of *Friendship, Love and Truth*. The principles of our Order, acknowledge no sectional or national distinctions. On the other hand, we recognize in every man a brother, and to whom God has given an intellect and an immortal soul, are we to do good as we have opportunity. And so long as poverty and distress stretch forth their imploring hands—so long as sickness and disease afflict the race—so long as there are tears to be wiped away, and mourners to be comforted—so long have we work to do. And now, Brother Past Grand Hully, in the name of the officers and brothers of Cononicus Lodge No. 9, I present you the Past Grand's Regalia, and whenever you look upon it, remember that those who present it, will ever pray that he who wears it may be always prosperous and happy, and when this scarf shall have been worn out in the service of Odd Fellowship, and they who present it, and him who receives it, shall moulder back to dust, may it be replaced in a brighter and better world than this, by one gemmed with the stars of Friendship, Love and Truth, which shall shine as the brightness of the Firmament and the Stars forever."

Past Grand Hully's remarks in reply were brief and exceedingly appropriate.—*Providence Gazette*.

DEDICATION OF HARMONY HALL, CONCORD, N. H.

BRO. PRINCE:—Being in Concord, N. H., on the 8th inst., I embraced the opportunity to be present at the dedication of a new Hall that has recently been built for the Odd Fellows of that place. The exercises were of the most interesting and imposing character. I found the spacious Hall literally filled with Odd Fellows and sisters, the lat-

ter presenting a scene of beauty rarely to be met with save in the Granite State.

The services commenced with music, which was followed with prayer by the Chaplain of White Mountain Lodge. We then had the pleasure of listening to a most eloquent and interesting address, delivered by Rev. Moses G. Thomas, long and favorably known as an able Unitarian clergyman. His language was replete with beauty and pathos. It would be useless for me to attempt an analysis of the discourse. Sufficient to say, that it was a lucid exposition of the principles of our Order,—the precepts and teachings of the institution and its bearing upon the community,—earnest and affectionate admonitions to its members, with exhortations to purity, Friendship, Love and Truth.

At the close of the address an appropriate hymn was sung, in which we all joined in the chorns—

“How grand in age, how fair in youth
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth!”

The dedicatory ceremonies were then performed in a dignified and impressive manner by officers of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand Master Philbrick presiding.

Harmony Hall is large and well ventilated, perfect in all its arrangements, and fitted up in a style of elegance that reflects much credit upon the taste of the Odd Fellows of Concord;—rich and beautiful without ostentatious show, not encumbered with emblems, nor its stucco marred by hackneyed mottoes. It is to be occupied hereafter by the White Mountain Lodge and Penacook Encampment.

The precepts of Odd Fellowship are in good keeping in the hands of our N. H. brothers. Their manifest fidelity to the principles of our institution will give to the Order a permanency and character which must soon exert a good moral influence throughout our sister State. I predict that ere long the symbol of our Order will fall beyond the “White Mountain” and yet betoken good; that the “Penacooks” will pass the wilderness and pitch their tents in the higher altitude of Gratton and Coos, where the calumet of Peace, Love and Truth, will be kindled with the perpetual fire of true philanthropy. A.

Lowell, 14th August, 1845.

MARRIAGE. — The marriage ceremony is the most interesting spectacle social life exhibits. To see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with a halo of happiness, appear together and acknowledge their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sanctity of their vows; to think of the endearing relation, and the important consequences which are to flow from it, as they walk side by side through life, participating in the same joys, the sharers of each other's sorrows; that the smiles which kindle to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of the survivor;—to consider all this, the epitome of the whole circle of human sympathies and interests, awakens the deepest and holiest feelings of the heart.

Original.

DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Light footsteps at the door I hear—
I raise the latch and look;
My bright-eyed boy!—thou art not there;
Returning with his book,
Another child, less fair than thou,
Smiles as he passes by me now.

Falls on my ear a gentle tone,
As through the crowd I press;—
'Tis not ~~thy~~ voice, dear cherished one,
Like thine would it were less—
And then this heart, so big with grief,
Would not in tears find such relief.

A gentle hand hath pressed my cheek,
While in my study-chair;
I seemed to hear thee sweetly speak,
"My father—I am here,"
When lo! I saw another child,
Who only mocked me as he smiled.

When dimly burns the chamber light,
I kneel beside thy bed,
I seem to hear thy sweet, "good night,"—
But tears profusely shed,
While on that couch I look, where lay
So lately he, now passed away.

And in the morning when I rise,
I hasten to thy room—
But oh! the truth!—it drowns my eyes—
"Your idol cannot come;"
And then the agony I feel,
No soothing words of love can heal.

Where'er I see a happy boy,
Sadly it speaks of thee;
A mother's love—a father's joy—
All that a child could be—
Now sleeping 'neath the valley's clod—
How could it be—my God—my God!

"Words, words, words!" is a phrase by which Shakspeare characterizes the empty garrulity of one of his *dramatis personæ*; and yet it may be used in quite another sense. What are words? They *sometimes* give expression to thoughts, and thoughts rule the world. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Upon mere articulated air, upon crabbed pen-marks, or the more legible characters made by bits of metal, hang how many ponderous and imponderable things!—steam-engines, rail-roads, spinning-jennies, lightning couriers, sun-painted fac-similes of all sorts of faces, phonographic books and manuscripts, psycho-magnetic miracles, to say nothing of the more comprehensive sciences which are daily opening up to us more and more clearly the vast designs of Universal Providence! A chaos of thoughts and purposes lay struggling in the great heart of mankind, striving in vain to embody itself in outward deeds, when a humble German mechanic came to reduce this chaos to order. Words have thenceforth been sown broadcast over the earth, flying hither and thither like innumerable winged seeds, flashing like diamonds, illuminating all things, and are one day to bear a harvest of which but few of this age, rich as it is in the signs of beneficent progress, have even dreamed. Ye calculators of physical forces, ye men who ascribe all movement to wind and steam, to levers, wheels and pulleys, to centrifugal and centripetal tendencies, to oscillation between the positive and negative poles of electricity,—who look upon yourselves even, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," as little better than cunningly contrived "patent-digesters,"—have you ever considered the deep significance of *words*?—have you apprehended that they are the covering of a spiritual energy which is omnipotent over all other forces combined? Immortal honor to the inventor of the word-sowing art!

How very modest some people are! An American lady at Paris "has been so shocked at seeing a little *statuette*, by one of the most eminent artists of France, representing a young mother, half dressed, fondling her infant child, a work of most exquisite beauty, that she has caused neat little black dresses to be made for the mother and the child, and has had them habited therein!"

A PAGE OF VARIETY.

The idea of forming a superior race of men has entered little into schemes of policy. Invention and effort have been expended on matter much more than mind. Lofty piles have been reared; the earth has groaned under pyramids and palaces. The thought of building up a nobler order of intellect and character has hardly crossed the most adventurous statesman.—*Channing*.

In 1815, after Napoleon's return, a violent Royalist exclaimed to his confessor, who happened to dine with him at Ghent—"What!" exclaimed he, "Henry III. and IV. were assassinated, and nobody can be found to rid us of the usurper Bonaparte!" The priest fetched a deep sigh:—"Ah, my dear sir," said he, "there is no longer any religion in the world as in those days!" Napoleon is said to have been much amused with this anecdote.

I have outlived my time. And why should I not perceive it? Does not the water-lily know her time, rise to blossom from the water, and then return back into its depths, satisfied, tranquil, with a treasure of sweet recollections? Flowers know when their time is passed, but man tries all he can not to be aware of it! This year with you, Mario, was the height of my blossoming!

An ancient rhyme divides female beauty into four orders, as follows:

Long and lazy,
Little and loud,
Fair and foolish,
Dark and proud.

Women feel their hearts much more attracted towards a son who tenderly reserves for a mother some of his benefits, than they do to a daughter anxiously caring for her father; perhaps from a hundred causes, and this among the rest, that in their experience of sons and husbands they are more used to find these persons mere six feet thunder clouds, forked water-spouts, or even reposing tornadoes.

Somebody says that a woman who loves, loves for life, unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections. And somebody else says that a man who loves, loves for life also—unless he *changes his mind*.

I never had a sight of my soul, said the Emperor Aurelius, and yet I have a great value for it; because it is discoverable by its operations; and, by my constant experience of the power of God, I have a proof of his being, and a reason for my veneration.

We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach or the immense machine of the universe. In God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who sulks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and elbows his neighbor to make him uneasy also.

ADVANTAGES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

OUR institution is rapidly extending itself over this Western Hemisphere, and bids fair ere long to reach wherever civilization has planted her footsteps. It is not calculated to be confined to a particular country or people, but, like the sun in the firmament, to shed down its blessings upon every land. There is room for its principles, yea, there is a want of their influence all abroad; and the sources of its power and blessings are abundant. By secret and inviolable *signs, tokens, and symbols*, carefully preserved among ourselves, it will ere long become a universal language. And by this means many and great advantages are gained by the members, and these advantages will be greatly increased as the Order extends. Then the travelling brother will find brethren and friends to interest him — protect him in danger — watch over him in sickness, and befriend him in every trial. Men of all religions and of all nations will become united. Besides the common ties of humanity, they will realize that they have contracted a strong obligation, *above these*, to engage them to kind and friendly actions. The spirit of the fulminating priest will be tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different persuasion, will receive his attention and respect. Thus the disputes which embitter life and sour the tempers of men, will be avoided, and every face will be glad with smiles, while the common good of all, — the great design of the Order, — will be zealously pursued. Men will become better, more moral, kind and affectionate; the social virtues will be cultivated, and the safety and happiness of man will be increased. Who, then, does not see that Odd Fellowship *is*, and will continue to be of great advantage to mankind? Unless discord and harmony be the same, unless vice and virtue are one, then surely is it of incalculable advantage; for it tends to the destruction of the former, and the cultivation of the latter.

It is proper also to remark that Odd Fellowship is reconcilable to the best policy, for it has a tendency to prevent the uprising of angry passion, and those partial animosities which different interests too often create. It teaches us to be faithful and true to our country, to avoid cruel and turbulent measures, and render submission to the decisions of legislative power. It can be no trifling advantage, no small acquisition to any community or State, to have under its power and jurisdiction a body of men who are true to the laws, friends to humanity, and promoters of friendship and moral order. Such men are invaluable members of society, and happy may any State or government feel that can claim them as its subjects.

Odd Fellowship, as it influences men to become thus true and useful, commands a high regard. It claims the esteem of all lovers of good order, and who but the impious will say it is not worthy of it? If all that is good, amiable, and useful to mankind or to society, be deserving of regard and esteem, Odd Fellowship lays high claims to it. It is the handmaid of religion; for it recommends universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear one man to another. It is particularly adapted to give to the mind the most disinterested notions,

the most generous impulses ; it strengthens virtue, promotes love and esteem, and binds men together — it makes them *friends* and *brothers* in the most full sense of these terms. Surely, then, is it of great advantage to States, communities, and individuals. Let it spread abroad — let its influence be exerted yet more and more, until its blessings shall everywhere be enjoyed, and the safety, the comfort and happiness of mankind be enhanced by its power. — *Covenant.*

THE SPIRIT BRIDE.—BY MRS. NORTON.

But deep in each man's heart some angel dwells,
Mournfully, as in sepulchral tomb,
Set o'er our nature like calm sentinels,
Denying passage to bad thoughts that come
Tempting us weakly to our final doom.
Patient they watch whatever may betide ;
Shedding pure rays of glory through the gloom,
And bowing meek wings over human pride,
As once in the lone grave of Him the crucified !

Angels of grief, who when our weak eyes tire
Of shedding tears, their sad sweet lessons teach ;
Angels of hope, who lift with strong desire
Our mortal thoughts beyond a mortal reach ;
Angels of mercy, who, to gentle speech
And meek forgiving words, the heart incline,
Weaving a link of brotherhood for each ;
Angels of glory, whose white vestments shine
Around the good man's couch in dying life's decline.

Need of such heavenly counterpoise have we
To bear us up when we would grovel down ;
To keep our clogged and tarnished nature free
From the world rust that round our hearts hath grown
Like mouldering moss upon a sculptured stone ;
To soften down the cruelty and sin
Of crabbed selfishness that stands alone,
With greedy eyes that watch what they may win,
The whole wide world a field to gather harvest in !

He that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse ; for vice, virtue, and time, are three things that never stand still. — *Lacon.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNUAL SESSION OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Grand Lodge held its annual session on the 7th August at Covenant Hall, commencing at 9 o'clock in the morning. The attendance at the commencement and throughout the session was very large, and the great amount of important business which came before the Grand Lodge was transacted with every manifestation of interest. The session continued through the whole of the first day and until nearly eleven o'clock, P. M., and was resumed on the next day at nine o'clock and continued until five in the afternoon. We subjoin some of the proceedings, and the members of the Order will instantly perceive their importance upon the Order in its future operations in this State.

Three hundred and thirty-nine members presented their certificates of election, being a very large proportion of the number of Past Grands in the State; exceeding by thirty-four the whole number presented in the returns of subordinates on the first of July.

Charters were granted to the following Lodges:

Pilgrim Lodge, . . .	No. 75, Abington.
Rising Star Lodge,	" 76, Randolph.
Unity Lodge Lodge,	" 77, Boston.
Olive Branch Lodge,	" 78, Charlestown.
Hockomocko Lodge,	" 79, Westboro'.
Mt. Wollaston Lodge,	" 80, Quincy.
Wewaeantit Lodge,	" 81, Sippican Village, (Rochester.)
Crescent Lodge,	" 82, East Weymouth.
Mutual Relief Lodge,	" 83, Haverhill.
Neponset Lodge,	" 84, Milton.
Marlboro' Lodge,	" 85, Marlboro'.
Leominster Lodge,	" 86, Leominster.
*Foxboro' Lodge,	" 87, Foxboro'.
Union Lodge,	" 88, Douglas.
Lancaster Lodge,	" 89, Lancaster.

Sundry matters of grievance were referred to committees for investigation. Several communications of an important nature were received, and among them the M. W. Grand Sire's Proclamation for a called session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. By a strange provision in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the term of office of a member of that body continues for one year

* The name of this Lodge has since been changed to that of "Excelsior."

from the date of his certificate ; and the certificates of our members of the Grand Lodge bearing date on the day of their election, at the Annual Session in August, 1844, their term of office had expired. It being considered important that these representatives should attend at the special session, the following proceedings were had in regard to this matter :

Bro. Hilliard offered the following resolution which was adopted.

Whereas a special session of the Grand Lodge of the United States has been called by the M. W. Grand Sire, for the purpose of acting upon the report of a committee appointed at the last regular session to revise the work of the Order, and whereas doubts have arisen, respecting the right of the present Representatives to a seat in that body at the special session, on account of an apparent ambiguity in the terms of their certificate of election; and whereas it is desirable that the same body which commenced the work of revision, should prosecute the same to its completion—therefore—

Resolved, That the Representatives of this Grand Lodge to the Grand Lodge of the United States, elected at our last annual session be and are hereby authorized to represent this Grand Lodge at the special session of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The Grand Master made his annual report.

Report of the M. W. Grand Master.

I. O. O. F.

Boston, August 7th, 1845.

R. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts :

In accordance with my duty, I submit you my annual Report.

The Lodges under your jurisdiction, with scarcely an exception, are prosperous; and the Order is exerting a most healthful and salutary influence on not only its members, but the community at large.

The accompanying reports of the D. D. Grand Masters will supersede the necessity of my entering into details.

The number of Lodges has doubled, or nearly so, during the year I have had the pleasure, and honor, of serving as your first officer.

The Grand Secretary will furnish you with the names and numbers of Lodges opened by dispensation since our last session, also with the petitions for new Lodges.

Since our last communication, the anniversary of the Revival of the Order has been celebrated. You yourselves know how gloriously.

I cannot but embrace this opportunity to return my most sincere thanks to the other elective Grand Officers, the several Committees and Marshals, for the noble manner in which they all acted in devising and carrying out the events of that glorious day; a day that shall ever be proudly referred to, in the history of our Order, in all coming time.

The events of that day not only gladdened the hearts of our brethren under your charge, with visiting brethren from all parts of the country, but astonished and delighted our citizens generally; overwhelming all opposition from those disposed to be enemies of the Order.

The Grand Lodge have my thanks for the courtesy with which they have treated me and my decisions while sitting in this chair; and, when retired to private life, the memory of the honors you have conferred upon me will be among the proudest recollections of the past, until the day of my death.

To my successor, whoever may be the honored man of your choice, I wish equal happiness.

Brethren, I cheerfully submit you my last official communication.

In Friendship, Love and Truth,

THOS. F. NORRIS,

M. W. Grand Master of Massachusetts Grand Lodge, I. O. of O. F.

The afternoon of the first day was consumed in the election of officers. The ballotings were in some cases protracted, but the following is the result, which, as far as we can learn, is in the highest degree satisfactory to the Order :

NEWELL A. THOMPSON,	M. W. Grand Master.
E. M. P. WELLS,	R. W. Deputy Grand Master.
JAMES M. USHER,	R. W. Grand Warden.
WM. H. JONES,	R. W. Grand Secretary.
HEZEKIAH PRINCE,	R. W. Grand Treasurer.
SAMUEL K. LOTHROP,	R. W. Grand Chaplain.
WM. E. PARMENTER,	1st R. W. G. Rep. G. L. U. States.
JOSEPH L. DREW,	2d, do. do. do.

The following are the appointments made by Grand Master Thompson :

J. A. CUMMINGS,	Grand Marshal.
A. B. WHEELER,	Grand Conductor.
EDWARD HENNESSEY,	Grand Guardian.

The following vote upon a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge is by far the most important which passed at the session. It was adopted by a very decided majority of Lodges, and, as we have been informed, the opinion was unanimous with regard to its general character, and the opposition arose only from difference of opinion upon some of its details. The final vote, taken by representation of Lodges, was, yeas 53, nays 17, and it passed in the following form :

“Every Lodge shall have one Representative in the Grand Lodge. Every Lodge having one hundred members shall have two Representatives, and one Representative additional for every one hundred members: *Provided*, That every Past Grand shall be entitled to receive his degrees, and to attend the sessions of the Grand Lodge; and that this amendment shall take effect at the next annual election of Representatives.”

The Treasurer's books exhibited a favorable state of the finances. Notwithstanding a very heavy draft upon the funds for various objects, they have increased during the last quarter, and now amount to the sum of \$3,356.71.

The Report of a Committee appointed several sessions since to prepare rules for the direction of trials in the Order was received. It contained the greater portion of the views upon the subject embodied in an article in the last Symbol, and it was adopted by the Grand Lodge, to be printed in a suitable form for distribution among the Lodges within this jurisdiction.

Grand Master Thompson named the following brothers, whose names stand against the several districts, as District Deputy Grand Masters :

District Deputy Grand Masters for 1845—6.

No. of District.	Name of Lodge.	No. of Lodge.	Location.	District Deputy Gr. Master.
1.	Massachusetts.	1	Boston.	} Wm. Ellison, of Boston.
	Franklin.	23	"	
	Montezuma.	33	"	
	Shawmut.	37	"	
2.	Pacifick.	42	"	} Raymond Cole, of Boston.
	Siloam.	2	Boston.	
	Suffolk.	8	"	
	Oriental.	10	"	
	Covenant.	16	"	
3.	Boston.	25	"	} Wm. Parkman, of Boston.
	Tremont.	15	Boston.	
	Ancient Landmark.	32	"	
4.	Unity.	77	"	} Caleb Rand, of Charlestown.
	Bunker Hill.	14	Charlestown.	
	Howard.	22	"	
5.	Olive Branch.	78	"	} Chas. D. Strong, of South Boston.
	Bethesda.	30	South Boston.	
	Norfolk.	48	Dorchester.	
	Hobah.	53	South Boston.	
6.	Neponset.	84	Milton.	} Stephen Sibley, of Chelsea.
	Winnisimmet.	24	Chelsea.	
	Maverick.	36	East Boston.	
7.	Mystic.	51	Chelsea.	} Wm. Tozer, of Malden.
	Middlesex.	17	Malden.	
8.	Souhegan.	38	South Reading.	} John S. Ladd, of East Cambridge.
	New England.	4	East Cambridge.	
9.	Friendship.	20	Cambridgeport.	} Daniel Leach, of Roxbury.
	Warren.	18	Roxbury.	
	Quinobequin.	70	Dedham.	
	Mt. Wellaston.	80	Quincy.	
10.	Crescent.	82	East Weymouth.	} Leo. Thompson, jr., of Woburn.
	Crystal Fount.	9	Woburn.	
	Columbian.	29	Stoneham.	
	Shawshene.	64	Billerica.	
11.	Golden Rule.	65	Wilmington.	} Abiel Rolfe, of Lowell.
	Merrimack.	7	Lowell.	
	Mechanics.	11	"	
	Oberlin.	28	"	
12.	Veritas.	49	"	} J. C. Waldo, of West Cambridge.
	Bethel.	12	West Cambridge.	
	Monument.	19	East Lexington.	
13.	Harmony.	68	Medford.	} Joseph Gould, of Watertown.
	Lafayette.	31	Watertown.	
	Prospect.	35	Waltham.	
	Elliot.	68	Newton Up: Falls.	

No. of District.	Name of Lodge.	No. of Lodge.	Location.	District Deputy Gr. Master.
14.	Macedonian.	47	Bedford.	} Jos. Phelps, of Bedford.
	Concord.	50	Concord.	
	Groton.	71	Groton.	
15.	Framingham.	45	Framingham.	} B. H. Davis, of Milford.
	Tisquantum.	46	Milford.	
	Takawambait.	59	Natick.	
	Marlborough.	85	Marlborough.	
16.	Quinsigamond.	43	Worcester.	} Albert Case, of Worcester.
	Worcester.	56	"	
	Wachusett.	73	Barre.	
	Hockomocko.	79	Westborough.	
	Union.	88	Douglas.	
17.	Nazarene.	13	Ware Village.	} Addison Ware, of Springfield.
	Hampden.	27	Springfield.	
	St. Johns.	62	Cabotville.	
	Woronoco.	74	Westfield.	
18.	Nonotuck.	61	Northampton.	} Wendell T. Davis, of Greenfield.
	Pocomtuck.	67	Greenfield.	
19.	Berkshire.	57	Pittsfield.	} James M. Thompson, of Springfield.
20.	Fidelity.	21	Andover.	} John Low, of Methuen.
	Hope.	34	Methuen.	
	Mutual Relief.	83	Haverhill.	
21.	Essex.	26	Salem.	} Jas. Kimball, of Salem.
	Bay State.	40	Lynn.	
	Atlantic.	55	Marblehead.	
22.	Quiasacuncquen.	39	Newburyport.	} Dexter Dana, of Newburyport.
	Agawam.	52	Ipawich.	
23.	Massasoit.	69	N. Bridgewater.	} Geo. Alex'r Smith, of Boston.
	North Stoughton.	72	North Stoughton.	
	Pilgrim.	75	South Abington.	
	Rising Star.	76	Randolph.	
	Excelsior.	87	Foxborough.	
24.	Accushnet.	41	New Bedford.	} Wm. H. Taylor, of New Bedford.
	King Philip.	44	Taunton.	
	Mount Hope.	63	Fall River.	
	Weweeantit.	81	Sippican Village, Rochester.	
25.	Nantucket.	66	Nantucket.	} Wm. Summerhays, of Nantucket.
26.	May Flower.	54	Plymouth.	} C. S. Burgess, Boston.
27.	Harvard.	60	Harvard.	} A. W. Churchill, of Groton.
	Leominster.	86	Leominster.	
	Lancaster.	89	Lancaster.	

The following amendment to the Constitution of Subordinates, to take effect from the first day of January, 1846, was adopted :

"To strike out Section 2, Article V., and insert the following:

"The fee for initiation in all Lodges under this jurisdiction shall not be less than ten dollars, and the price of degrees not less than two dollars each."

A call having been made for the vote by representation, it was taken and decided in the affirmative.

The vote was as follows:

In the Affirmative—Suffolk, No. 8, 2; Mechanics', No. 11, 2; Covenant, No. 16, 2; Friendship, No. 20, 2; Howard, No. 22, 2; Winnissimmett, No. 24, 2; Boston, No. 25, 2; Hampden, No. 27, 2; Oberlin, No. 28, 2; Columbian, No. 29, 2; Ancient Landmark, No. 32, 2; Framingham, No. 45, 2; Concord, No. 50, 2; Berkshire, No. 57, 1; Massasoit, No. 69, 1. Yeas, 23.

In the Negative—Massachusetts, No. 1, 2; Siloam, No. 2, 2; New England, No. 4, 2; Merrimack, No. 7, 2; Warren, No. 18, 2; Bethesda, No. 30, 2; Lafayette, No. 31, 1; Quinsigamond, No. 43, 2; King Philip, No. 44, 2; Macedonia, No. 47, 2; Shawsheene, No. 64, 1; Golden Rule, No. 65, 1. Nays, 21.

Also the following amendments were adopted :

"That no candidate shall be proposed for initiation to any Lodge in this jurisdiction who has not resided six months in the town in which he has his residence at the time he is proposed."

The amendment proposed by Bro. Strong at the May session, 1845, with an additional amendment proposed by Bro. English at this session, was adopted, viz.:

"In Article II., Clause 5th of the Constitution of Subordinates, to strike out the word 'State' and insert the words 'same County, and within ten miles of the Lodge in which the candidate is rejected; and a list of candidates so rejected shall be sent at the end of each quarter to all other Lodges in the State;' and no person, &c. &c."

Voted, To add another clause to Article II., to read as follows:

"*Clause 7.* All communications addressed to other Lodges shall be post-paid by this Lodge."

Voted, To add to the Constitution of Subordinates, "That the Lodge shall at all times open and close its regular meetings with prayer; and in case no Chaplain is present to perform this duty, the N. G. shall officiate himself."*

The following complimentary resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That the thanks of this Grand Lodge be unanimously voted to the Most Worthy Grand Master, D. G. Master, the G. Secretary, and the other elective and appointed officers who served the Grand Lodge during the past year, for the ability and faithfulness with which they discharged their several duties, and that the G. Secretary be instructed to notify those brothers of the passage of this vote under the seal of the Grand Lodge.

The following statistics present a most gratifying view of the condition of the Order in this State. During the quarter commencing April 1st and ending July 1st, 1845, there were — Initiations, 1554; admissions by card, 74; rejected, 82; withdrawn by card, 210; suspended, 10; expelled, 8; reinstated, 9; deaths, 9; degrees conferred, 6925;

* This amendment by order of the M. W. Grand Master, was added to Article I., as Clause 2d.

Past Grands, 305; Scarlet members, 4217; whole number of members, 8126;* receipts, \$35,888.54; per centage to Grand Lodge, \$1,462.40; amount paid for benefits, \$3,728.49; amount paid for funerals, \$554.00; amount paid for other charitable purposes, \$1,028.75.

The above is an analysis of the transactions of the most important session of the Grand Lodge which has yet been held. We shall comment in another place upon the condition of the Order at the present stage of its progress in this State.

RETROSPECT OF THE LAST TWELVE-MONTH.

THE arrangements which have just been made for another year's business in our Order in this State are based upon the fact taught us by experience, that the growth and success of our institution can no longer allow the somewhat immethodical and random management necessarily prevailing in an enterprise which rapidly and unexpectedly outgrows, in its influence and responsibilities, the designs of its projectors. Consequently, there have been placed in the administrative department men whose talents and weight of character will favorably affect the reputation of the Order; and care has been taken so to apportion their duties, and to arrange in order the details of operation, that it is believed that hereafter the whole work of the Order, including a definite and consistent interpretation of its laws and usages, and a complete record of its statistics, will be controlled by a vigilant and methodical attention to all its points.

With the feeling, then, that we are at last standing upon firm ground, we desire to glance at the progress of the Order during the last year's administration, for a more eventful and uniformly prosperous one we shall not often see.

The annual session of 1844 found the Order in this State with forty-one Lodges, King Philip Lodge, No. 44, at Taunton, being the last instituted during the year preceding. The whole number of members in all the Lodges was 4298. The new year commenced with the institution of Framingham Lodge, No. 45, and ended with the institution of Wewantit Lodge, No. 81, being an increase of thirty-six Lodges, and the whole number of members a trifle short of 8400. The initiations for the quarter prior to the August session, 1844, were 632, and the whole receipts \$12,339.25; and for the quarter prior to the August session, 1845, the initiations were 1554, and the receipts \$35,888.54.

The annual report of Lodges for the year prior to July 1, 1845, gives, in addition to the above facts, the number of initiations, 4083. Rejections, 244. Admitted by card, 265. Withdrawn by card, 562. Reinstated, 13. Suspended, 37. Expelled, 15. Deaths, 24. Receipts for the year, \$86,269.20.

The number of brothers relieved, 933. Widowed families relieved, 22. Brothers buried, 24. Amount paid for relief of brothers, \$13,-

* Two Lodges delinquent. The whole number of members is probably 8,400.

486.14. Amount paid for relief of widowed families, \$711.00. Amount paid for education of orphans, \$50. Amount paid for burying the dead, \$1,261.24. Whole amount of relief expenditure, \$15,508.38. This constitutes very nearly the full and accurate return, one or two Lodges only being delinquent.

We have here presented our resources for sustaining the purposes of the Order. They are well husbanded, and every one can judge of the reliance which can be placed upon a certain and entire relief of those who have claims upon them.

The Order in Massachusetts stands probably second in numerical strength among the States of the Union, and we may safely challenge the exhibition of as great or a proportionate increase, or one where the principles of the Order have been more constantly held in view.

During the past year there has been another change in the relations of our Order, deserving of special notice and congratulation; namely, in its standing in the community. It has come out from its doubtful, unrecognized, half-suspected position, and has assumed an honored and influential place among the benevolent institutions of our Commonwealth. Its character is known, and its principles and purposes respected. It is no longer regarded as a revivification of old Societies, nor as an arbitrary and unmeaning bundle of forms and ceremonies, formed to delight the frivolous, and without useful end. The fanatic could not now rail, in his ignorance and bigotry, at expansive and active benevolent operations which he cannot comprehend, much less imitate, for all good men would understand and despise his malignity and falsehood. The whole community, far from suspecting or condemning our Order, have manifested an interest and friendly encouragement which receive, as they deserve, our gratitude.

The Order has during the past year spread into the country portions of our State. In the earlier years the Lodges clustered within and about the metropolis, and its members were for the most part taken from those classes and occupations peculiar to compact and populous communities. But now the Order is scattered over the territory of the State, and has gathered within its fold the tillers of the soil, and all who bear a part in the noble pursuit of agriculture. Nor is it alone in the large and wealthy inland towns, to which our rivers and iron roads bear a continual accession of riches, that our Order finds a foothold, but in the farming villages, even where some three or four of the smaller class of these must combine to furnish the members of a Lodge, do we find the active and faithful workers in Odd Fellowship. And such Lodges are not formed hastily and inconsiderately; for we can name many, established under the circumstances we have mentioned, where the instituting officers have been called upon to assist in the initiation of members enough to sustain the Lodge, though not another member could be procured. Throughout the State, the Order, rapidly as it has increased, has always received the same class of respectable, responsible men, and the characters of these are a guaranty, with their own neighbors, of the excellence of our institution. Said one of the most worthy men in the State, an Odd Fellow, in reply to an inquiry as to the state of popular sentiment in his town in

regard to the Order, "We have every decent man in town in the Lodge, and what the rest say is of no consequence."

It is worthy of remark, we think, that the Order in this State has been peculiar in its growth in this respect. It is, to be sure, but four years old, yet it is the largest society which ever existed in this community. It will bear investigation, however. No mushroom growth is its sudden increase. Its hundreds upon hundreds and thousands upon thousands of members have come into the Order as deliberately and thoughtfully as was ever any undertaking began and sustained. Step by step and day by day has the Order been watched by those who have been its chosen or self-appointed sentinels; and let the scrutiny be what it may, there can be discerned in its progress none but the healthy and legitimate marks which the oldest and firmest institutions may be supposed to exhibit as evidences of the care with which they have been built. In fact, the Order found a void, a fitting place for its operation, when it came among us, and it found the ready sympathy and support of many, who had yearned for its benevolent, liberalizing influence; it expanded at once into full stature, because it needed not to wait for the slow prevalence and diffusion of its principles, when the hearts of men were full of them already.

Thus do we find Odd Fellowship in Massachusetts an institution of importance and influence. A slight proof of its prominence, not of much account to be sure, but yet indicating something, is the fact that the press often alludes to elections of officers and other minor operations, in the same manner that it notices other societies which are constantly subjects of the public attention. But it is with no feeling of false or foolish pride that we allude to such celebrity, but on the other hand, acknowledging the right and propriety on the part of society to know something of the institution which is so active in its midst, we are glad to recognize the responsibility on our part so to manage the affairs of the Order as to meet the commendation and hopes which our fellow citizens have begun to extend and indulge so freely towards us.

We have thus commenced our new year. We have lost the strong and exciting interest which novelty produces, but in our expectations of the next year's results we have an abiding confidence that our beloved Order will be carried far onward in its benevolent and useful advancement.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS,

No. 21 School Street, Boston.

By a vote of the Grand Lodge at the annual session, the Grand Officers have hired a convenient office as above designated. Such a room has long been needed, and the members of the Order can feel that they may call without interfering with the private business of the Grand Officers, some one of whom may at most hours be found at the room. It is fitted up with proper furniture, is central in its location, and when all the arrangements shall have been completed, will be found to be a most convenient means of communication for the different portions of the Order.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE annual session of the Grand Encampment was held in this city on Wednesday, the 6th August. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: — William Ellison, M. W. G. Patriarch; Raymond Cole, M. E. G. H. P.; James M. Stone, R. W. G. S. W.; William H. Jones, R. W. Grand Scribe; Joseph Newmarch, R. W. G. Treasurer; Ithamar W. Beard, R. W. G. J. W.; R. L. Robbins, R. W. G. Rep.

CRESCENT LODGE, No. 82.

THIS Lodge was instituted at East Weymouth, on Friday evening, August 23d, by Grand Treasurer Hezekiah Prince, assisted by P. G. Chaplain S. Lovell, G. Rep. W. E. Parmenter, D. D. G. M. Rand, P. G.'s Thaxter and Sprague, and D. D. G. M. T. F. White, of Maryland.

The officers elected are — W. W. Barker, N. G., John P. Lovell, V. G.; Z. L. Bicknell, Secretary; Josiah E. Rice, Treasurer. Twenty-seven gentlemen were initiated, the Grand Officers presiding.

The brothers of the new Lodge have a neat Hall fitted up very elegantly with drapery and the other requisite garniture of the Lodge-room, and have commenced their labors with every promise of success. The ladies of their village have signified a strong interest in the Lodge, and certainly no surer earnest of prosperity can be named. Crescent Lodge will be prominent in the first rank of the Norfolk Lodges, and than these there are none better in the State.

APPLICATIONS FOR NEW LODGES.

WE are informed that petitions have been presented to the Grand Officers for Lodges to be located in Gloucester and in Sandwich. We rejoice to find that Barnstable County is at last moving. The town of Barnstable ought not, however, to be behind her neighbor Sandwich. Odd Fellowship will flourish on the sands of Cape Cod as upon the rocks of Cape Ann. It is pleasant to hear from them both at the same time.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THIS R. W. body will hold its special session on the 9th, and its regular session on the 15th September. We shall be able to give a synopsis of the proceedings in the October number of the Symbol.

GRAND LODGE OF MAINE, I. O. O. F.

WE are informed that this body had a very harmonious session at its late annual meeting, and a large amount of business was transacted. There are now thirty Lodges in the State, twenty-five of which were represented by delegates. Charters for two new ones, to be located at Nobleboro' and Camden, were granted, and applications will soon be made for several more. We understand that great caution is used in this matter, and that no Lodge will be hereafter established where the prospect of permanency is at all doubtful. Among the most important acts of the Grand Lodge was the adoption of preliminary measures for the establishment of a literary institution for the support and education of orphans of Odd Fellows. An able report was presented and adopted, and a meeting of delegates is to be held immediately prior to the annual session to digest a plan to present to the Grand Lodge.

The sessions are hereafter to be semi-annual, instead of quarterly, as heretofore. The annual session will be in May.

We are informed that the whole number of contributing members in this State is 3,435. The whole number of members relieved during the past year is 306, and of widowed families 1. The whole amount expended for relief of members of the Order is \$3,673.75—for widowed families, \$54—for educating orphans, \$125—for burying the dead, \$402; making a total for benevolent objects of \$4,254.75. Of this, our city Lodges have contributed as follows:—Maine Lodge, \$1,111.50; Ancient Brothers' Lodge, \$590.50; Ligonja Lodge, \$236.00. These facts certainly speak volumes for the Order. It is estimated that the aggregate of invested funds belonging to the several Lodges amounts to nearly \$30,000.

The State was divided into ten Districts, and the following gentlemen were appointed D. D. G. Masters:—1st District, J. Smith; 2d, Edward Wheeler, Jr.; 3d, Francis Blake; 4th, J. S. Sewall; 5th, F. B. Theobald; 6th, L. M. Stillman; 7th, Geo. Prince; 8th, D. W. Lathrop; 9th, S. H. Dale; 10th, Edward Ilsley. — *Portland Advertiser*.

The following officers were elected for the current year:—James Pratt, of Portland, M. W. G. M.; Wm. B. Hartwell, of Augusta, R. W. D. G. M.; George H. Gardiner, of Bath, R. W. G. W.; Benj. Kingsbury, Jr., of Portland, R. W. G. Sec.; Rufus Read, of Portland, R. W. G. Treas.; G. W. Quinby, of Saco, W. G. Chaplain; Benj. A. G. Fuller, of Augusta, W. G. Marshal; Charles Sager, of Hallowell, W. G. G.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. — The Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. of the State of New Hampshire met at Concord on Wednesday, Aug. 6, and continued in session two days. The officers for the ensuing year are S. H. Parker, of Dover, G. M.; Walter French, of Manchester, D. G. M.; Nath'l B. Baker, of Concord, G. W.; George H. H. Silsby, of Concord, G. S.; Charles T. Gill, of Nashua, G. T.; Henry Jewell, of Exeter, G. C.; E. P. Emerson, of Nashua, G. M.; James M. Carr, of Portsmouth, G. C.; Benj. Brooks, of New Market, G. G.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The following is the amount of money received by Bro. HEZ. PRINCE, Grand Treasurer, and acknowledged by Bro. RAYMOND COLE, Chairman of the Relief Committee, to be forwarded to Pittsburgh, and appropriated to the relief of such brethren who were sufferers by the late disastrous fire in that city.

Massachusetts Lodge, No. 1,	Boston,	- - -	\$25 00
Covenant " 16,	"	- - -	15 00
Merrimac " 7,	Lowell,	- - -	25 00
Mechanic " 11,	"	- - -	38 00
Bethel " 12,	West Cambridge,	- - -	23 00
Bunker Hill " 14,	Charlestown,	- - -	20 00
Monument " 16,	East Lexington,	- - -	26 00
Essex " 26,	Salem,	- - -	21 00
Framingham " 45,	Saxonville,	- - -	20 00
Tisquantum " 46,	Milford,	- - -	20 00
Worcester " 56,	Worcester,	- - -	25 00
Total,			<u>\$258 00</u>

GRAND REPRESENTATIVES.

Massachusetts.—Wm. E. Parmenter, Joseph L. Drew. Rob't L. Robbins from the Grand Encampment.

Maine.—Wm. R. Smith, Nath'l F. Deering.

New Hampshire.—Geo. W. Montgomery, David Philbrick.

Connecticut.—Frederick Crosswell, S. B. Britton. Jno. L. Devotion from the Grand Encampment.

New Jersey.—Marshall C. Holmes, Thomas C. Day. S. S. Morris from the Grand Encampment.

New York.—Benjamin C. True, David D. Egan.

Mississippi.—T. Williamson.

Virginia.—James D. McCabe, James M. Ford.

Indiana.—George Brown.

Ohio.—David T. Snelbaeker, David Churchill.

Kentucky.—John B. Hinkle, Tal. P. Shaffner.

Alabama.—I. D. Williamson.

Michigan.—J. Wright Gordon.

Georgia.—W. Williams, T. E. Lloyd.

EXCELSIOR LODGE, No. 87, FOXBORO'.

THE new Lodge at Foxboro' chartered at the late session of the Grand Lodge was instituted under the name of Excelsior Lodge, No. 87, on the 29th August, by D. D. G. M. Geo. Alexander Smith, P.G.'s Montague, Leighton and Pearson assisting. The Lodge was instituted

in the vestry of the Baptist church, which is by no means the least pleasant incident in the institution, and appears a favorable offset to the expulsion of several brothers from a church in the State of New York for the *crime* of Odd Fellowship, the particulars of which have been given to our readers. The officers of the Lodge elected and installed are — C. W. Mellen, N. G.; E. W. Clarke, V. G.; W. C. Downes, Secretary; W. H. Sumner, Treasurer. The brothers of Excelsior Lodge propose building a Hall as soon as practicable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract from a letter from P. Grand A. E. Glenn, Junior Editor of the "Ark," dated Columbus, Ohio, June 14, 1845.

"At no time since its introduction among us has the Order been in a more prosperous condition in this State, and indeed, so far as my knowledge extends, throughout the entire West. Lodges are multiplying with a rapidity heretofore unequalled. We now number thirty-nine in Ohio, and I understand that during the present week three petitions have been forwarded to the Grand Lodge for charters. The new Lodges are mostly in the northern section of the State — a portion of our great State which has been too long without the blessings and advantages imparted by our institution. But they are now making up for all losses; and I hazard nothing, I am sure, in saying, that before the close of 1845 we shall number at least fifty Lodges. There are several prominent points in the southern part of the State yet without Lodges, and these will be apt to *move* shortly, so that others feel very sanguine we shall go over fifty this year. I put down that number as certain.

"But the best part of all the *increase* is, the new Lodges are being made up of none but the *best kind* of men. This report comes to us from all quarters. They are *very* particular in the choice of those whom they elect to worship at the shrine of Odd Fellowship; and this being the case, I need not tell you that the Order will prosper.

"The Patriarchal branch of the Order is also in a very flourishing condition, so far as my knowledge extends.

"We have not yet been visited with that religious *spirit* of intolerance which has fallen upon our brethren in some of the eastern States."

Extract from a letter, dated Harrison (Me.), Aug. 15, 1845.

"Cumberland Lodge was instituted on Monday evening, Aug. 3, with ten members from Harrison Lodge, No. 20. Harrison Lodge was organized on the 3d of Oct. last, and although in a small village, forty miles from the seaboard, it has now become two bands, each of which is in a healthful state. The new Lodge was organized in the Hall of the Harrison Lodge, and the officers were installed by P. G. Francis Blake, the first mover and the first N. G. of Harrison Lodge. The officers were, Samuel Andrews, 2d, N. G.; Benjamin K. Carsley, V. G. and Chaplain; Wm. W. Cross, Sec.; Lewis Brigham, Treas."

Spectral Visitants, or Journal of a Fever by a Convalescent. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy.

This is the title of a pamphlet from the press of Messrs. Thurston, Halsey & Co., Portland, and published by our worthy and enterprising Bro. Colesworthy. It will be read with great interest by those who are and those who are not members of the Order. It consists of a series of letters written by a clergyman, a brother in one of the interior Lodges in Maine, to his wife, as he was recovering from a violent attack of fever which confined him at the Preble St. House in Portland some four weeks during the last winter. The letters were written without any expectation of their being published, in all the freedom and simplicity of confiding affection, and while the writer was still very feeble, to an invalid wife who by sickness was prevented from coming to the city to take care of her husband, and will be read with quite as much interest as if written with a view to criticism.

The writer gives a graphic description of a singular succession of spectres with which he was visited during the early part of his sickness, and which, from previous study of Mental Philosophy, and a knowledge of mind, both in its healthful and diseased states, he was able to dispose of in such a way that they caused no serious annoyance, but rather amusement, even in his lowest stages. A knowledge of such phenomena, and of Mental Philosophy, in all its departments, would be of real value not only in health, but also in sickness, when the mind in its weakness is visited with such strange phantoms. The sick man might thus be saved a great deal of mental suffering when

"Fantastic shapes, chimeras strange and wild
Spring from a fevered brain."

Those who are called to minister to the sick may also find important instruction in these spectral appearances thus described, and all may find abundant amusement.

The features of the disease are described with sufficient minuteness to enable the reader to perceive the stages of it when the spectres occurred.

Another interesting portion of the pamphlet describes the teaching of sickness, or the lessons learned by such a visitation. Among these, not the least is the practical operations of Odd Fellowship in sickness. The writer was at once adopted as a brother by one of the city Lodges, and brethren in all the Lodges united their exertions in a way to secure the most perfect attention, the supply of every want, thus leading to the most desirable results.

L.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our sad and painful office to announce to the Brotherhood the decease of P. D. G. Sire ROBERT NEILSON, one among the oldest and most useful members of the Order in Maryland, and the publisher for a series of years of the Covenant. He departed this life on the morning of the 21st of July, in the 54th year of his age, leaving a widow and five children. In this visitation of Divine Providence, death has selected for his victim no ordinary man. Brother Neilson was distinguished in every relation of life, whether as a Christian, an Odd Fellow or a citizen, by the same elevated and exemplary excellence of character. Apparently in the enjoyment of a robust and healthful constitution, he was struck down when least expected, by an attack which disarmed him at the outset, baffled the skill of the physician, and set at naught the fond and unremitting care of his family and friends. As an Odd Fellow, few of his brethren enjoyed in a greater degree their love and esteem; during the period of sixteen years, the welfare of the Order never failed to engage his earnest and valuable efforts.

From the humblest station in his Lodge, he passed through every grade of office to the chair of the Grand Master and Grand Patriarch in Maryland, and at the time of his death he was a Past Deputy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The enemy of man has triumphed, and the spirit of Brother Neilson has been borne from earth to another and better world. His remains were followed to the grave by the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Maryland, together with a large number of brethren from the subordinate Lodges of the State. The Sons of Temperance, and the Defenders of the city of Baltimore during the last war, of which body he was an honored and revered member, with a large concourse of his fellow citizens, closed the melancholy train.

In the death of Brother Neilson, the Order has to mourn the loss of an exemplary member, and the cause of humanity a bereavement which will be sensibly felt in the community in which he lived.—*Covenant.*

PROPAGATION OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

WE have long felt that the Grand Lodge of the United States might, with propriety and much success, adopt measures for the establishment of the Order in foreign countries, especially in those with which we are most intimately connected, by the bonds of Commerce, Literature and Science. In England, Canada, and Texas, something has already been done. There is one Lodge also, we believe, on the Continent. at Hamburg. The principles of Odd Fellowship, and its practice, are surely needed in all the world — beyond our own borders, as well as within ; and are we not, therefore, bound in duty to give them a prevalence coextensive with the want ? What means the Grand Lodge U. S. A. might employ for this purpose, we are not competent to say. But that something — that *much* might be done, we have not a doubt. In Canada, it appears to us, that we might effect far more than we do. Our Order was established there before the Manchester Unity, and yet this last Order numbers more Lodges than ours. We should be more active.

But we cannot excuse ourselves from constant labors to extend our Order over the Continent of Europe. Hundreds of our brethren are visiting Europe continually, and are as liable to fall into sickness and distress there as here ; and it would be a great relief for them to know that they were in the midst of their brethren — that, although in a foreign land, far from their families and friends, they still were at *home*, and surrounded by the tenderest fraternal sympathy. If our Order were once planted in France, for example, we have no doubt it would soon extend itself over the whole kingdom, and carry its fruits of gladness into every city and village. And in Germany, what rich results might we not expect from it, when once it should get foot-hold there.

We earnestly hope that this subject of the propagation of Odd Fellowship in foreign lands, will be considered by the brethren, and that the Grand Lodge U. S. A. will take some efficient measures for its introduction, especially in France.—*Golden Rule.*

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

WE have been favored with a copy of the proceedings of this body, at its annual session, held at Detroit in July. The following are the officers elect for the present year :

Asher S. Kellogg, M.W.G.M.
Andrew S. Clarke, R.W.D.G.M.
Benjamin G. Stimpson, R.W.G.W.
John Robinson, jr., R.W.G. Sec'y.
Cha's S. Adams, R.W.G. Treas.

There are nine Lodges in the State. Whole number of contributing members, 628. Amount of receipts from March 4, 1844, to July 1, 1845, \$5,180.82. The report of P.G.M. Duane Wilson shows a very favorable state of the Order in Michigan.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

Massachusetts.

GRAND LODGE.—Newell A Thompson, MWGM; E M P Wells, RWDGM; J M Usher, RWGW; Wm H Jones, RWG Sec; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas; S K Lothrop, RWG Chaplain; Wm E Parmenter, J L Draw, RWG Reps.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Wm H Ellison, GCP; Raymond Cole, GHP; James M Stone, GSW; J W Band, GJW; Wm H Jones, G Scribe; Joseph Newmarch, G Treas.

MASSABOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; R M Baker, Treas.

TAI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John McClellan, CP; Geo L Drinkwater, HP; Wm C Crispin, SW; Lewis H Bradford, JW; Isaac P Clark, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.

MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Woodman C Currier, CP; Ichabud Fessenden, HP; John J Eaton, SW; Ralph W Newton, JW; Wm L Clarke, Scribe; Thomas P Pierce, Treas.

MONOMAKS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W Beard, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgraves, JW; Abiel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Charles Sampson, CP; Reuben Wheeler, HP; S Newmarch, SW; J D Newhall, JW; W A Butters, Scribe; A M Holden, Treas.

MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Emery, C P; Thos H Lord, H P; Geo T Granger, S W; Wm Bradstreet, Scribe; Dexter Dana, J W; John N Willis, Treas.

ANNANAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Elisha Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; SG Driscoll, SW; E R Sawin, J W; J C Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.

MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Walitt, Treas.

WACHUSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; S S Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.

NAHANT ENCAMPMENT, No. 11.—Henry A Breed, CP; Wm Root, HP; Franklin Williams, SW; Wm B Hanners, JW; Jos R Bigelow, Scribe; Edward Carroll, Treas.

SHALOM ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.—Daniel Leach, CP; Horatio G Morse, HP; James Anderson, SW; A J P Whitcomb, JW; Geo P Burnham, Scribe; Ira Allen, Treas.

NAUMKES ENCAMPMENT, No. 13.—William Archer, Jr, CP; Benj H Grush, HP; Israel D Shepard, SW; John C Howard, JW; Samuel B Foster, Scribe; Wm Saunders, Jr, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Ebenazer Seaver, DM; Chas Cobb, ADM; R H Eddy, DADM; E M P Wells, PG; H Williams, VG; W Fergus, Sec; J H Hathorne, Treas.

MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.—Wm H Calrow, DM; Wm S Howard, ADM; E Pettengill, DADM; Jacob Barker, PG; E M Cunningham, VG; G E Pierce, Secy.

WARREN DEGREE LODGE, No. 3.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; Daniel Leach, ADM; Joseph Cracklin, DADM; Thos Miller PG; Wm Everett, VG; Eben'r Pratt, Sec.

UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Brewster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—David Ayres, NG; A P Cleverly, VG; J G Morse, Rec Sec and Physician; A B Ely, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas.

SILKOM, No. 2.—Edward Wise, NG; Arthur Stuart, VG; Geo P Geer, Rec Sec; John M'Clellan, Per Sec; S W Clapp, Treas.

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COVENANT, No. 16.—J W Phelps, NG; Wm Rogers, VG; Jas W Bailey, Rec Sec; Truman D Chapman Per Sec; Carmi E King, Treas.

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WARREN, No. 18.—Charles Marsh, NG; A W Folsom, VG; S S Chase, Sec; Geo B Davis, Treas.

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- ANCIENT LANDMARK**, No. 32.—Wm H Johonnot, NG; E B Whitney, VG; J H Loraine, Rec Sec; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec; Hugh H Tuttle, Treas; Jno Woart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Phy.
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LANCASTER, 89.—

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- SCHOOLAG**, No. 23.—Edward S Dyer, NG; G N Cole, VG; H E Bates, Rec Sec; B M Flint, Per Sec; Wm H C Stearns, Treas; Edward Stone, Chaplain.
- ANDROSCOGGIN**, No. 24.—Temple Tebbets, NG; Geo W Fose, VG; Stephen H Read, Rec Sec; Wm R Frye, Per Sec; Mark Lowell, Treas.
- ACADIA**, No. 25.—Wm H Mills, NG; Daniel McKuer, VG; Daniel M Huckings, Sec; Jeremiah Fenno, Treas.
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- TARRANTINE**, No. 27.—H P A Smith, NG; Denny M Hale, VG; Elbridge G Clark, Sec; James Thibault, Treas.
- OLIVE BRANCH**, No. 28.—George S Woodman, NG; Charles T. Trafton, VG; John B Nealley, Sec; Caleb Sanborn, Treas.
- CUMBERLAND**, No. 30.—Samuel Andrews, 2d, NG; Benj K Carsley, VG; Wm W Cross, Sec; Lewis Brigham, Treas; B K Carsley, Chaplain.

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- WONOLANSET ENCAMPMENT**, No. 2.—John B Fish, CP; Daniel J Hoyt, HP; Luther Smith, SW; Edward McQuistin, JW; James Collins, Scribe; Charles B Rollins, Treas.
- PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 3.—Stephen Brown, CP; J F Witherell, HP; A B Currier, SW; Wm Walker, Jr, JW; Josiah Stevens, Jr, Scribe; Cyrus Hill, Treas.
- QUOICHECHO ENCAMPMENT**, No. 4.—Wm Tredick, CP; Bethiuel Keith, HP; Edmund Freeman, SW; Daniel Bogie, JW; Joseph H Wiggin, Scribe; S S Moulton, Treas.
- STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 5.—Joseph Cheever, CP; Jas M Locke, HP; James M Carr, SW; Daniel L Storer, JW; James Moses, Scribe; E M Brown, Treas.
- PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE**.—James M Carr, DM; Nath'l March, ADM; Samuel N Plummer, DADM; Cha's A Colcord, PG; Timothy G Senter, VG; Ab'm Q Wendell, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.
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- HILLSBORO'**, No. 2.—Luther Smith, NG; D J Holt, VG; C E Potter, Rec Sec; Chas H Chase, Per Sec; O Marland, Treas.
- WECOMAMET**, No. 3.—William Tredick, NG; Jonathan Cutler, VG; Sam'l H Pendexter, Rec Sec; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec; Jas M Flagg, Treas; W G Anderson, Chaplain.
- WASHINGTON**, No. 4.—J W S Drew, NG; Wm H James, VG; Thos J W Pray, Sec; Ezra Harthorn, Treas; J W Orange, Chaplain.
- WHITE MOUNTAIN**, No. 5.—J E Lang, NG; Wm Walker, Jr, VG; H McAllister, Rec Sec; John C Wilson, Per Sec; O Turner, Treas; Wm P Tilden, Chaplain.
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- WINNIPISIOOSES**, No. 7.—Chas W Parker, NG; John M Pitman, VG; Andrew McFarland, Sec; Thos Wilder, Treas; Ebenr S Lawrence, Chaplain.

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EAGLE, No. 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.

ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Israel Ambury, Jr, NG; S R Williams, VG; Pardon M Mathinson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Henry M Ambury, Treas.

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UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No 4.—A S Wightman CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Hewitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.

DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bedient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.

SOUTHSEA ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Thos C Simpson, CP; Ja's S Parmelee, HP; P Fagan, SW; Horace Hall, JW; F Burns, Scribe; L C Hubbard, Treas.

MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—John W Johnson, CP; Aaron Morley, HP; Ezra Clark, Jr, SW; Sam'l Woodruff, JW; Wm H Swetland, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.

QUINNIPIAC LODGE, No 1.—Geo N Seagrave, NG; S B Gorham, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Samuel Woodruff, NG; Joseph W Hale, VG; S H Havens, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Joseph Pratt, Jr, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Nathan Pratt, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PEQUANNOCK, No 4.—Philo T Barnum, NG; Wm S Hanford, VG; Asher H Ruggles, Rec Sec; Israel Kelsey, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No 5.—Wm H Stanley, NG; John Humphrey, VG; Samuel Tolles, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

ONATONIC, No 6.—Robert R Wood, NG; Matthew Donnelly, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Sidney Alling, Treas.

SAMARITAN, No 7.—Ethel T Farnum, NG; Thomas Weed, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—John W Danforth, NG; Charles Spencer, VG; Benjamin Stevens, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.

THAMES, No 9.—Samuel Barry, NG; C L Daboll, VG; J K Cortell, Rec Sec; Hiram Willey, Per Sec; A S Wightman, Treas; Thos J Greenwood, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—S H Barley, NG; Levi Clark, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Henry H Smith, Treas.

UNCAS, No 11.—Henry A Barrows, NG; Henry W Berchley, VG; L W Rogers, Rec Sec; John L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.

CENTRAL, No 13.—Wm H Willard, NG; T P Abell, VG; Dennis Sage, Rec Sec; E J Bidwell, Per Sec; O Utley, Treas.
CHARITY, No 13.—B T Lewis, NG; R Brown, VG; J C P Park, Sec; F H Rogers, Treas.
WOPWAGE, No 14.—Wm Bush, NG; Fred C Dayton, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; H Mallory, Tr.
MONTAWESE, No 15.—Wm E Sanford, NG; Luther P Bradley, VG; Jas Lindergreen, Sec; Fredric Croswell, Treas.
WASHINGTON, No 16.—Asa W Jilson, NG; Charles Spafford, VG; G B Kirtland, Sec; Robert S Blish, Treas.
TRUMBULL, No 17.—Wm Mercer, NG; J N Harris, VG; John H Lester, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; Henry A Latimer, Treas.
NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Solomon L Griggs, NG; Wm B Brace, VG; Edwin Kilbourn, Rec Sec; Jeremiah Parish, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.
MYSTIC, No 19.—Barton Saunders, NG; Albert Saunders, VG; Geo D Hyde, Sec; Nathan P Whitney, Treas.
FENWICK, No 20.—Nathan Pratt, NG; James Phelps, VG; James H Pratt, Rec Sec; Edward W Pratt, Treas.
 Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.—Rufus M Fuller, NG; I W Allen, VG; Charles P Bradley, Sec; Cassius P Beck, Treas; Martin A Seymour, Chaplain.
VERMONT, No. 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vail, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN THE U. STATES—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES
 Meets at Baltimore, Md., on the 3d Monday in September, annually.
 Howell Hopkins, of Penn., M. W. G. S.
 William S. Stewart, of Mo., M. W. D. G. S.
 J. L. Ridgely, of Md., M. W. G. C. and R. Sec.
 A. E. Wagner, of Md., R. W. G. Treasurer.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE,
 Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts.....Boston.....Mon	37 Shawmut.....Boston.....Tue
2 Siloam.....do.....Thu	38 Souhegan.....South Reading.....Mon
4 New England.....East Cambridge.....Fri	39 Quasacumqueu.....Newburyport.....Thu
7 Merrimack.....Lowell.....Mon	40 Bay State.....Lynn.....Tue
8 Suffolk.....Boston.....Tue	41 Acushnet.....New Bedford.....Wed
9 Crystal Fount.....Woburn.....Mon	42 Pacific.....Boston.....Thu
10 Oriental.....Boston.....Wed	43 Quinsigamond.....Worcester.....Mon
11 Mechanics'.....Lowell.....Fri	44 King Philip.....Taunton.....Tue
12 Bethel.....West Cambridge.....Tue	45 Framingham.....Saxtonville.....Wed
13 Nazarene.....Ware Village.....Mon	46 Tisquantum.....Milford.....Mon
14 Bunker Hill.....Charlestown.....Mon	47 Macedonian.....Bedford.....Wed
15 Tremont.....Boston.....Wed	48 Norfolk.....Dorchester.....Wed
16 Covenant.....do.....Mon	49 Veritas.....Lowell.....Mon
17 Middlesex.....Malden.....Wed	50 Concord.....Concord.....Tue
18 Warren.....Roxbury.....Tue	51 Mystic.....Chelsea.....Mon
19 Monument.....East Lexington.....Thu	52 Agawam.....Ipswich.....Thu
20 Friendship.....Cambridgeport.....Mon	53 Hobah.....South Boston.....Fri
21 Fidelity.....Andover.....Thu	54 May Flower.....Plymouth.....Tue
22 Howard.....Charlestown.....Fri	55 Atlantic.....Marblehead.....Wed
23 Franklin.....Boston.....Fri	56 Worcester.....Worcester.....Fri
24 Winnisimmet.....Chelsea.....Tue	57 Berkshire.....Pittsfield.....Tue
25 Boston.....Boston.....Fri	58 Elliot.....Newton Upper Falls.....Tue
26 Essex.....Salem.....Mon	59 Takewambait.....Natick.....Tues
27 Hampden.....Springfield.....Mon	60 Harvard.....Harvard.....Mon
28 Oberlin.....Lowell.....Tue	61 Nonotuck.....Northampton.....Mon
29 Columbian.....Stoneham.....Tue	62 St. John's.....Cabotville.....Tue
30 Bethesda.....South Boston.....Mon	63 Mount Hope.....Fall River.....Thu
31 Lafayette.....Watertown.....Wed	64 Shawheene.....Billerica.....Mon
32 Ancient Landmark.....Boston.....Mon	65 Golden Rule.....Wilmington.....Thu
33 Montezuma.....do.....Wed	66 Nantucket.....Nantucket.....Tue
34 Hope.....Methuen.....Wed	67 Pocumtuck.....Greenfield.....Tue
35 Prospect.....Waltham.....Mon	68 Harmony.....Medford.....Mon
36 Maverick.....East Boston.....Mon	69 Massasoit.....North Bridgewater.....Thu
	70 Quinobequin.....Dedham.....Thu
	71 Groton.....Groton.....Wed
	72 North Stoughton.....North Stoughton.....Mon
	73 Wachusett.....Barre.....Tue
	74 Woronoco.....Westfield.....Tue
	75 Pilgrim.....Abington.....Wed
	76 Rising Star.....Randolph.....Tue
	77 Unity.....Boston.....Tue
	78 Olive Branch.....Charlestown.....
	79 Hockomocko.....Westboro'.....
	80 Mount Wollaston.....Quincy.....
	81 Wewantit.....Rochester (Slip.VII.) Mon
	82 Crescent.....East Weymouth.....

83 Mutual ReliefHaverhill.....
84 NeponsetMilton.....
85 Marlboro'Marlboro'.....
86 LeominsterLeominster.....
87 ExcelsiorFoxboro'.....
88 UnionDouglas.....
89 LancasterLancaster.....

DEGREE LODGES.

1 UnionBoston.....Sat
2 MaverickEast Boston.....2 a 4 Fri
3 WarrenRoxbury.....Thu
4 United BrothersS. Boston 2 Mon. 4 Fri
5 NorfolkDorchester...1 a 3 Mon

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Boston semi-annually, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 MassasoitBoston.....1 3 Fri
2 Tri Mountdo.....2 4 Fri
3 MenotomyWest Cambridge 2 4 Fri
4 MonomakeLowell.....2 4 Thu
5 Bunker HillCharlestown...1 3 Wed
6 Mount WashingtonSouth Boston...2 4 Thu
7 MerrimackNewburyport...2 4 Mon
8 AnnawanNew Bedford...2 4 Fri
9 MiddlesexMalden.....2 4 Fri
10 WachusettWorcester.....1 3 Fri
11 NahantLynn.....1 3 Thu
12 ShalomRoxbury.....1 3 Fri
13 NaumkeagSalem.....2 4 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 MainePortland.....Mon
2 Sacodo.....Tue
3 GeorgianThomaston...Mon
4 Ancient BrothersPortland.....Thu
5 Ligoniado.....Sat
6 SabbathistAugusta.....Wed
7 PenobscotBangor.....Thu
8 ReliefEast Thomaston...Fri
9 NatchoisGardiner.....Fri
10 LincolnBath.....Mon
11 SacarappaSacarappe.....Wed
12 KenduskeagBangor.....Mon
13 PejepscotBrunswick.....Thu
14 CushnocAugusta.....Fri
15 PassagassawakeagBelfast.....Mon
16 HobomokBath.....Fri
17 WashingtonHallowell.....Mon
18 OronoOrono.....Sat
19 PassamaquoddyEastport.....Mon
20 HarrisonHarrison.....Mon
21 Somerset & FranklinMercer.....Mon
22 MedomokWaldoboro'.....Tue
23 SchoolincCalais.....Tue
24 AndruscogginLewiston Falls...Fri
25 AcadiaBangor.....Mon
26 MousamKennebunk.....Thu
27 TarratineOldtown.....Thu
28 Olive BranchSouth Berwick...Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 MachigonnePortland.....1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Stardo.....2 4 Fri
3 SagamoreAugusta.....1 3 Tue
4 KatahdinBangor.....1 3 Wed
5 HobabSaco.....1 3 Thu
6 SagadahockBath.....2 4 Wed
7 ChurchillThomaston.....

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 GraniteNashua.....Tue
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2 Hillabero'Manchester.....Mon
3 WecohamsetDover.....Thu
4 WashingtonSomersworth...Tue
5 White MountainConcord.....Fri
6 WarrenRoxbury.....2 4 Fri
7 PiscataquaPortsmouth...Mon
8 WinnipissigeeMeredith Bridge...Tues
9 SwampscotNewmarket.....Sat
10 SagamoreExeter.....Thu
11 SuncookPittsfield.....Mon
12 MonadnockMason Village...

DEGREE LODGES.

PiscataquaPortsmouth.....1 3 Fri
1 Union DegreeDover.....1 3 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 NashoononNashua.....1 3 Fri
2 WonolansetManchester...2 4 Fri
3 PenacookConcord.....
4 QuochechoDover.....2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry BankPortsmouth...2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly UnionProvidence.....Thu
2 Eagledo.....Wed
3 Roger Williamsdo.....Tue
4 Hopedo.....Mon
5 OceanNewport.....Fri
6 AmityWarren.....Wed
7 NarragansettWesterly.....Tue
8 Good SamaritanPawtucket.....Fri
9 ConanicutProvidence.....Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 NarragansettProvidence.....2 4 Fri
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STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 QuinpiapNew Haven.....Mon
2 Charter OakHartford.....Tue
3 MiddlesexEast Haddam...1 3 Mon
4 PequannockBridgeport.....Tue
5 HarmonyNew Haven.....Tue
6 OusatonieDerby.....Mon
7 SamaritanDanbury.....Wed
8 MercantileHartford.....Fri
9 ThamesNew London.....Mon
10 Our BrothersNorwalk.....Mon
11 UncasNorwich.....Mon
12 CentralMiddletown...Thu
13 CharityLower Mystic...Wed
14 WopowageMilford.....Wed
15 MontaweeNew Haven.....Wed
16 WashingtonWillimantic Village Sat
17 TrumbullNew London.....Tue
18 Nathan HaleTolland.....Wed
19 MysticMystic.....Thu
20 FenwickEssex.....Thu
22 Farmers' and Mechanics'Warehouse Point

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 SasacusNew Haven.....1 3 Fri
2 OrientalEast Haddam...2 4 Fri
3 PalmyraNorwich.....1 3 Fri
4 UnityNew London...2 4 Thu
6 SouheagMiddletown...1 Tue
5 DevotionDanbury.....1 3 Fri
7 MidianHartford.....1 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green MountainBurlington.....Mon
2 VermontMontpelier.....Thu

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

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NO. X.

Original.

SKETCHES OF THE DISTINGUISHED MEN OF MARBLEHEAD.

NO. I.

—
BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.
—

THE long voyage was rapidly drawing to its termination, and with flowing sheets, and a fresh, steady breeze, his majesty's good ship was nearing the port whence, two years before, she had sailed one bright morning, while many a young heart was sad at the parting from home, and the tear was brushed in secret from the cheek that blushed at the weakness.

The watch on deck had just been relieved, and two of the new watch, after a few moments, began to converse in a low tone. The elder of the two was a man of apparently forty years, with a bronzed, weather-beaten, and yet intelligent and prepossessing countenance, over which hung a shade as if of hopes long disappointed. The other was young and handsome, with a frank, manly bearing, that immediately won the confidence and regard of those who became acquainted with him. There was moreover a resolved and earnest expression in his fine eyes, and in the curve of his handsome mouth, that sufficiently denoted the energy and ambition that would not be content with an inferior station.

The glow of excited anticipation was on his cheek, and the dark fire in his eye, as he spoke of his joy in returning home, and then wandering in visions of the future, exulted in the hope of yet approaching

that home as a commander, to which he was now returning as a midshipman. A deeper shade was on the brow of his older friend, as he looked for a moment steadfastly on the noble youth, and then quietly and almost sadly said, "Have you influential friends to push you forward in the service?"

"No friends but a bold heart, a strong hand, and a ready will," replied the young sailor, smiling proudly, and then adding reverentially, "saving ever a trust in an overruling Providence."

"Then listen to me one moment, Thomas, and perhaps the advice I give you may be of profit to you. You are very young, bold, active and resolute, and know well how to do your duty. This I have seen and noted, and so have others, but these qualities will not avail you to rise in the service without powerful friends to assist you. Forty years have I toiled early and late, yet my rank is but a step higher than yours, and many an ignorant boy have I seen promoted over me, because he was favored by my lord, or the relation of some person high in office. Believe me, Thomas, you will do far better to quit the service than to remain in it. Your talents cannot fail to make a way for you in a situation where favor is not requisite to your advancement. Pardon my frankness, but I cannot bear to see you make shipwreck of all your hopes, as I have done, whose heart was once as light as your own."

"I thank thee for thy kindness," said the youth gently, for he felt a sympathy for his friend and counsellor. "It may be thou art right, though thou hast shown me a sunken rock where I looked for a smooth sea. I will consider thy advice."

A few days after this conversation, the vessel was paid off, and our young friend was on his way home. After travelling all day, he stopped to rest at night at an inn, in a small town through which lay his homeward route. Several of his young companions happened to meet there also, and as the shades of evening drew darker and closer around, various plans were proposed to while away time they feared would hang tedious on their hands. At length one of the young company produced a pack of cards, the sight of which was hailed with joy by the rest.

"Come, Thomas," said they, drawing round the table, "take a hand with us. We'll make the stakes light."

"I am not accustomed to play," was Thomas's reply.

"Now do n't be such a niggard as to refuse old comrades for the sake of a few paltry shillings."

Thomas colored at the imputation, which is ever a painful one to generous youth. His comrades saw their advantage, and pressed it closer, and finally he was persuaded to sit and play. He did not rise from the table till he had lost two or three guineas. He retired to rest dissatisfied and unhappy. He had violated his own principles of action; he had weakly suffered himself to be persuaded to do wrong. In the morning these reflections recurred to him with renewed force. "I have," said he to himself, "I have done wrong. I have lost my peace of mind. I have wasted in a useless and exciting amusement the hard gains of many weeks' toil, and this with no benefit to any one, and

with injury to myself." He laid his hand as he spoke on his constant companion, his mother's last gift — his pocket Bible. "On this precious volume," continued he with solemn earnestness, "I promise never again to play cards, or any game for gain. So may God help me to keep my promise!"

And in all after time this promise was most fully and religiously kept, and often did he tell this little history to his young friends to warn them of danger.

The deep shadows of night were lengthening fast as our young wanderer approached his native town. He strained his gaze through the dusky twilight to see each old familiar object, and his heart beat restlessly as he came nearer to his own home, and anticipated what would be his greeting. It happened to be a time when the Court set, and Newton was full of strangers. There was much bustle and activity, and many people in the commonly quiet streets. Thomas made his way through them all, almost unnoticed, and no one seemed to recognize him even among those who knew him well before his departure. Even the servant who admitted him into his mother's house did not appear to remember him. Thomas soon came to a room filled with people, and there sate a fine, dignified, handsome woman, whom it was his first impulse to call "mother." He saw in an instant, however, that time had effected greater changes in his person than he had been aware of, and that his mother did not know her own son.

Putting on a serious countenance, therefore, he presently addressed her with, "I am a weary wayfarer, madam, can I rest here to-night?"

The lady looked at him kindly, but as at a stranger, and replied, "I have not a room to spare, my house is full of friends, but thou may'st perhaps find a lodging near by."

"Nay, madam, I am very weary, and fain would be spared from farther travel. Canst thou not really give me a shelter?"

"Indeed, sir, it is impossible, I have not a room to spare," said the lady, somewhat wondering at his pertinacity.

"But look more closely at me, madam, and then" — but ere he ceased speaking the lady was indeed looking at him closely, for she had clasped him in her arms, exclaiming joyfully, "It is my dear Thomas! The best room, the whole house is thine, my son!"

And right joyfully was the young sailor welcomed back to the home round which clung his dearest affections; that home from which it cost him many a hard struggle to part. But his resolution was taken, and he was not one to give up a well formed determination.

Again our young mariner stood on the deck of a fine vessel as she rapidly neared her port, at which he stood gazing with intense interest. He was not now hastening impatiently to a beloved home; he was going a stranger to a strange land. Yet his dark eye glowed with animation, and his expressive countenance showed the energy of his character. More than a hundred years ago, Boston presented a different aspect from what it does at the present day, but there was enough to attract our youthful adventurer. In this land, perhaps in this very city, he was to fix his future home, and carve out his future fortune. As he walked up King street, he resolved his name should be eminent

among the merchants in the land of his adoption, and Boston could boast many merchants of eminence. Among these, one of the wealthiest was Enoch Greenleaf, with whom our hero soon formed an acquaintance, which finally resulted in a closer alliance. The beautiful daughter of this gentleman was the cynosure of many eyes, but her own glance with favor on our young friend, whose fortunes were rapidly prospering, and whose sterling integrity of character made him both honored and loved by those with whom he associated. In fine, but a brief period passed away ere the only daughter of the rich merchant became the happy bride of Thomas G.

Most places have their great men, many their great men, and few places in proportion to their size have produced more than Marblehead. In those days it had begun to be a town of great importance. Built on a high and steep rock, its houses were mostly formed of wood, and many of them but ill-conditioned, yet here dwelt a hardy population of fishermen, who led a bold and adventurous life in acquiring the treasures of the deep. Here also dwelt a race of merchants eminent for their hospitality, their independence and integrity. Besides these two classes, there was no other in this important and prosperous town. The aspect of the place itself was not peculiarly attractive, and the strong fishy scent was wont to repulse the stranger who landed on the shore. But in the safe and sheltered harbor were often to be seen some forty or fifty vessels, which had brought in their cargo of fish, and landed it at the great warehouse on the wharf.

In this town, among this hardy and energetic race of men, our hero took up his abode, and here he passed his life of activity and usefulness. Several children were born to him, and his own country, though far from being forgotten, was like a pleasant dream of the past. His sons grew up to an early and honored manhood, and he looked with pride upon his children.

Many years have worn away, and our hero is now an old man. The aspect of his adopted country is now changed. Under the reign of the third George, events were already assuming a threatening aspect, and the bold and independent people of Marblehead were already deciding their course. They were not those who would tamely submit to the encroachment on their rights by the British ministry.

"I shall not see this struggle," said the old man, as he sat and looked out on the prosperous town, and the blue waters dotted with the white sails of vessels coming to or sailing from port. "I shall not see this struggle, for I feel that my race is well nigh ended. But thou, my sweet child," said he, patting the head of his little grandchild, his fair Lydia, the name-child of his mother, who was playing with the large silver buckles in his shoes, "thou wilt be in the midst of a revolution, the end of which human foresight cannot yet tell. But I trust my sons will bear them bravely, and as becomes Americans, who know the value of their rights."

"Ay, father, we know them too well not to protect them," answered a clear, sweet-toned, manly voice, and there stood reverently before him a noble and beautiful young man, on whose fair countenance glowed enthusiastic hope and expectation, displacing its habitually calm and sweet expression.

"Father! father!" exclaimed the little Lydia, springing joyfully into his arms.

"Thou art right, John, they must be protected, and so far thou hast done well. If thy country require thy fortune, give it; if thy life, give that also. But I would that these unhappy differences might have been otherwise composed. But it is as God wills it. Where is thy brother Elbridge?"

"He will be here presently. Nay, he is even now at the gate, and with him the hope and pride of our town, our honored Col. O."

As he spoke, there advanced two individuals, both destined to be eminently useful to their country. The eldest was about forty years of age, of commanding stature, noble bearing, and calm dignity of countenance, a man universally respected and beloved, and holding high offices in those times which required men of uncommon mould. The other was some ten years younger, and also of fine personal appearance. His countenance bore the impress of study and thought, and on his expanded brow sate wisdom beyond his years. The suavity and polish of his manners were as conspicuous as the firmness, far-sightedness and strong determination of his character. Marblehead might well point with pride at those, her sons.

With stately steps and grave courtesy they respectfully saluted the good old man, who welcomed them cordially.

Long and earnestly did they converse on the troubles of the times, on the oppression of Boston, and its consequent influence on the destinies of Marblehead.

"Our whole dependence as a people is upon our own wisdom and valor," said the youthful patriot.

"And that wisdom and valor are now to be put to the test," replied Col. O.

"For our country, for our children, God will not suffer us to fail," added the young father, pressing more closely his sweet child.

"The blessing and counsel of the old man, the strength and valor of the young, are mighty instruments in the hand of Heaven, when turned against oppression and wrong," said our aged friend, rising as he spoke. "In the days that are coming, my friend, and my sons, I shall not be with you, but my faith in the prosperity of my country is firm as adamant."

"Live, my father, to enjoy this prosperity with us," was his sons' reply.

"God has appointed it otherwise. My work is done, but your battle-field is before you. Be ye men in the strife." And as he spoke there was a light as of prophecy in his eyes, and for a few moments there was a solemn and earnest silence.

In a brief space of time, that good man found rest from his labors in the repose of the grave. Of his friend Col. O. we will speak hereafter. Of his two sons, John, after a life of devotion to his country, of Christian philanthropy, of virtue and benevolence, died at the age of forty-five, beloved and lamented by all who knew him. His eulogy was pronounced by the father of the distinguished Judge S . . . y, who said of him, that "he was cut down like a tree that had yielded much

fruit, and was loaded with blossoms even in its fall. He had finished his course, performed sooner than many others his assigned tasks, and in that view, might be said to have died mature."

Of the other son we will say, in the eloquent words of Austin, "To enter into the service of the country while a royal colony, to sign the declaration of independence, to assist in the forming of the constitution, to be a party in the organization and first operations of the new government, to preside in the councils of the State while those measures were in progress which were preliminaries to another war, and to participate in those of the nation when war had again commenced under circumstances calculated to test the permanency of its institutions and the fidelity of the people, is to have engaged in a series of political measures which connect themselves with the fortune of no other individual."

Such were the children of the brave man who left his own home and country, and formed for himself a new home and new friends, and who was destined to give this country one of its brightest political ornaments. And Marblehead may well cherish the memory of one who contributed much to her prosperity, the memory of Thomas Gerry, the father of the distinguished and excellent John, and of the illustrious Elbridge Gerry.

THE MOST ROMANTIC STORY EXTANT.

"Thomas à Becket inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother, whose story is a singular one. His father, Gilbert Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades, and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a person who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with loving heart followed him. She knew, they say, but two words of his language, London and Gilbert, and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took to her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing 'Gilbert!' A crowd collected about her, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer — 'Gilbert!' She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the window; his servant recognized her; and Gilbert à Becket took to his arms and his bridal bed his far-come princess with her solitary fond word."

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder. — *Lacon*.

Original.

BLACK-HAWK'S FAREWELL TO ROCK RIVER, ILL.

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN, JR.

THE western sky was flecked with gold
As sank the autumn sun to rest,
Like a broad banner's colored fold
Glowed all the ruddy tinted west.

High on a beetling cliff that stood
O'er clear Rock River's sparkling flood,
An Indian chieftain leaned to gaze
His last, ere evening's glimmering haze
Should darken with its vapory screen
The glories of the lovely scene.

A noble form! whose arm of might
Would triumph in the raging fight:—
Above his stern imperial brow
A regal eagle-plume did bow;
A robe of tawny wolf-skin fell
From his broad bosom's manly swell;
His hatchet glittered at his side,
And knife ensheathed in tawny hide;
Embossed with shells, his rattling shield
Spread at his back its ample field;
And painted quiver, and the bow
That well the stricken foe did know.

Forth as he gazed, emotions deep
Seemed o'er his inmost soul to sweep;
Fierce flash'd his eye, deep glow'd his cheek,
As lightning fires a landscape bleak;—
Then would a softer spell succeed;
His eye would fade, his heart would bleed.
He gazed, but thick the shadows dim
Across the glimmering landscape swim;
The brown old woods, so many-hued
With autumn's scarlet robes endued,
And rolling prairies, fade away,
As falls the waning flame of day;
And the bright river gleams no more
Along the isles that gem its shore.
He gazed—and thus his last farewell
In fervid accents from him fell:

"Land of my sires! This deep'ning night
That shuts thy glories from my sight,
Rests like the dim oblivious doom
That wraps my fated tribe in gloom.
As fades yon river from my sight,
As fades the landscape into night,
As fade the golden clouds that swim
Like painted ships the horizon's brim,
So fade, so vanish from the land
The relics of our warlike band!

"Stream of my sires! My step no more
Shall print thy wild and verdant shore;

No more the Indian's flitting barge
Shall skim thy floweret-blooming marge;
Nor will the simple maid explore
The windings of thy flowery shore.
Or bind her brows with vines that drape
Thy groves, or pluck the honied grapes.

"Homes of my sires! Deserted hearth,
And roof-tree sinking to the earth,
The rising moon with silvery light
Reveals thy circle to my sight;
No more at day-dawn will your smokes
Curl round the tall embowering oaks,
No more will council-flames illumine
The shadows of the evening gloom;
Nor pipes be lit, nor tales be told
Of the fierce chase, or battles old.
Nor will the sweet and plaintive song
Of maids the cheerful night prolong;
Nor horn resound, nor drum be beat
To guide the dancer's flying feet;
Nor childhood join its sports again
Along the Red Man's peaceful plain.

"Graves of my sires! The white moonbeam
Across your hillocks casts its gleam,
And gilds with mournful light the trees
That rustle o'er ye in the breeze.
Peace to your sleep! Your mortal dust
Sleeps in the grave's corroding rust,
But far your blissful spirits rest
Mid the green islands of the blest!
And haply they lament to trace
How few the relics of their race,
How few have 'scaped the white man's
hand
Within the borders of the land.

"And now farewell! a long farewell
To rolling stream and prairie swell:
Farewell fond hearths, and long-quenched
fires;
Farewell dear ashes of our sires!

"Hence, where the Mississippi's tide
Its mighty valley doth divide,
I take my melancholy way
Towards the sunset's fading ray;
Mid other scenes, where other woods
Darken the pouring mountain floods;
There to consume each rolling year
Till death shall limit my career,
And the last ling'ring grains of sand
Run out, that in life's hour-glass stand!

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—OBJECTIONS.

THE NAME.

OBJECTION is sometimes made to the name of our Order, and probably it is often felt when not expressed. But it has seemed to us that the objection could not have much weight with reflecting and candid minds. We were not prepared to see this objection stated by one of the fraternity so strongly as in the following language: "The name *Odd Fellows* is ill calculated either to express or define our object, or to convey any clear idea of what we really are. We are aware, and always have been, that this name is a stumbling-block to many well disposed, honest-hearted men, that would otherwise have become useful and ornamental members of the Lodge."* This statement seems to us somewhat overdrawn, but if it is an approximation to the truth, we would copy for the benefit of such "well disposed, honest-hearted men," the following extracts from the introduction to the By-Laws of a Lodge "*Down East*."†

"The merits of our institution rest not on its antiquity, the greatness of its numbers, or its wide and rapid spread. We more cheerfully rest its claims on the truth and goodness of its principles, and the practical operation of them in the community. Let these principles be tested by their inherent nature and their fruits, and we will abide the honest decision of unprejudiced minds. We will go farther, and frankly admit that if these principles fail to make us better citizens, and better men in the various relations in life, it is simply because we do not act fully up to them.

"The principles and obligations of the Order do not conflict with any of the relations we sustain in life, but rather enjoin a faithful discharge of all the duties which grow out of these relations. They require us to be honest men and good citizens, and mark out specific duties fitted to secure this result.

"They require us in health to watch over each other's moral habits, and to cultivate the social, humane, and benevolent affections. In sickness they summon us to the bedside of a brother, to soothe, sustain, and cheer him, and see that every want is supplied, every anxiety relieved, so far as human sympathy can do this. In death, the principles and obligations of the Order lead us to encircle the grave of a brother, to weep with those that weep, and do what we can to soothe the sorrows and dry the tears of the widow and the fatherless.

"They require us to make the widows and orphans of deceased brothers the objects of our care, and to do what we can to render them happy and useful members of society.

"These being our principles, the question is kindly put, Is it wise or magnanimous to treat the Order embracing them with levity and reproach?

"Let it not be said, as it sometimes has been, that 'such a name invites reproach.' If the name '*Odd Fellowship*' seems objectionable, it must be either that its import is not understood, or that real fellowship, — Friendship, Love and Truth, — are not understood and prized as they ought to be.

"The name expresses a reality. *There is fellowship in the Order.* And in some respects it is odd. It differs from a great deal that is called fellowship. The fellowship of this world often rests upon a narrow basis. We witness the fellowship of political party—the fellowship of the same employment, trade or profession—fel-

* Address of Rev. J. P. Perham, Covenant for August, p. 368.

† Harrison Lodge, No. 20.

lowship of near neighborhood—fellowship resting on mutual dependence and necessity—fellowship of association or combination, for purposes of gain. But in all these there is too limited a basis to meet the necessities of man. 'The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it,' when his frame burns with fever, or when the cold chills of death are upon him.

"Even Christian fellowship—the highest known on earth—the earthly symbol of heavenly communion—is yet restricted. Denominational interests and sectarian prejudice cramp and mar it, so that Christians do not exhibit the union which their principles teach. Christian fellowship is also necessarily limited to those who are Christians. Odd Fellowship *differs* from all these, in establishing, for certain benevolent purposes, a brotherhood based on the broad principles of humanity. It is designed to bring together honest men of all sects, parties and professions, and by the use of moral and religious truth, enforced by its peculiar symbols and ceremonies, and by a discipline worthy of men, to cement society, and draw its discordant elements into harmony with the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth."

Thus far we quote from the introduction. But may we not say with propriety that whoever will read the constitution of a subordinate Lodge, will there find that the term Fellow is not used in any bad or low sense, and that it is Odd only in its application to honest men who are brought into fellowship for noble purposes? Let an honest man just become acquainted with the principles of the Order and he will see that they are adapted to good ends, and let him cast in his lot with those governed by these principles, and the name will lose all its *oddity*, and Odd Fellowship will sound sweetly as the name of a dear friend.

ANOTHER OBJECTION.

"If the name is a suitable one, the institution itself is uncalled for. It is not needed. In a barbarous age it might be well enough, but in this age, and especially in a Christian land, it cannot be needed. It is entirely superseded by the institutions of religion."

This objection is a complex one, made up of several, and is more plausible than true or just. Look first at the expression "uncalled for," as this admits of different interpretations. Is it uncalled for in the sense that the human soul has no demand for fellowship? Has it come to this, that "it is good for man to be alone," and that he should be an isolated being, standing aloof from all his fellows, neither receiving or imparting any influence through the social affections? No one will claim this. The whole aspects of the age,—the tendency of the arts, the increased facilities of intercourse through the world, and the hungerings and thirstings, the throbs and pulsations of the great heart of humanity,—cry out against such an assumption. The imploring hand is everywhere raised, and the cry of the age is, "Am I not a man and a brother?" This cry comes up wherever the human spirit, long in darkness, depressed and enthralled, now struggles for light and freedom. That old insulting reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?" sounds somewhat harshly now, when intended to shield men from the guilt of being their brothers' destroyers, and the voice of God is calling to account those who so despise a brother's rights, and forget that men are brethren. The voice of his providence now constrains myriads to say, "Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we be brethren;" and this voice must wax louder and longer till man beholds

a brother and a friend wherever he beholds a human form. Yet there are obstacles to the recognition of universal brotherhood still deeply inwrought in the framework of society, and the actual movements of the age have not all tended to produce the fraternal spirit demanded. Reform is a powerful watchword, but it would be strange if it were not sometimes used for unworthy purposes, or pressed with "zeal without knowledge." It is certain that whatever has been accomplished in the way of reform, and the progress of philanthropy, there is yet a great work to be done before Friendship, Love and Truth shall have their perfect work. If, then, the fraternity of Odd Fellows is adapted to secure the ends it proposes, it is not uncalled for. There is need of it in spreading and establishing its cardinal principles. There is need of it in smoothing and relieving sorrow—in fanning the fevered brow and soothing the pillow of the death-couch—in relieving the anxieties and sustaining the sinking hearts of those that cluster round that death-couch and around the open grave—there is need of it by the the hearth-stone, where sit the widow and the fatherless ones.

But there is another view to be taken in order to ascertain whether the institution is called for. A few years ago there was a mighty movement of the popular mind, led on by the magic word Reform. The reform demanded was radical. It demanded the entire overthrow of a society which had long existed, claiming to be based on benevolent principles—principles in harmony with Faith, Hope and Charity, and recognizing the Bible as a rule of life. This reform sought not the correction of evils or abuses which in the course of ages had crept in, or had been in any way tolerated in any part of the fraternity, but the only reform demanded was its entire overthrow. The movement was thoroughly *Anti*. It was the father of the race of *Anti's* in these our days. The driving of this reform was like the driving of Jehu, and the race was not essentially abated till it was boastfully assumed that Free Masonry was dead and its majestic body buried out of sight. A most powerful popular prejudice was arrayed against the principle of societies having secret signs of recognition, and it did seem as if no such society could ever again lift up its head. The great body of Masons quietly yielded to the blast, and bore in silence the rage and insult of their persecutors. The weak and tremulous, and those who had taken but a feeble hold of the principles and instructions of the Order, abandoned it, and multitudes who clung to its principles doubted whether it could ever revive again except in the face of bitter hostility and strife. But what do we now see? Free Masonry again pursuing its noiseless way, in a position of more safe and healthful prosperity than it was before its alleged death and burial. Odd Fellowship, numbering its 60,000 or 80,000 members, Rechabitism, and the Order of the Sons of Temperance, each pursuing a vigorous career and all embodying the very features so violently assailed in Masonry,—the holding of social meetings restricted to its members, and these members united by solemn promises of secrecy and fidelity, and known to their brethren by secret signs and passwords. So that we have now some four large societies (to say nothing of numerous smaller ones) holding these obnoxious feature so terribly denounced by the loud,

harsh voice of Anti-Masonry. Now, these facts look very much as if Odd Fellowship, and the principles it advocates, were called for by the voice of the people, to say the least. And it is a fact worthy of note that Odd Fellowship was the pioneer in this powerful movement of the age by which such societies are brought into full play. It was little known in this country till the Anti-Masonic excitement swept over the land, and although it has no connection with Masonry, yet its progress was checked by that excitement almost as decisively as that of Free Masonry. Most of the Lodges in the country were crippled and many were entirely broken up. But these results of Anti-Masonic warfare were not satisfactory. The spirit of Philanthropy embodied in such associations could not thus be stifled. It sought expression and expansion, and arose in its strength, like the Phœnix from ashes, where the fire of persecution had burned most intensely.

“Truth crashed to earth will rise again.”

The results we now witness, while the scenes of that violent hostility are fresh in our memory, and while the actors in it are mostly still on the stage. The revival and the rapid spread of this Order in such circumstances, and of the others referred to, give strong evidence that the institution is called for by the voice and the condition of the age.

It is not superseded by the institutions of religion. It is rather called into play by the advanced progress of spiritual religion, and the demands of the age for a still more rapid progress. I am aware that some good men have reasoned and acted against this institution on the ground that the Church is the heaven-appointed organization which is to supersede all others, and answer all the necessities of society. We regard this a hasty conclusion, and one which will not bear examination. We love the Church of God. It is a heaven-appointed organization—the highest and noblest known on earth. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.” But does it follow that that is therefore the only organization needed in the spread of great principles over the earth, and securing the reign of peace? Does it supersede the necessity of the marriage covenant,—the family organization,—the institution of civil government? Does it destroy the necessity of systems of education and institutions of learning? Does it render useless Hospitals, Insane Retreats, institutions for deaf, dumb, and blind? Does it supersede the existence of Agricultural, Mechanical, Philosophical and Literary Societies? Does it turn away from these with cold distrust, or view with jealousy insurance offices or companies, and discourage its members from insuring their property and their lives? Does the Church supersede and render useless societies for reclaiming the vicious, reforming the inebriate, educating the ignorant and the poor, and relieving their temporal wants? Does it cut up by the roots the whole sisterhood of voluntary societies which are the glory of this age?—which are visiting the prisoner, sympathizing with the fatherless and the widow, proclaiming the principles of peace and freedom, spreading the Bible and the living ministry over the world? The answer to these questions is

significantly written out in the records of our Missionary, and Tract, and Bible, and Prison Discipline, and Peace, and Education Societies. The true idea is, that these societies are at once the results and the auxiliaries by which the Church is accomplishing its own mission. It is doing this work, so far as the machinery and minutiae are concerned, by means of voluntary associations, while the Church itself is infusing the life and soul of these societies, and yet maintaining the simplicity of its own organization. And this is well. Why should the Church lose this simplicity and singleness of purpose, and become itself the complicated, unwieldy engine it must be to embrace all other organizations? Why should the Church "leave the word of God to serve tables"? Why should it become itself a system of civil government, an Insurance Company, a Savings Bank, a Mechanic, and Agricultural, and Philosophical Society, an Education, a Missionary, a Tract, and Temperance, and a Moral Reform, an Anti-Slavery, and Colonization, and Prison Discipline Society, and a Lyceum, and a district school, or school district, and a political caucus? The asking of such questions is as decisive an answer of them as language can frame. And it disposes at once of the objection to Odd Fellowship. The proper position of the Church is not to attempt to cover this whole ground by its own organization, but to pour its heavenly influence through them all, if they are good objects in which societies are thus engaged. Let her prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. If Odd Fellowship is not good, show it—prove it by fair and honest means, and we will abandon it. But do not say it is uncalled for till the good work it proposes is all done.

SIGMA.

Among the superstitions of the Senecas is one which possesses a singular beauty. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent, says the Indian historian, to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over the grave.

The humble current of little kindnesses, although but a creeping streamlet, gliding in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the private walks of life, making neither appearance nor noise in the world, yet pours, in the end, a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity than any sudden, transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

A lover gazed into the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart, and said, "My looks have planted roses on thy cheek. He who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

For all of us the passage to the grave is, alas! a string of empty, insipid days, as of glass pearls, only here and there divided by an orient one of great price.

Original.

MAN'S HEART.

BY BRO. D. RUSSELL.

I stood in the sweet Spring time by the side
Of a fair river, rolling wide and free;
Winter's cold chain had melted from its tide,
And on it revelled in its joyous pride,
As though no ice-touch e'er could bid it bide:
How like, my fond, vain heart, how like to thee!

I roamed its banks once more, midst Summer's blaze;
Onward it rushed to the unfathomed sea,
Nor staid to listen to the sweet bird's lays,
Nor, calm and clear, imaged the sun's bright rays,
But rushed along its channel's devious ways:
How like, my headstrong heart, how like to thee!

I stood by that fair stream's green banks again
When Autumn winds were moaning sullenly;
The dead sere leaves did its bright waters stain,
And heavy pouring floods of falling rain
Swelled its full breast, and drenched the neighboring plain:
How like, my sad, swell'n heart, how like to thee!

I stood again, when Winter reigned severe,
By that stream's banks, which then looked drearily;
Its once swift waves were frozen, cold and clear,
And seemed as they an army's weight could bear,
Yet failed beneath the foot that ventured there:
How like, my false, cold heart, how like to thee!

And shall the Seasons only when they show
Their darkest lines, my heart, thy mirror be?
O learn Spring's mildness, Summer's warmth and glow,
Mature as Autumn, pure as Winter's snow;
So shall they, when their features brightest glow,
Be most like thee, my heart, be most like thee!

"Sire," said a French chemist to the King, "these two bodies (zinc and an acid) *will have the honor* to combine before your majesty."

Original.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN PORTRAITS:
OR THE PRINCE AND THE PAINTER.

A Tale of Rome.

BY BRO. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Author of "The Quadroon," "Lafitte," "The Odd Fellow," "Dancing Feather," &c.

It was a summer's night in Italy. The heavens were tinted with the softest azure like the deep blue of the soundless sea. The stars glittered diamonds afar off, while the pure-eyed planets seen through the translucent atmosphere seemed near and low as they shed their gentle lustre down upon the earth. The young moon was just venturing her crescent bark upon the blue deep, flinging a glory of light from her prow as she sailed upward along the arching firmament. As she rose above the level line of the Campagna she touched with silvery beams the waters of the Tiber and pencilled with delicate amber the lofty towers and wide-strewn ruins of Rome. By the side of a fallen column on the banks of the dark rolling river stood a young man gazing upon the moonlight scene. He was alone and seemed buried in the contemplation either of the soft loveliness of sky and earth around him, or in meditation upon the Past, the spirit of which hovers over all in that city of by-gone grandeur and departed glory. A man wrapped in a cloak approached him, passed him, eyeing him sharply, and then returning upon his steps addressed him in Italian :

"Signore, do I speak with the painter Lester?"

"Si signore," answered the young man in the same language.

"I have come out to seek you. I was told by your servant that you had walked this way. Will you give me an hour of your time?"

"For what purpose, signore?" asked the young American painter as he gazed with admiration and curiosity upon the noble form and high bearing of the stranger, and deeply impressed by the rich tones of his voice that seemed touched by some strong emotion.

"Walk with me and you shall learn, signore," responded the stranger.

"Whither do you go?"

"To the Palacio di —, near the Corso."

"I have but little leisure on my hands, signor," answered the young artist; "if you will tell me here what it is you desire, I can inform you whether it is in my power to serve you."

"That you cannot decide, signore, unless you come with me. Do not fear danger to your person. I am the Prince Caravelli."

"I have no fears, noble Prince," answered the young man, in a tone of deep interest; for the name and high reputation of the Prince were familiar to him.

"Will you then oblige me by accompanying me?"

"Cheerfully."

The Prince took the path along the base of the temple by which they had been standing, and entering the inhabited streets of Rome, at length reached a stately palace of white marble, which looked in the moonlight as if constructed of piled snow. The artist followed the Prince up the lofty flight of steps that ascended to the portico, and through a noble saloon to a door at its extremity. The Prince opened it, and ascended a flight of stairs lighted by a lamp placed in a niche at the head.

"A few steps farther, signore," said the Prince, leading the way across a paved hall to a chamber that was hung with a dark cloth, and only illuminated by a taper burning in a silver urn filled with olive oil. On entering this chamber the Prince closed the door and turned the key. There was something in the gloomy aspect of the vast apartment which held no furniture, combined with their action, which for an instant awakened the suspicions of the young artist that he might have been entrapped for some evil purpose; but being a person of firm nerve and decided courage, he remained perfectly calm, but prepared to defend his life if there should be need. Silently he watched the motions of his guide, who, on locking the door, passed quite across the room, and partly raising the curtain that concealed the walls of the room, he spoke in a low tone as if to some one within, dropped it again, and returned to the young man.

"Signore," he said, uncovering his head and displaying a face pale, but strikingly handsome, and that of a man about eight-and-twenty,— "I thank you for coming with me so willingly, and without explanation. It confirms me in my opinion of your character, and leads me to believe that you will succeed in the task that I entrust to you."

Lester bowed, and the Prince resumed:

"I am, signore, the victim of an extraordinary destiny. In me terminates a prophecy uttered two hundred and fifty years ago. The prophecy was spoken by one of my ancestors, who was an astrologer, and had the gift of second sight. He had been poisoned by his son, who, impatient of his long life which kept him from the inheritance and title, took this means to enter upon them. My ancestor, on discovering that he was poisoned, succeeded in neutralizing it by a chemical preparation which his great knowledge placed at his command, and thus saved his own life. He then pronounced a curse upon his son and upon his race, which should extend to the twelfth generation,— which was, that each Prince of the house should die one year and a day after his nuptials, and that without any visible sign of disease."

"And has this extraordinary prediction been fulfilled?"

"Yes, signore; eleven princes of my house have thus perished in the last two hundred and fifty years. The ancestor who administered the poison to his father, the astrologer, was the first who thus died mocking at the prediction, and holding on the night mentioned a great banquet, as if in defiance; but amid the feasting, as the midnight clock tolled the expiration of the year and day, he fell forward with his face upon the festal board and died! Each son of the line has married, as if it were by a sort of fatality, and each has likewise perished. I am

the last of my line, and the heir of this fatal prediction. I, too, am condemned to perish."

"Your highness can avoid the dreadful fate by remaining single."

"But I love, signore: I love a maiden who is dearer to me than life. I cannot live unless she become my bride; and yet I know I shall perish ere she has been one year and two days my wife. The fatality binds me! Though I fall a victim to this accursed prediction, I am resolved to wed the sweet maiden who has enslaved my heart."

"This is a pitiful situation, my noble Prince."

"It is indeed, signore. But I have not told you all. There were left by the astrologer, who was also a wondrous painter on canvass, seven human, or rather demons' heads. These heads were entailed with the prediction to his heirs. They are heads of fiends! They are terrible to gaze upon. The eye shrinks from the view, and the soul is appalled at their unearthly and monstrous hideousness. The only condition on which the heirs of the prophecy could be freed from it was, that they should get for a wife a female who possessed a feature of each of these horrible heads. One head alone was in itself uglier and more fiendish than was ever a human being's, but to find, or take to wife one who possessed a share in the hideousness of all was an alternative more terrible than death. My ancestors therefore married each to suit his taste, but paid the penalty each in his own day and hour. I now am the victim."

"This is a strange series of events, Prince," said the young painter with surprise and awe. "Did you not say that you were the terminus of the prediction, and that it extended only through twelve generations, and that you represent the twelfth? What then have you to fear?"

"The prediction is positive and precise as to twelve generations; and it says that the Prince of that generation will have wisdom given him to fulfil the conditions of the prediction, and understanding the mystery of the seven heads, shall live and be prosperous and happy, seeing his children and posterity to the fourth generation."

"This is a prediction, then, that should rather make you happy than sad, my prince."

"If I knew that it would come to pass. But there hang the seven terrible heads," continued the Prince, pointing his arm towards the covered wall, "and I feel that I have no wisdom to read them and understand them. I feel that I too shall perish as my fathers have done. I love the most beautiful woman in Italy, and I shall in a few days wed her,—wed her in the very face of this fatal prediction. And did I not love I would much prefer death to life, to its purchase with the possession of such a monster as either of those heads represents, not to speak of one who shares in her own face the ugliness of them all!"

"Will you let me behold these pictures, signore?" asked Lester with deep amazement.

"Prepare to receive a shock of horror. They are fiends, and not women."

The Prince then crossed the chamber and lifted the curtain. He held it up while the painter passed under it, and then dropped it. Lester found himself in total darkness, and, apparently, in a small in-

ner room. Suddenly the place was filled with light by the Prince's removing a shade from a branch of lamps that hung from the centre.

The room was a septagon, having seven panels or sides, each about four feet broad, and extending from the floor to the ceiling, twelve feet high. In the centre of each panel was painted in the most vivid, living colors, a horrible head, evidently of the female sex. As the young painter's quick glance passed from one to the other round the room, he shuddered and uttered exclamations of increased horror at each, for if possible, each was more hideous than its fellow.

It was several minutes before he was able to master his revolting sensations, and to contemplate them with the intellectual eye of the artist. He now discovered that they were works of the most extraordinary artistical merit. He had never seen such brilliant tints or such exquisite coloring. Although they seemed to be portraits of female fiends, yet as portraits of fiends they were wonderfully done. In his admiration of the matchless power of art with which they were executed, he forgot the horrible expressions and wild aspects of the faces.

"What think you of them, signore?" asked the Prince, after he had gazed on them sometime in silence.

"They seem to be the work of no mortal pencil. I am half inclined to believe with you that they are the heads of demons."

"If they have artists in hell these are the works of an infernal painter," said the Prince with warmth. "Now, signore, that you see what alternative was left with my ancestors, you will not be surprised that they chose death: nor indeed would it be possible to find such monsters as these on earth, much more one whose face contained a feature of each. There is a deep mystery under all this, I am persuaded. How I am to understand the mystery I know not. I have sent for five of our first artists, swearing them to secrecy, and sought to avail myself of any secret knowledge they might possess; but none of them could say more than that the heads were not human. I have heard of thee, of thy skill as an artist, of thy wisdom and judgment as a man. I have been seeking thee for three hours that I might lay these mysterious heads before you, and ask you if there lies in them a deeper meaning than appears on the outside."

While the Prince was speaking, the young painter was gazing intently upon the pictures in the panel. The Prince now observed him in silence, as he seemed to glance rapidly from one to the other, as if comparing them one with the other.

"Noble Prince!" exclaimed the young man, "I believe I have the key. But I cannot tell unless I have my brush and pallet. To-morrow I will call here early, and if you will give me permission to work here alone for three hours, I think I shall be able to unfold to you the mystery of these heads. A painter alone can do it. The pencil of the artist is alone the wand that can lift the veil, if I read aright these wonderful portraits. If what I think I have discovered proves the truth, you need not fear. The fatal prediction shall terminate in you—you shall live as it has foretold!"

"The half of my estate shall be yours, signore, if—"

"Nay, let us not hope too strongly. To-morrow early I will be here

with my pencil, if your highness will let me paint here undisturbed till I have finished the picture I contemplate."

The Prince gladly complied with his request, and the young painter left the palace and returned to his *studio*.

PART II.

The young painter left the palazzo of the Prince de Caravelli, and sought his studio with his mind overwhelmed with wonder at the marvellous revelation he had received from the Prince. On entering his chamber he closed his door, and then began pacing up and down the floor, reviewing the whole of the circumstances in his thoughts. The idea of the supernatural acting openly before his eyes confounded him. Yet he had seen with his own vision the mysterious heads which bore testimony to the traditionary prediction; and the Prince had asserted that each of his ancestors had died just one year and a day after marriage, without any apparent disease. All this was supernatural and incomprehensible to the young painter.

"What a wonderful being this astrologer must have been to have painted heads such as these I have looked upon to-night!" he said aloud. "They do not seem human, either in conception or execution; yet they must have been from a brush wielded by a man's hand. And what a strange mystery they conceal! And I alone have been destined, it would seem, to effect the discovery of this extraordinary secret which has baffled twelve generations! This Prince is a man of noble mind and generous character,—so says the world; and I shall feel happy to do him a service. How strange that he should have been directed to me; and how much more marvellous that the idea of this singular painter should flash upon my mind! I am confident I have mastered and fully possess it. To-morrow I trust I shall give the Prince a surprise. I will now proceed to prepare my colors for the task before me. I am lost in amazement the more I think upon these wonderful events. Well, the world is yet the play-ground for the phantoms of superstition; and real supernatural beings control men's affairs and men's destinies."

The young artist then called to his assistant, and ordered him to prepare with all diligence the colors necessary for painting a portrait. He instructed him to commix them with more than usual skill and care, and to have every thing ready by the dawn of day. He then himself began to select and prepare his canvass, and put his brushes in order; all the while he was at this work thinking upon what had transpired, and occasionally giving vent in loud unconscious exclamations to the emotions which stirred his soul.

The Prince de Caravelli, on being left alone after the departure of the young painter, for a few moments gave himself up to the joyful hopes which the young artist's words had created in his bosom. Inspired with these buoyant feelings, and the pleasing thought that, perhaps, he was about to escape from the dark destiny which for many

years had overhung his house, he walked forth into the gardens of his palace to give free rein to his thoughts.

The beauty of the night as he walked, led him to wish by his side the lovely princess Eva di Estella, to whom he was betrothed.

"It is but half a league to her abode, on the other side the Tiber ;— I will take my guitar and visit her lattice, and pour out my heart's love and joy in song," he said ; and turning back he called to his page and bade him bring his guitar to him.

The princess from her lattice heard the well known voice of her lover singing to his lightly thrummed guitar, and waving her scarf towards the grove in which he was hidden, he came forth into the bright moonlight and approached her.

"Your song to-night is joyous, my Prince," said the maiden ; "I am pleased you have laid aside your sad notes, and can sing so gaily."

"I am gay of heart, sweet Eva," said the young lover, as he bent over her and kissed her brow. "How beautiful you are in the silvery radiance of the beams of the moon ! I could kneel and worship you. Such faultless loveliness seems more of heaven than earth ! and when I know, as I do, that your heart and mind are lovelier still than your person, I esteem myself the happiest of men to love and be loved by you."

"You flatter, Prince."

"Nay, the language of true love, however bold and complimentary, dear Eva, can never be flattery. The one comes from the outpourings of a full heart, that delights to lavish praise upon the object it admires ; the other is but the forged coinage of the cold and subtle intellect. Say I flatter you never again, dear Eva."

"I am glad to see you so cheerful to-night, Otto."

"I have reason, more than you have knowledge of. Perchance to-morrow I can tell you, Eva."

"Why not to-night ?"

"No, not to-night. It is a deep secret that may not be told yet. To-morrow, perchance, I may unfold to thee all ; and then you will know why when most I loved thee I have been the most sad."

The next morning at sunrise the young painter entered the palace of the Prince de Caravelli, and was received by him with looks of mingled hopes and fears. In silence he conducted him into the ante-room to that which contained the Seven Portraits.

"Now, my noble Prince," said the artist, "with your permission I will enter the mysterious chamber. I desire to remain there seven hours undisturbed. At the end of seven hours come to me and I will show you the result of my secret audience with these mystic heads. As I said last night, they possess a meaning profounder than their apparent aspect. At the expiration of the seven hours you will learn whether I have discovered the key."

"The saints and all good angels go with you, signore," said the Prince, as the young artist raised the dark curtain and disappeared within the inner chamber.

The painter found himself, as on the night before, in a room of seven panels, on each panel a frightful head rendered visible by light from a brilliant circlet of lamps ; for the beams of day never penetrated the place.

"These heads," said he within himself, "must have been painted by the light of lamps, and by the same light must I also do my work."

He placed his canvass upon the frame he had brought with him, and took up his pallet and brushes. He could not divest himself of an indefinable sensation of fear and awe, as he glanced round upon the demoniacal countenances which glared upon him as he made preparations to perform the task he had assigned himself.

He placed his canvass before one of the heads, and bending forward with his pencil in his grasp, surveyed it with a close analytical eye. It was the head of a Medusa with masses of convolved serpents for hair, hideous lips thrust aside by tusks, and high cheek bones with thick hairy brows deeply shading the eyes. The whole aspect was hideous and revolting.

The painter fixed his gaze steadily upon the eyes of the portrait and began to paint upon his canvass. He traced their outline with the nicest care, and with matchless art disengaged them as he drew, from the wild black brows, hairy cheeks and hideous surrounding aspect of the countenance, and after an hour's work he had copied by themselves upon his canvass the eyes alone of the portrait. But what eyes! In the portrait, shaded and surrounded by such fierce features, they seemed blent with, and as fierce and hideous as though partaking of all their revolting character; but copied upon the canvass, and divested of their former association and horrible companionship, they were the most beautiful, brilliant black eyes that ever thrilled a lover's heart!

"Never painter put on canvass such a pair of eyes as these!" exclaimed the artist as he surveyed them with admiration and triumph. "Now do I know I was not at fault. The key of the mystery is in my hand."

He now turned his frame and canvass towards the next head. It was indescribably hideous. There seemed no redeeming feature; but the painter had discerned that the nose was faultless in shape and symmetry, and that its hideousness was in its being far too small for all the other features, which were drawn grossly large and deformed; indeed the huge face seemed to have no nose. Yet this feature, when drawn by itself upon the canvass, matched perfectly with the beautiful eyes.

In this manner he copied a brow from the next, lips from the next, teeth from the fifth, and from the others ears and hair. One of the heads had beautiful teeth, but being firmly shut together, and encompassed by the lips of an Ethiopian curling back with rage, they gave a glaring ferocity to the countenance which disappeared when they were copied and added to the beautiful pair of lips of another, which had seemed hideous by being forced awry by a tusk protruding from the corners of the mouth.

The coloring, and an exquisite rich tone to the whole, this wondrous young painter borrowed from the heads he had thus skilfully analyzed; and at the expiration of the seven hours he had executed upon the canvass before him, from the combination of the features of the seven heads, the most beautiful face he had ever beheld. It seemed more angelic than human. It was a master-piece of feminine loveliness.

"This head alone is enough to immortalize a painter," said Lester, as he gazed upon his wonderful production. "What a heavenly coun-

tenance! and yet I have added nothing,—I have invented nothing. It is a faithful copy from this hideous gallery of portraits around me. The lips and eyes seem to smile with gratitude upon me for freeing them from their two hundred and fifty years' bondage with such horrible companionship. Now I am ready for the Prince."

As he spoke he raised the curtain. The Prince, who had wandered restlessly during the seven hours from palace to garden, and from garden to palace, impatient to learn his destiny, answered him at the aperture, and tremblingly entered the mysterious chamber.

"My Prince," said the young painter, "I have been engaged during the last seven hours in copying a head from these seven portraits, a feature from each. The head stands there upon my frame with a green cloth thrown over it. This head must without doubt be the portrait of the person, marriage with whom the astrologer has predicted would only save you from the doom which has befallen your ancestors."

"Let me not see it. Keep it veiled. It must be seven fold more horrible than these. I will not look upon it. I will wed the princess Eva, and die if I must!"

"Nay, my noble Prince, although the head upon the canvass is a faithful copy of the features, one from each of the portraits, it is not so fearful as you imagine. Behold, Prince, for yourself."

As he spoke he removed the cloth and exposed the angelic face to the eyes of the astonished Prince. He uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, and springing forward, gazed upon it with the most intense emotion.

"Signore!" he cried, turning to him, "when did you see this lady to paint her so faithfully?"

"Does your highness recognize a likeness to any one?"

"It is the perfect image of the princess Eva! Where did you obtain it?"

"If it is indeed a likeness of the lady of your attachment, noble Prince, it is wonderful indeed!"

"It is herself. All that it needs is the life."

"How strange!"

"When did you paint this? It is a treasure to me invaluable. Name your price, signore, and it is mine. You have indeed deceived me, and needlessly alarmed me. I expected to behold a horrible visage, seven times more hideous than either of these, and you exhibit to me the lovely features of my affianced bride. Where and when hast thou seen her, that thou hast had time and opportunity to paint her picture so rarely?"

"I have never beheld her, signore. This portrait is a faithful copy of the seven portraits upon the panels. I have taken a feature from each and transferred it to my canvass. Last night while looking at them, and endeavoring to divine what mystery might be in them, I discovered that there was in each head one perfect feature, though so surrounded and deformed, seemingly, by the companionship of the rest, that I should never have detected it if I had not been searching for some hidden key. I have taken the eyes of this lovely portrait from one, the lips from another, the brow from another, and the result is the

beautiful face you behold. It is wonderful that it resembles the princess Eva."

The Prince listened with amazement. Joy and gratitude gradually took possession of his countenance, and after embracing the young painter, he knelt and devoutly offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for the mercy and deliverance vouchsafed to him. He now discerned clearly the meaning of the whole mystery, and knew that the curse upon his house had forever passed away. Eva di Estella, the lady whom the prediction had so strongly designated, became his bride; and as three years have already passed since his nuptials, there is no doubt that he will, according to the prophecy, yet live "to see his children and children's children, to the fourth generation."

MORAL.

Every face, however plain and unpleasing to the eye, has a redeeming feature.

This beautiful prayer must have been breathed by Barry Cornwall's heart while sitting at his quiet fire-side, looking in the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his "golden-tressed Adelaide."

"TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME."

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

TOUCH us gently, Time :

Let us glide adown the stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide

Through a quiet dream !
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three ;
One is lost,—an angel fled
To the azure overhead !

Touch us gently, Time :

We've not proud and soaring wings ;
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in little things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime,
Touch us gently, gentle time !

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It is some twenty years since the Independent Order of Odd Fellows was introduced into the United States. For a great length of time it existed in obscurity, but within the last five years it has come into notice, and has spread rapidly over the whole Union. It now numbers among its members many of our most estimable citizens, and seems likely to extend much farther. At the recent celebration in Boston, representatives were present from all parts of the country, and were counted by thousands.

Since the commencement of this rapid growth, the Order has of course been regarded with no little jealousy. It has been attacked by the honest minded, who, beholding it in one aspect alone, saw in its secrecy only the means of illegal power, and in its ceremonies and badges nothing but mummery and nonsense; as well as by the narrow and bigoted, who are always hostile to whatsoever does not square with their own miserable prejudices.

At present, it is useless to treat the Order with either contempt or ridicule. It embodies too large an amount of moral and intellectual power to be sneered at with wisdom even by those who consider it as useless or dangerous. It is much more politic, seeing how wide an influence it has and will probably continue to have, to treat it calmly, and fairly, and with some respect.

To us, whose especial office it is to watch every thing that bears upon the movement of society, not with the scrutiny of lifeless critics, so much as with the faith and hope that belong to the heralds of better times, such an institution is an object of deep interest. We have accordingly taken pains to inform ourselves as to the real character of the Order, and are convinced that it is abundantly deserving of the favor with which it has been received.

It claims, and with justice, to be a benevolent institution, but its benevolence is better than any we have ever seen commended in the newspapers. It is the benevolence of mutual guarantees. Its Charity is collective and not individual. The peculiar feature of the Order is the more extended application of the principle of Mutual Insurance, already found so efficacious a protection against losses by fire. Upon this principle the fraternity of Odd Fellows is founded. By introducing it more intimately into the relations of life, each member is assured against illness and misfortune; in consideration of a certain fee or premium, he is entitled to support and care during illness, just as in case of fire a member of a mutual insurance company is entitled to have his losses made good.

Of course all persons cannot be admitted indiscriminately into an institution which thus assumes such weighty responsibilities. It would be unwise as well as useless to extend such guarantees to those who are not able to fulfil the necessary conditions. Unlimited and injudicious benevolence is always sure to defeat its own end, and is thus, for any practical purpose, not benevolence at all. Nor does any such benevolence enter into the design of the Order. It is not indiscrimi-

nate charity at which it aims, but simply a certain kind of social guarantees. These necessarily presuppose certain conditions and duties. To be admitted into the Order, good character, good health and payment of the regular dues are required.

The guarantees of support and assistance are, so to say, the material form or body of the Fraternity. Within this body exists the soul,—a beautiful corporate friendship, and a manly sense of brotherhood, which is the natural result of common interests and of the care for each other's welfare which the constitution of the Order enjoins. It is worth one's while to hear the tone in which one Odd Fellow addresses another. There is a genial sincerity in the "brother" which the ordinary pronunciation of the word is not familiar with, and which in these days of smooth hypocrisy and hostile selfishness, has a peculiar value.

The secrecy of the Order is brought as an objection against it. It ought to be remembered that it exists in the midst of a world whose spirit and institutions are of a character quite opposite to its own. Some adequate means of preserving the Order from imposition, and of keeping alive the "esprit de corps" so essential to its efficiency, must be employed. For this purpose secret signs are incomparably the safest as well as the most convenient. Besides, any institution which builds only on one motive, cannot attain to a very great degree of power or usefulness. Without the *prestige* of secrecy, the Order would lose much of its attractiveness, even with many of those who would hardly admit the fact. But the mystery of Odd Fellowship is precisely the part of which well informed members of the brotherhood make the least account. They regard it as only the shell, useful in the present condition of society: it is what it contains that they consider as of essential value. They look forward to a period when "Friendship, Love, and Truth" will not need the protection of a special brotherhood; they have faith that "going down the stream of time, these principles may be disseminated wider and wider, until all men shall dwell together in unity."

The regalia and badges of Odd Fellowship may be objected to; we are not particularly desirous to defend them. The passion for show is one, however, which cannot always be criticised with safety; we have heard friends of ours treat it with no little contempt, and the very next day have found them making speeches at the presentation of a banner!

We are convinced that the polity of the Order, namely, "*Social Guarantees and Collective Charity*," is destined at no distant period to predominate in society. We are sure that a much more extended application of it is already possible. It must soon, we should suppose, become apparent to Odd Fellows that greater benefits are within their reach than they have yet attained, and that their bond of union can be made still firmer and brighter. If their guarantees could be made to include the education of children and constant employment to industry, they would leave little to be desired. They might also apply the same method to their commercial transactions. By combining for the purchase of necessary articles at wholesale, with proper security for the careful and honest management of the business, they might obtain all kinds of goods without the profits of retail dealers. A village of two

or three hundred families might thus supply themselves at wholesale prices and make a handsome saving in the course of a year, besides dispensing with a large amount of labor which is of no positive service to the community. It needs no great amount of reflection, indeed, to perceive that there is no department of society in which the methods from which Odd Fellows derive signal advantages cannot be employed.

It is this very extension of the principles of Guaranteeism which we contend for in this journal. And it is in view of it that we regard the Order of Odd Fellows as a remarkable instrument of Providence in the transition through which this country is beginning to pass. It is worthy of note, too, that while reformers of all degrees are preparing the way for the coming of the New Dispensation, laying resolute and often fierce hands upon a thousand ancient usages and institutions, with no gentler word than "*Apaze Satanas!*" upon their lips, with zeal against the false quite as much as love for the true, ardent in their hearts; bent more upon destroying the shrines of Belial than raising altars to the Lord; there should have arisen from another quarter of the moral compass, a fraternity embodying positive, constructive principles, — principles too which are to form the basis of the whole organization of society. Providence has always more agencies than one in its service. While the keen winds of Autumn desolate the woods, and whirl far and wide the leaves which in Summer were the glory of the forest, Nature prepares peacefully and in silence, the germs of the future foliage. So in the bosom of society, rotten with the hostility of castes and interests, and the embittered and heightened vices of the past, and blind with ignorance and prejudice, have put forth, unnoticed and almost unknown, the imperfect forms of the organization which it is about to assume. The transition approaches a crisis. God grant a happy issue to the effort! — *Harbinger*.

ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Held at the City of Baltimore, Sept., 1845.

We did not receive an account of the Proceedings of this body in season for publication in our present number. The Report of Grand Sire Hopkins, published below, will be read with interest by all. That of the Grand Secretary we are unavoidably obliged to defer till our next. The following extracts from the Proceedings we copy from the "*Iris*": —

MONDAY, Sept. 15, 0 o'clock, A. M.

The R. W. Grand Lodge convened this day at Odd Fellows' Hall, city of Baltimore, being the regular Annual Communication, when the following were present:

HOWELL HOPKINS, M. W. G. Sire.
JOHN W. STOKES, R. W. G. Sire, *p. t.*
JAS. L. RIDGELY, R. W. G. C. and R. Secretary.
ANDREW E. WARNER, R. W. G. Treasurer.
ALBERT CASE, R. W. G. Chaplain.
WILLIAM CURTIS, R. W. G. Marshal.
RICHARD BRANDT, R. W. G. Guardian.

JOHN E. CHAMBERLAIN, W. G. Messenger.
P. G. Sire THOMAS WILDEY,
P. G. JOHN KENNEDY.

On Tuesday last the Grand Lodge U. S. went into an election of officers for the ensuing year, when the following brothers were elected and installed into office:

P. G. M. Thomas Sherlock, of Ohio, M. W. Grand Sire.
P. G. M. Albert Case, of Mass., R. W. Deputy Grand Sire.
P. G. M. Jas. L. Ridgely, of Md., R. W. Grand Cor. Secretary.
P. G. M. Andrew E. Warner, of Md., R. W. Grand Treasurer.
P. G. Rev. J. D. McCabe, of Va., R. W. Grand Chaplain.
P. G. John G. Treadwell, of N. Y., R. W. Grand Marshal.
D. G. M. Levin Jones, of Dist. of Columbia, R. W. Grand Guardian.
P. G. John E. Chamberlain, of Md., W. Grand Messenger.

The Grand Sire announced the appointment of the following committees:

Committee on Certificates.—H. R. Kneass, of Pennsylvania, chairman, Holmes of New Jersey, Hinckle of Kentucky.

Committee on the State of the Order.—W. W. Moore, of District of Columbia, chairman, Frederick Crowell, Connecticut, J. W. Gordon, Michigan.

Committee of Correspondence.—Horn R. Kneass, of Pennsylvania, G. I. Dicks, Mississippi, Edward McIntire, Delaware.

Committee of Finance.—Charles McGowan, of New York, chairman, James M. Ford, of Virginia, William S. Davis, of Tennessee.

Committee of Petitions.—James D. McCabe, of Virginia, chairman, W. D. Porter, of South Carolina, W. E. Parmenter, of Massachusetts.

Committee on Returns.—W. Williams, of Georgia, chairman, S. Skinner, of Pennsylvania, C. W. Withall, of Louisiana.

Committee on Grand Lodges not represented.—R. S. Robbins, of Massachusetts, chairman, Montgomery, of New Hampshire, Churchill, of Ohio.

Committee on Official Magazine.—B. C. True, of New York, chairman, David Philbrick, of New Hampshire, Snellbaker, of Ohio.

M. W. GRAND SIRE HOPKINS' REPORT.

Annual Session.

The Annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. of the United States, is at all times interesting to the community of Odd Fellows. That body being the supreme head of the Order, it is looked to with veneration and respect. At its meetings are collected the Representatives of the various Grand Lodges and Encampments established within the bounds of her widely extended jurisdiction, bringing with them knowledge, talent and wisdom in matters relating to the Order. They meet together in the spirit of brotherly love, to communicate information of the state, condition and prosperity of the brotherhood in their respective districts; to tell of the advantages the human family have derived from a knowledge of the principles taught and practised by our Order; to enact such laws and establish such rules and regulations as may more fully and extensively disseminate that which is good, encourage the best, and restrain the worst propensities of mankind.

During the recess of the Grand Lodge, the care and superintendence of the Order, and of the various Lodges and Encampments under its jurisdiction, are committed to the Grand Sire, who is invested with authority to act for, and in all cases to represent the Grand Lodge. It is his duty at each Annual Session to make "report of the state and condition of the Order"—what he has judged proper to do during the recess—and to recommend that which in his judgment may be for general advantage. In performance of this duty, it affords me satisfaction to be able to state, that, with but few exceptions, all the Lodges and Encampments are in a state of prosperity highly gratifying to the officers under whose care and superintendence they have been placed, and to the members of the Order in general. With a steady desire to promote the hap-

piness, improve the morals, and benefit their fellow men, the members of the fraternity have in their practice, and by the dissemination of the principles of the Order, made manifest the benefit to be derived therefrom. A desire to share in that which was found productive of good to others, has caused so vast an increase of members, that we now number about one thousand Lodges, and upwards of one hundred thousand members, directly connected with, and working by virtue of authority derived from this Grand Lodge. This vast body, all of whom acknowledge the benefit and advantage of a connection with the Order, are citizens of the various climes within North America, from the cold regions of the North to the warm climate of the South. They hail each other as brothers—they vie with each other in their endeavors to disseminate the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, and by their practice to encourage virtue. Among them there is no distinction known either in relation to political or religious opinion, the section of country which gave them birth or the nation to which they owe allegiance—the rich and the poor are alike entitled to and alike receive the benefit derived from a connection with the Order—the hand of Friendship is alike extended to all.

Since the last session, dispensations have been issued authorizing the opening of various Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, to work under the immediate jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. They have been duly opened, and the proper instructions have been given by the D. G. Sire within whose jurisdiction they are located. A statement of the dispensations issued and the Lodges and Encampments opened, their dates and location, will be furnished by the Grand Corresponding Secretary, in his annual report. From the reports made by the D. G. Sires, all those Lodges and Encampments are doing well. Having granted a dispensation for a Lodge at Burlington, in the State of Vermont, being the first in that State, I appointed William H. Smith, of New York, D. D. G. Sire for that State, who, if confirmed by you, will hold the office till the 1st of January, 1846. Since his appointment he has opened a second Lodge in that State.

During the past summer I have received and accepted the resignation of D. D. G. Sire Churchill from the office of D. D. G. Sire of Maine. Having received information that application for a Warrant for a Grand Encampment for Maine would be made at the earliest session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and believing that such Warrant would be granted, I have not deemed it advisable to appoint a D. D. G. Sire to fill the vacancy.

By a letter recently received from the Scribe of Mount Ararat Encampment, No. 1, at Mobile, I am informed that D. D. G. Sire E. Salomon, having ceased to be a member of any Subordinate Lodge, his right of membership in the Encampment also ceased. A vacancy has, therefore, occurred in the office of D. D. G. Sire for Alabama.

For the purpose of adjusting and settling the accounts of D. D. G. Sire Churchill with this Grand Lodge, I issued a commission, appointing G. M. Pratt and G. Rep. Smith, of Maine, commissioners for that purpose. Their report will be laid before you by the G. C. Secretary.

In my report made to you at the last session, I stated that I had granted permission to the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas to hold its future meetings at Houston. In this there was error—I should have stated that the Grand Lodge, which had formerly met at Houston, had received my permission to remove and hold its meetings at Gavelston. The report, as made by me, was approved by the Grand Lodge, and the change of location ratified. Being informed of the error contained in my report, and that some difficulties existed among the Lodges in consequence thereof, I without delay corrected the error by granting to the Grand Lodge of Texas my dispensation, authorizing (as I had originally intended) that Grand Lodge to remove and hold its meetings at Galveston, at which place it is now held. From reports made to me by D. D. G. Sire Cordova, I cherish the hope that the Order, which, from a variety of causes, has been on the decline, will revive, and that its benign influence will be felt and acknowledged by all the inhabitants of our sister Republic. The difficulties they have had to encounter and the embarrassments under which they have had to labor, have caused that Grand Lodge to be in arrears to the Grand Lodge of the United States for dues, which they find themselves unable at present to pay. They ask to have those arrearages remitted. I submit to your judgment whether it would not be for the good of the Order to grant their request.

The disturbed state of their Republic, the uncertainty which has for years existed as to its final result, combined with other causes, has produced difficulties, and acted unfavorably to the propagation and spread of the benevolent principles of our Order. It is to be expected, that with the removal of those causes, the Order will assume a rank and be acknowledged there, as in other parts of our jurisdiction, among those institutions most deserving our love. With the knowledge they already possess, it only requires a state of public tranquillity to enable the brotherhood to put in practice the benevolent principles taught by the sublime lectures and charges of the Order.

The state of the Order in Louisiana will require some attention from you. I regret to be obliged to inform you that, from the reports made to me, the Order is not as prosperous in that State as it should be. Some difficulties exist among the brethren, arising probably from a misconception of the power and authority of the Grand Lodge, and of the respect and duty her Subordinates owe to her. This subject, together with the documents received in relation thereto, is submitted to you for consideration, in the hope that you will adopt such measures as will remove the difficulties at present existing there.

Information having been given to me that the Grand Encampment of South Carolina had neglected to make its regular returns—was in arrears for dues, and that its Charter was still in possession of the Grand Corresponding Secretary—the fee therefore not having been received at his office—and inquiries having been made of me, by the Subordinate Encampments in South Carolina, as to the course of conduct proper for them to pursue under existing circumstances, I addressed a communication to the Grand Officers of that Grand Encampment, dated May 1, 1845, requiring of them to make the proper returns and payments to the Grand Secretary before the end of the fiscal year, informing them that unless this was done, their Charter would be forfeited. In reply to the Subordinate Encampments, I directed them to retain in their treasury the amount they were indebted for dues, till such time as they should receive further instruction from the Grand Sire. From the Grand Encampment of S. C. I have had no reply. The state of her indebtedness will appear by the report which will be made by the Grand Corresponding Secretary upon the state of the finances. Whether any, and what further action shall be taken in the matter, will be for you to direct. I was in hopes that such returns would have been made to the office of the Grand Secretary as would have prevented the necessity of my making any report on this subject. I did expect that the Grand Encampment of S. C. would have seen the propriety of conforming to the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and have retained for their branch the high character which the members of the Order in that State have held, and are so honorably entitled to maintain. Since the foregoing report was prepared, I have received information from the Grand Corresponding Secretary that the Grand Encampment of South Carolina has realized the hopes and expectations I had had in relation to her, and that she has made to his office full returns, and paid the fees and dues for which she was in arrear. It affords me much satisfaction to add this to my report. This subject is submitted for your consideration.

As directed by a resolution passed in September, A. D. 1844, I issued a commission, appointing D. G. Sire Stewart, G. Masters Allen and Wilson, commissioners to visit Springfield, in the State of Illinois, and gave to them authority to investigate the state of the Order there, and if in their judgment the good of the Order should so require, to reclaim the Charter of the Grand Lodge and of the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, or either of them, in the name and on behalf of the Grand Lodge of the United States. From D. G. Sire Stewart I have received information that a favorable change had taken place there, and that the Order would be restored to usefulness in that State. During the present session, I hope to receive and lay before you a full report from the commissioners.

Immediately after the close of the last session, I gave a special commission to P. G. M. Albert Case, authorizing him to deliver the Charters and open the Grand Lodges which you had granted for the State of Michigan and for the Province of Canada. In obedience thereto, that distinguished brother proceeded to Detroit, where he opened the Grand Lodge and delivered to it the Grand Charter—after which, he went to Montreal, in the Province of Canada, and performed the same duty. His report upon the subject will be submitted to you, and you will perceive

thereby that they who compose the Order in both these jurisdictions are well deserving the trust reposed in them, and give reason to believe that those Grand Lodges will be among the brightest ornaments belonging to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The Order having now extended to every State in the Union, and Grand Lodges and Encampments having been established in most of them, the number of D. D. G. Sires is greatly reduced, and unless otherwise ordered by you, that office will in a few years cease to exist.

Those officers being the Representatives of the Grand Sire in the jurisdiction for which they are appointed, have heretofore rendered great and important service both to him—by relieving him from labor which, by the extent of country over which his jurisdiction extends, it would have been next to impossible without their aid to have performed—and to the Order, by the care and attention they have given to maintain the work in its original purity, and by the information and instruction they have given to the various Lodges and Encampments within their jurisdiction, who without the aid of some experienced officer, would encounter difficulties in the attainment of correct knowledge so important to their well doing. A reference to the reports and returns made by them will give conclusive evidence of the important advantage the Order has derived from the office of D. D. Grand Sire.

To the Grand Corresponding Secretary they have been of essential service, acting as his official agents. They have, by strict attention to his requirements and the transmission of regular returns, enabled him to bring the financial department of his office from chaos to systematic regularity, an object of great importance, and which for years it has been the desire of this Grand Lodge to accomplish. Much important information has been obtained from them in relation to the state and condition of the Order, without which the G. Sire and G. Corresponding Secretary would have been unable to give you that information in relation to the Order which you require, and which it is desirable you should possess.

At the last session, I endeavored to enforce upon you the importance of those officers, and the benefit the Order would derive from an extension of the authority already vested in the Grand Sire, so as that he should have power to appoint a D. D. G. Sire in every State, District and Territory over which the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States extended, and this without reference to the question whether a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment was established therein. The subject was referred to the consideration of the Committee on the state of the Order, and it met their approbation; they reported a By-Law, giving the authority, which, although passed by your body, was subsequently reconsidered and did not receive the sanction of the Grand Lodge. I again submit the subject to you for consideration, and believing as I do that the authority to appoint those officers, as requested, is all-important to the continued welfare of the brotherhood, I earnestly desire that it should receive cool and deliberate attention. Should you approve the suggestion and authorize the appointment of D. D. G. Sires in each State, District and Territory, a By-Law should be passed, defining the power of those officers, which shall be such as that, without any interference with the authority of a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, in any of its delegated power, they should represent the Grand Sire in all matters relating to the work of the Order; be his agents to carry into effect whatever this Grand Lodge should direct to be done during the recess; and, at the same, should act as the fiscal agent of the G. Cor. Secretary, and thereby continue and carry out the system of finance which has been found useful, by producing regularity and certainty in the receipts and returns from the different Lodges and Encampments connected with this Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge, at its last session, passed a resolution directing sale to be made of the "entire interest of the Grand Lodge in the Covenant or official Magazine," and specially dictated the terms and conditions on which the purchaser should thereafter conduct the Magazine. A committee of three was appointed (the Grand Sire made its chairman) to carry into effect that resolution, who were specially instructed to "give preference to P. G. M. Neilson in the sale of the work, if the terms of his offer were as favorable as those of any other bidder." This instruction had the effect to prevent competition—the committee being bound to give preference to Bro. Neilson, upon the terms of the resolution. It was useless for any other person to make an offer. The only offer made to the committee was by Bro. Neilson, which

offer he made in the language of the resolution, viz: that he was "willing to give whatever may be offered by any other person." Subsequently he made a distinct offer of "*fifty dollars*" for the work. You will find by the report of the committee, that although they offered to transfer all the right of the G. L. of the U. States to him, yet he refused to receive it, subject to the conditions contained in the resolution authorizing the sale to be made.

Without the consent of the committee, Bro. Neilson undertook to publish the Covenant at his own risk and as his private property, but in such manner as to induce the belief that it was an authorized continuation of the former official Magazine. The manner in which the work has been conducted by him, manifests the wisdom of that provision in the resolution by which it was made one of the conditions of sale, "that all original matter should be submitted to the supervision and control of the G. Cor. Secretary." Much has been published in the work which would not have met his approbation — in particular those numbers which undertake to give a "*Digest of the Laws, Usages and Customs of the Order.*" Independent of the fact, that such publication is a violation of the Law, passed at the last session of this Grand Lodge, whereby all publications of that description are prohibited, without the authority of this or some other Grand Lodge being first had and obtained, the matter contained in this Digest is calculated to mislead; particularly objectionable are notes of the junior editor — in some of which he undertakes to declare that as law which is in direct contradiction to the solemn decision of this Grand Lodge. This Grand Lodge being the Supreme Head of the Order, before whom all matter may be brought for final decision — nothing can be considered as the Law, Usage and Custom of the Order, until it shall have been so considered and declared by her. The Constitution has declared that in this Grand Lodge is placed the power to enact such laws and regulations as shall be for the good of the Order in general — to fix and determine the customs and usages in regard to any thing which concerns Odd Fellowship. Whilst the Grand Sire is of opinion that a collection of the Laws, Usages and Customs of the Order, as made, acknowledged and sanctioned by this Grand Lodge, would be of great utility; yet the publication as the Laws, Usages and Customs of the Order, that which is the mere decision of a Grand Lodge on a question arising directly or incidentally before it, made in many instances during the infancy of such Grand Lodge, and which has not received the sanction of this Grand Lodge, is calculated to do more harm than good.

The Committee on the Covenant, not having been able to make sale thereof, upon the terms and conditions to which they were restricted, the matter will be again submitted to you for consideration and further direction.

During the recess of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the Grand Sire is invested with great power — he is looked to for advice and instruction in all cases where difficulties occur in relation to the Laws, Usages and Customs of the Order — his opinions and instructions are received by both Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, as the rule and guide of their conduct. It is important, therefore, that these opinions and instructions be uniform, and being universally known, should act as the rule and guide for all on similar questions and occasions. With this view, and to attain this object, I recommend to this Grand Lodge that a committee be appointed, whose duty it shall be to digest and report for the approval of this body, all the decisions and instructions upon matters in relation to the Laws, Usages and Customs of the Order, which have heretofore been made and given by the different members of the Order, who have filled the chair of Grand Sire — which being collected, revised and approved by the Grand Lodge, shall be printed and furnished to the several Grand Lodges and Encampments, as precedents for their guidance in the decision of all similar questions. This would in a great measure prevent difficulties, and produce a uniformity of decision in the various Lodges upon questions which may arise therein. As new questions shall arise, it will be easy to add the decision thereof to the digest. This subject being one of importance, and, as I think, deserving of serious consideration, I submit it to you for deliberation, satisfied that what you may determine in relation thereto, will be for the good of the Order.

The revenue of the Grand Lodge of the United States has heretofore been principally derived from the per centage paid by Subordinate Lodges and Encampments—that, added to the fees for Charters and the quota paid by each Grand Lodge and Encampment as a Representative fee, had yielded an amount equal to the annual expenses. The Order having now extended to every State in the Union, and G. Lodges and Encampments having been established in nearly all thereof, the per centage from Subordinates is much reduced, and will in a short time cease to be a source of revenue. It will be necessary, therefore, that you should at this session take the subject into your serious consideration, as it must be apparent to you, that with the great increase of expense which is necessarily attendant on the increase of the Order, the remaining sources of ordinary revenue will be wholly inadequate. The fee for Charters will also in a short time cease as a part of the revenue, leaving the quota or representative fee from each Grand Lodge and Encampment, now fixed at twenty dollars for each Representative, as the only source of direct revenue. I suggest whether it would not be advisable to increase this fee in such manner as to make it bear equally on all, and be regulated by the number of members belonging to each Grand Lodge and Encampment. When it was fixed at twenty dollars, it was in the infancy of the several Grand Lodges, and but few of them numbered over one thousand members. Is it not reasonable, that with the great increase of their members, the assessment for the support of the Grand Lodge of the United States should also be increased?—This, or such other mode as you in your wisdom shall devise, it will be necessary to adopt, in order to sustain the Grand Lodge in future.

The Grand Corresponding Secretary was at the last session directed to cause steel plates to be procured, and the form as adopted for travelling and visiting cards to be engraved thereon. He was also directed to have a sufficient number of cards printed therefrom, and furnish them to each Lodge and Encampment within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge at cost. This duty he has attended to. The cost of plate, paper and printing being five cents each card, he has charged them to the Lodges at six cents—the excess over costs being about equivalent to the expense of postage, packing and transportation. The performance of this duty has considerably added to the labor of the G. Cor Secretary. For the purpose of producing more uniformity and to avoid all deception, I would suggest whether it would not be advisable that all cards hereafter issued should be signed in the margin by the Grand Corresponding Secretary; his signature being known throughout our widely extended Order, would be the guarantee for the genuineness of the card. As this would add much to his labor, he should receive an adequate compensation therefor, to meet which an increase of charge should be made in the price of cards furnished, which if fixed at twelve cents, would afford a sufficient compensation for his labor, and add somewhat to the revenue of the Grand Lodge.

Since I last met you, I have been advised of the decease of two of the former members of your body, viz.: P. G. Master Timothy Keezer, of Tennessee, a brother who was not only highly esteemed at home, but in his conduct and character as representative in your body, enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his fellow members. P. G. Master Neilson, of Maryland, one of the oldest members of the Order, to whom we are all indebted for the zeal he manifested, and the labor he undertook, to forward the interest and make known the principles of our Order, has, in the wisdom of the Grand Master of the Universe, been called to depart from the terrestrial to a habitation in the celestial Lodge. His memory will long be cherished by his brothers of the Order—as a man, we esteemed him—as a Patriarch in the Order, we looked to him with reverence and respect; we sympathize with his family on the loss they have sustained. The Order will ever gratefully cherish his memory.

As authorized, I have, during the past year, drawn orders on the Treasurer for the salaries of the several officers of the Grand Lodge, and to pay the expense of plate and printing Cards, procured by your orders.

H. HOPKINS, *Grand Sire.*

September 15, 1845.

Rep. True, of New York, offered the following resolution, which on motion was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order :

Resolved, That the Committee on the State of the Order be instructed to inquire into and report upon the following questions, viz :

1st. — Can a member of a Lodge or Encampment withdraw his membership after paying all dues to the same, and be in good standing therein, without taking a card of clearance carrying with it the usual recommendation — in other words, can he be unconditionally discharged, he desiring the same ?

2d. — Can a member of a Lodge or Encampment be expelled without a formal trial, with full charges and specifications made against him, when both the member and Lodge or Encampment are willing that such action should be had, and when the member is willing to acknowledge his wrong-doing and his unworthiness to longer remain in membership ?

Rep. Porter, of S. C., presented the following resolutions, passed by the Grand Lodge of S. Carolina, which were read and referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

Resolved, That the rules of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States allowing the A. T. P. W. to be given only to the N. G. and last P. G. of the Subordinate Lodges, has been found to be productive of much inconvenience.

Resolved, That this Lodge do request of the R. W. Grand Lodge of this State to instruct its Representatives to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. States to endeavor to get the rule so amended that the A. T. P. W. shall be communicated to all the P. G.'s of Subordinate Lodges.

On motion of Rep. Devotion, of Conn., the following resolution was referred to the Committee on the State of the Order.

Resolved, That Art. XVIII. of the By-Laws be so amended as to read as follows, viz : — The Grand Sire shall appoint at each Annual Session a qualified Past Grand in each State, District or Territory, (to serve for one year from the time of their appointment,) a District Deputy Grand Sire, who shall act as the special agents of this Lodge ; it shall be their duty to receive the returns of Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments within their respective Districts, and transmit the same to the Grand Recording Secretary, as provided in Article II. of the By-Laws of this Grand Lodge. It shall be their duty, provided no Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment exists within their districts, to receive the returns of Subordinate Lodges and Encampments located therein, and transmit the same to the Grand Recording Secretary, as herein before provided, and have a general supervision of said Subordinate Lodges and Encampments.

Rep. White, of R. I., offered the following resolution, which was, on motion, referred to the Committee on the State of the Order :

Resolved, That no Lodge shall initiate or confer degrees on any person out of the State, unless permission be granted by the Grand Lodge of the State in which the applicant resides.

On motion of Rep. Smith, it was resolved —

That the Financial Committee be directed to inquire into the expediency of requiring from District Deputy Grand Sires a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by the Grand Master of the State in which such Deputies may reside, for the faithful execution of their financial trusts.

Rep. Moore, from the Committee on Revision, made the following Report, which was read, and on motion, made the order of the day, for 4 o'clock, in the afternoon session :

To the R. W. G. Lodge of the U. States :

The Committee appointed at the last session, to revise the lectures and charges of the Order, not having reported a draught of the Patriarchal work at the late extra session, have the pleasure now to perform that duty by reporting the Patriarchal, Golden Rule and Royal Purple Degrees, as also forms for opening and closing an Encampment.

In making this Report, the Committee take occasion to remark — that the Degrees now reported have been prepared with some haste ; and they therefore ask the privilege of making such verbal alteration as may appear necessary

on a more deliberate examination of their work, the Committee pledging themselves not to change any principle or sentiment therein contained.

WM. W. MOORE,
JAS. D. M'CABE,
JOHN A. KENNEDY,
JAS. L. RIDGELY.

Rep. Montgomery, of N.H., offered the following resolution, which was on motion referred to the Committee on the State of the Order:

Whereas. It was resolved by this Grand Lodge, in the session of 1841, that the several Grand Lodges should "strictly prohibit all processions and balls, at which the regalia, emblems, &c. of the Order shall be used, unless the same be granted, after due consideration in open G. Lodge, or in its recess, by dispensation of the Grand Master of the State. And whereas, this action of the G. Lodge does not extend to the funeral of members — Therefore, —

Be it resolved, That this prohibition be extended to the funeral of members.

Rep. M'Cabe of Va., submitted the following, which was read and referred to the committee on the State of the Order:

Whereas, It having been represented to this G. Lodge, that innumerable difficulties have arisen for the want of some uniform legislation on the subject of honorary membership, be it

Resolved, That honorary membership shall under no circumstances be allowed under our jurisdiction.

Resolved, That the full membership in a Subordinate Lodge be essential to membership in an Encampment.

Rep. Crosswell of Conn. moved the following resolution, which was referred to the committee on the State of the Order:

Resolved, That a visiting card signed by the proper Officers of the Subordinate Lodge issuing the same, is full and complete without the counter signature of the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the State in which the card is issued, and that the bearer of such a card, if correct in other particulars, is entitled to admission into any Subordinate Lodge under this jurisdiction.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE fall of this remarkable young man is the topic of every tongue, and the fervor of the excitement indicates the position which he held in the public eye, and the extent of his influence. There have been forged confessions and flying rumors relative to the matter, but as yet nothing circumstantial and definite has appeared. For this the public await, with great impatience, the confession of Mr. Gough himself. Before this article meets our readers, that confession may be made, but at the time we write it has not appeared.* We say, then, as a friend to Mr. Gough, and to the

* As we read the proof of this article, the genuine confession of Mr. Gough has appeared, in which he states that he was affected by some ingredient concealed in a glass of soda. We see no reason to doubt his statement; but the arguments which we have here used against intemperance remain in all their strength, for we know what *appetite* has done, again and again.

cause of Temperance, that we sincerely hope that confession will be "a plain, unvarnished tale," — a full and free discharge of all the secrets of the heart. *Then*, whatever may be the facts, they will result in good for Mr. Gough and the Cause. Let us look at the matter, briefly.

If Mr. Gough was *drugged*, in a glass of soda-water, he can, we presume, identify the shop where the soda was obtained, and the man who sold it. According to this version of the affair, it was *after* drinking this soda that he was deprived of reason, self-control and memory; what took place *before*, we infer, therefore, he can remember. We repeat, then, he can identify the place where the liquor was sold and the man who sold it. This will corroborate his story. And if it prove to be true, of course Mr. Gough is discharged from all blame, except, it may be, momentary indiscretion; and public anger and public justice will fall upon the conspirators in this dark and nefarious transaction. But this is not all. We shall naturally suspect, we shall have a right to suspect, enemies of the Temperance cause as movers in this affair. We shall see in it the depth and hatred of the opposition to this great movement. For why else should Mr. Gough be drugged? What end was to be gained by it?

And if our suspicion be correct, how wicked must be that power and influence against which the friends of Temperance are urging their endeavors! We do not say that *all*, or that *many* who are engaged in the traffic in strong drinks, or who patronize that traffic, would thus conspire against Mr. Gough. But there are but few of those who will earnestly lament his fall, many who will secretly rejoice at it, and *some*, we are afraid, who would actually engage in producing it. The sentiment that is opposed to the Temperance movement is a bad sentiment. It is based on selfishness, selfishness the great and central evil of the moral universe, and equal to any act that will secure its ends. We repeat, if Mr. Gough was drugged to his fall, we shall have a right to suspect that the deed originated among enemies to the Temperance movement, and a reason for that suspicion can be found in the encroachments made by that Reform, of which Mr. Gough was such a powerful and successful advocate, upon the *interests* of a certain class of men.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Gough yielded to the clamor of the old appetite, or was artfully enticed to drink by some former boon companion, still we say, it will not ultimately injure him, or the cause. If this be the case, never was there a more powerful argument for Total Abstinence — an argument written in shame and tears — written in letters of fire. To the young man, especially, would we commend this argument — to the "moderate-drinker." We say, see here the awful, the irrepressible power of *appetite* — an appetite which you are forming by every drop of ardent spirits which you drink — an appetite which deceives you, flatters you, hides itself from you. You think that you can desist at any time. You propose never to form an appetite, never to get so far that you cannot do without strong drink. But how long before you reach this condition? Try yourself now, and ask why is it that you drank yesterday, and will to-day. Is it not because of a hankering, an uneasiness, without the customary draught? Does not the sight, the smell of the liquor, awaken a strange and even pleasant thirst, that, however, must be gratified — that, at best, will not easily let you off? Is it not so? Ask yourself candidly — is it not so? And yet you never mean to create an appetite for strong drink! Why, *this* is that appetite! Every day it grows stronger and stronger. Soon it will so possess you that you cannot control it as you would. This is its fearfulness. It

gradually gets the mastery — a terrible, despotic mastery, and holds you and constrains you, or drives you on, with leashes of fire! Can any man safely harbor this appetite? Dare any man go on feeding it from day to day? Let him take care! It may not be lightly tampered with. That which now to him is easy sport, may make wild sport of him. We repeat — *this is its fearfulness!* It gets beyond our control, and may break in upon us at any time. Do not the fires of the volcano die away and its hot ribs grow cool? Upon its slopes new verdure appears, and at its base cities of marble pomp are built. "The volcano," men say, "is extinguished." They sport upon the lips of its ancient crater. But lo! the fire was only latent; in a moment it bursts from its fathomless womb, and the pride and beauty that repose so confidently above it are swept by its tide, and buried beneath its ruin. So is it with this appetite. We thought it was quenched. We had felt that it was growing too strong for us. We desisted. We supposed it to be conquered. We walked forth again in the free, pure atmosphere of nobler resolutions, and of a better life. We were clothed with respectability, new relationships were twined around us. We wondered that we ever could have yielded to the hot impulses of passion and wallowed in the slough of sensualism. And lo! in the midst of that new peace and confidence, the old fire enkindled, appetite, appetite, like an armed man, was upon us again; vain our resolution, faint our wrestling — we *fell!* If, then, it may thus come upon us, if it thus lies dormant within us, nourishing its vigor through years of inaction, is it not an awful thing to create it — should we not shun, as we would shun the seeds of shame and death, all that tends to create it?

Never have we seen a more powerful illustration of this retentive force, this long-lived *virus* of appetite, than in the recent case of Mr. Gough, upon the supposition now under consideration. Never before, have we felt the force of the scriptural expression — "at the last it stingeth like a serpent, and biteth like an adder." Yes, there it lies coiled within us, stifled it may be, bruised but not dead — full yet of fatal vitality, easily excited; and at the *last!* when we had regarded it as a perished, or at least a conquered thing, — at the *last*, despite our hopes, our struggles, our prayers, it bites and stings us to our fall. Here was this young man, raised to a high eminence of popular fame, eloquent, influential, attended by the most brilliant success. He had formed a new relationship. The confidence and devotion of woman had again blessed him, his name was enrolled among those of Christ's disciples; and yet at the *last* — at the *last* — that which seemed crushed and dead within him, awoke — and he fell. Is not this an argument for *Total Abstinence*, more eloquent, more thrilling, than any that ever came in mere words? Young man — moderate drinker — take the glass, before you drink, from your lips, and consider it!

But do we intend by what we have said of the force and long vitality of appetite to discourage those who have reformed from habits of intemperance? Not we! We are of the last who can utter such a prophecy of despair. We have faith in human nature. We have, stronger still, faith in God that he will aid the earnest striver after better things. Let him who has fallen, rise, take hold of God's Hand, and trust. If he fall again — let him rise, and look to God, and cling to His strength! So shall he triumph — for the good is mightier than the evil. We said not what we did in order to discourage the reforming, but to alarm the falling. For that alarm, every word that we have written is true, and affords just cause.

But if Gough has thus fallen, the victim of his appetite, what then? Why, take him by the hand, and lift him up! Put the ring on that hand, and shoes on his feet,

and bid him God-speed once more. He has only proved what he has so often described. Every word he has uttered in favor of Temperance is made doubly true. Every evil that he has ascribed to appetite is more vividly seen. Still stronger cause has he to hate Intemperance — with redoubled energy may he battle against it, the energy of increased wrong and of new shame. Do we, therefore, *approve* what he has done? Do we *excuse* him if he has been guilty? Do we make his fall a *light* thing? Make that fall a light thing! Mark that anguish, that sense of broken resolution, that fear of lost respectability, those terrors within and without — and see how light a thing it is. But his guilt is between him and his God. Our part is not to condemn, but to pity and forgive. We have no right to condemn. “We know what is done — we do *not* know what has been *resisted*.” When shall we have a nobler, a Christian charity in the world, that shall not harshly judge other men, that shall compute their temptations, that shall cause each to realize his own opportunities and to feel his own weakness? Away with that harsh and mean spirit that sneers at another's downfall, that cries out “hypocrisy, and gross sin” — that denounces without knowledge! And let us have more of that spirit that forgives until seventy times seven — that knows no exhaustion of forbearance and of kindness. Better is it to heal than to crush. The shattered harp shall not be cast away, but, re-strung and re-tuned, shall yet bless and win by its melody, swelling, perhaps, with a sadder, yet with a nobler and stronger tone because of its trial.

And as for the Temperance Cause, *that* cannot fall or fail. It is of God! Let us not depend too much upon men, and, if we have done so, humble ourselves before Heaven, acknowledge our fault, and then rise, go forward and labor. The redeemed of the past are earnest of the future. The goodness of the cause is its pledge of success. Through trial and effort, aided by God's Right Hand, it moves on to certain and permanent victory.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE E. W. GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Lodge convened at its called session on Tuesday, the 9th September. The number of Representatives was large, nearly every Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment entitled being represented. The M. W. Grand Sire Howell Hopkins, Esq., of Philadelphia, called the Lodge to order at the hour appointed, and after the ceremony of opening by solemn prayer by the Grand Chaplain, he submitted his Report, containing in brief the objects of the Special Session, and the reasons for its convocation at the present time. The Lodge then proceeded to act upon the credentials of members, and some hours of the first day were consumed in considering the legality of certain evidences of membership, for the most part consisting of resolutions passed by Grand Lodges, prolonging the terms of office of their Representatives beyond the limitation in the original certificates. The Lodge finally decided, that when no claim to a seat under such circumstances was contested, the intention of the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment should be respected and complied with notwithstanding an apparent irregularity in the credentials of its Representatives.

The Lodge then passed to the consideration of the great object of the Special Session, the Report of the Committee on the Revision of the Lectures and Charges of the Order. A printed copy was placed in the hands of each member, to be retained

only during the Special Session. The Grand Lodge on the second morning of the session commenced regularly the business of the revision, and for that purpose went into committee of the whole in secret session. Of course the details of action cannot be made known to our readers. We know that the members of the Grand Lodge were in patient and laborious session for the remainder of the week, and consummated the complete revision of the Lectures and Charges of the Subordinate branch of the Order. Of the nature of the revision we are allowed to speak only in the most general terms. It is for the most part thorough and even radical, except that it does not disturb the arrangement of the work. The Lectures and Charges are in every respect beautiful and instructive, and in such harmonious gradation that they will enable those who receive them to pass pleasantly and unperplexedly from the lowest to the highest step in the knowledge of Odd Fellowship. The report of the Committee, Bros. Chapin, Ridgely, McCabe, Kennedy and Moore, was worthy of their reputation, whether of exalted literary attainments, or of a correct and just knowledge of the condition and wants of the Order. We are prepared to hear the universal response of commendation from the Order, when, at the commencement of the new year, the revised work shall be placed in their hands, so perfectly consistent is it with the enlarged and generous principles which are the vitality of our institution.

It was found necessary to defer action upon the revision of the Encampment Degrees until the regular session, the whole of the special session being passed in action upon that portion of the work which is justly the foundation of all instruction in Odd Fellowship. The Patriarchal branch of the Order received in due time its proper consideration, and a very thorough revision has ended in some important and highly necessary changes. The Encampment will henceforth be a beautiful embellishment to the Order, and we are confident it will occupy a more elevated rank than heretofore, in its number of members, its usefulness, and in the attachment towards it of those who have received its degrees and honors.

We congratulate the Order upon the successful termination of the labors of the Grand Lodge of the United States at its special session; for we are satisfied that the result, regarded with so much anxiety, is favorable to the progress and welfare of the Order in this country.

W. E. F.

GRAND LODGE OF RHODE ISLAND.

WE have been favored with a copy of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge from its institution, April 15th, 1844, to August 6th, 1845. From the Annual Report of the Subordinates for 1845 (nine in number), it appears there were initiated 732; rejected, 51; suspended, 2; expelled, 5; deaths, 3; contributing members, 1056; amount of receipts, \$11,255.69; amount due Grand Lodge, \$1,125.51; number of Past Grands, 40. The Annual Report of G. M. James Wood is written in his usual happy style, and is a most interesting document. He speaks in the most flattering terms of the state of the Order in Rhode Island.

The following are the elective officers of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year:

ASA W. DAVIS, M. W. G. Master.
WM. W. KNIGHT, D. G. Master.
JONATHAN M. WHEELER, G. Warden.
ROBERT H. BARTON, G. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKS, G. Treasurer.
MARK GRAVES, G. Chaplain.

NEW WORKS.

Michelet's France.

This splendid work, now issuing from the press of the Appletons, deserves a longer notice than we can now devote to it. That notice we intend to give. We will only say now that it is one of the most fascinating works we ever read. Go to Haliburton's, in State street, and obtain it.

Physic and Physicians.

We should judge this to be a most entertaining and instructive work—full of capital anecdotes.

The National Magazine.

We have not read this periodical, of which four numbers have appeared; but it seems, upon a superficial examination, to be one of great value, especially relating to the industrial interests of our country.

For the two works above named, we are indebted to the politeness of Bro. Haliburton, State street, where these and many other excellent publications may be obtained. The new arrivals by the steamers are duly received, and for sale at the earliest dates, and we bespeak for the establishment patronage from our readers.

The West Point Cadet. By "Harry Hazel."

This is "Harry's" latest work, and we believe his best. It is written in a very lively style, and presents an agreeable contrast in this respect to the great mass of stupid trash that makes up the *nouvelette* school of literature. Ned Dawson, one of the principal characters, figures very amusingly throughout. The absurd practice of duelling is held up to deserved ridicule.

ERROR.—In the list of officers of the Grand Encampment, as published in the last *Symbol*, the name of *William H. Ellison* appears as G. C. P. Bro. Ellison requests of us to say that he has no middle name. We regret the mistake, as communications have been addressed to him, and it has been attended with considerable trouble, both to himself and others. But with us, as with all other good folks, mistakes *will* happen. Write simply **WILLIAM ELLISON**.

For the *Symbol*.

OBJECTIONS TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THE principal objection raised against Odd Fellowship by those who, through ignorance or wilfulness, *do* not, or *will* not understand it, is, that "it is altogether too exclusive,—that its charity is not like that which Christians ought to be possessed of." And when you ask them what they think of the Order, some of them will tell you that there is nothing good about it—that it is a "selfish concern."

Now let us examine it, and see wherein its exclusiveness and selfishness lie. This objection implies a presupposition that when a person joins this Order, he at the same time shuts himself out from all intercourse with the world at large,—that all his charitable deeds must necessarily be confined within the limits of the Order. But every rational man knows that such is not the case. When a man joins this Order, he still holds the same relation to the world as before, and has the same disposition towards mankind in general. If he had a disposition to di-

vide with the needy stranger that which he possessed of this world's goods,—to look upon suffering humanity with feelings of active benevolence before he became an Odd Fellow, he will have the same disposition, the same feelings still. So that however he may be bound to help his brother Odd Fellow in distress, he is no less bound to exercise that general benevolence which the Christian religion inculcates. The leading principles which are laid down as the duty of every member of our Order to act upon, are Benevolence, Charity, Friendship, and Love to every man; and not, as some have erroneously or wilfully supposed, exclusively confined to the Order. Indeed, the very obligation which a person takes upon himself when he is initiated, not only makes it his duty to succor his brother Odd Fellow whom he may find in distress, but to dispense with a generous hand to his deserving needy fellow-creature, wherever he may find him, all the assistance which he can with justice to himself; and in short, to live up to the principles of the Order towards every man, always keeping in view those motives to Christian charity,—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

Of course, in our intercourse with the world, where our acts of benevolence must necessarily be limited, we would attend first to the sufferings and wants of our own family. It is one of the first principles of our nature to have our affections most strongly bound to our own kindred. Our fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters have the first claims upon our benevolence and love. Then a person may form another connexion in life; he may take upon himself the greatest of all earthly obligations,—that of matrimony: and here again, his benevolence is called first to the support of his wife and children, and if in doing this he uses all his means, then his charity must, of necessity, be confined to his own family. But if he has to spare, then he may still be charitable to the world.

Now should a man be censured for binding himself to such a duty? for taking upon himself such obligations as these because they have a prior claim upon his benevolence? Certainly not. No rational man will say so.

It is the same in relation to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. A man may join this institution, not only to avail himself of the great and incalculable benefits arising from it, but to find an association of brothers, where he can feel that he is at home, and among those who care for him, and whose sympathies are ever alive to every thing that belongs to him, which are the same motives that led him to form those other ties of which I have spoken, and which all must admire and respect.

Here again he forms another connection, and joins himself to those who have a peculiar claim upon his charity and friendship. And in doing this, his benevolence becomes no more exclusive, in relation to the world, than it did in either of the former connections. He would, of course, attend first to the wants of those who were bound to him by the strong ties of reciprocal obligation and love. He forms, as it were, a family relation, only on a large scale, and every Odd Fellow considers his Lodge as his family; and if, in dispensing the favors with which Heaven has blessed him, upon the needy brothers of the Order,

he uses all he has to spare, then his charity must be confined within the limits prescribed by his means. But if, after succoring those who, were he sick or in need, he knows would fly to his assistance in a moment, he has something to spare, then he may go and aid his fellow men, whenever there is need and his means will allow.

Now why may not a man form such a connection as *this*, and give it a prior claim upon his benevolence, with just as much justice to the world, and obedience to the principles of Christianity, as he may form any of the nearer and dearer connections of life, and give *them* a prior claim upon his benevolence? No man, I think, can conscientiously and understandingly say to the contrary.

Some persons suppose that all that actuates an Odd Fellow to assist his brother, is the binding *form* of the obligation which he has taken; but it is not so. When an Odd Fellow sees a brother in distress, he does not stop to consider whether his formal obligations to his brother require that he should aid him, but it is a high sense of his duty and of the relation in which they stand. Here duty is a pleasure, and the happiness of doing this duty is enhanced by the knowledge that you yourself would receive the same favor at his hands if you needed it.

I have seen a man laid low upon a bed of sickness, where day after day and week after week he lay without hope of recovery. This man was a *Christian*. Did a knowledge of this fact call around his bedside his neighboring Christians, to minister to his relief, and to put in *practice* that *Christian charity* which they use so much *theoretically*? No! But he was an ODD FELLOW. This was enough to open to him the bright path of peace and comfort, at least as far as this world's goods could go. He was cheered by the constant attention of his brothers. All anxiety as to the source of his means was removed, and under the salutary influence of the observance of the principles of our Order, he slowly recovered.

This is no solitary case; but we hear of them every day. Let our opposers cavil as they may, they can find no institution which carries out the Christian principles of charity in so broad a sense as the Odd Fellows. No matter of what religious sect or political party, they come together as our family, and act as our brotherhood.

Another objection which they raise, is, "It is a *secret* institution, and secret societies must be evil." This great *secret* is a terrible thing in this free land. But what is this secret? Are any of our principles secret? No: we lay them before the world to prove the character of our institution. Are any of our laws a secret? No: our "Constitution and By-Laws" are open for the examination of the world; and there they may see the true Christian basis upon which we act. All our works, all our ends and aims are bare to the world; they see our works all around us.

Now if a man has a family, common custom keeps his "sitting-room" free from the intrusions of the idler; he knows his family connections, and consequently the idle and vicious cannot palm themselves off upon his bounty as brothers or relatives. But with the Odd Fellow it is different. His family of brothers extends over the whole country; and were it not for some means, which Odd Fellows alone possess, of

making themselves known, we should soon be imposed upon by every one, who, having become degraded by idleness and vice, thought he could avail himself of the benefits arising from our charity; and our social circles,—our “family sitting-rooms,”—would be constantly disturbed by the intrusions of the base and wicked.

So this is the great “*secret*”! It needs no comment. Every one, with “half an eye,” can see the absurdity of the objection.

There is one other objection, and that is, “It is increasing so fast in strength and numbers, that it will one day affect the government of our country.” This objection is too anomalistical to be noticed; but we will just say in closing, for the sake of somewhat tranquillizing such troubled minds, that nothing of the *least political nature* is ever allowed in any Lodge; and that the best and wisest men of our country, and men in whom the people repose the greatest confidence, are Odd Fellows.

When the principles of Odd Fellowship shall have been appreciated by all, and every man shall have become an Odd Fellow, then will the Christian mission have been accomplished—then all men will come together as one family, and the tears of the poor and distressed shall cease to flow.

S. C * * .

MARRIED,

In Boston, by Rev. Christopher Mason, Bro. Joseph Woodrough, of West Cambridge, (Bethel Lodge), to Miss Agnes Moreman, of Boston.

In Cambridge, Sept. 14th, by Rev. Bro. Randali, Bro. John Schouler, of West Cambridge, (Bethel Lodge), to Miss Mary, daughter of Bro. Isaac Newton, of Cambridge, (Franklin Lodge).

In Charlestown, Sept. 8th, by Bro. S. P. Skinner, Bro. George Gould, of Elliot Lodge, No. 88, Newton, to Miss Almira R. Andrews, of Charlestown.

In Woburn, Sept. 2, by Rev. Bro. W. B. Randolph, E. H. Smith to Miss Anna E. Tidd.

In Carver, Aug. 31, by Rev. Mr. King, Bro. Alvan C. Harlow, of May Flower Lodge, Plymouth, to Miss Rosetta Beards.

In Exeter, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Hurd, Bro. James W. Nightingale, of Unity Lodge, Boston, to Miss Mary F. Folsom, of Exeter.

[For the cake accompanying each of the above notices, the printer returns his sincere thanks.]

OBITUARY.

Died, at West Cambridge, August 14th, of consumption, Bro. CHARLES BROOKS, aged 27 years. Bro. Brooks was a member of Menotomy Encampment and of Bethel Lodge, nor was it in their circle alone that he was highly esteemed, but in social life beloved, and in community respected. During his illness our brother cherished the belief that he should regain his health, nor did those who thought differently deem it prudent (however cruel the deception) to reveal to him their fears, lest, by destroying hope, they might accelerate or make more sure the sad object of their fears, now consummated in the departure of our lamented brother.

When in the fulness of years, and perhaps with growing infirmities, one falls, we seem to behold in such event the execution of nature's laws. When childhood, in its weakness and innocence, falls before the destroyer, we feel that a wise Providence, in the fulfilment of its designs, has but transplanted the flower ere the storms of life have too rudely assailed it. But when (as with our deceased brother) one is taken in manhood's strength, in the midst of growing usefulness, clustering hopes and fond affections, we more fully realize that life has no strong tower, no fortification against disease and death. Such, doubtless, were the reflections of many whom the ties of brotherhood and affection had drawn to the bedside of the departed, as they read “passing away!” upon those features which a year since bore the fairest impress of health, than which none were more constantly lit with the smile that betokens happiness.

Having paid the last and saddest of our duties at our brother's grave, a voice seems to whisper us thence, Ye may fitly weep for the departed, but let your sorrow for the dead quicken your duties to the living; cherish and comfort them amidst the trials of life, and thus long avert the darts of the spoiler. Then as your tears fall upon a brother's grave, they shall be sanctified by the most precious recollections, and through them ye shall behold the bands that are loosed on earth more strongly bound in heaven.

J. H. S.

I. O. OF O. F. APRONS.

THE Subscribers having been appointed sole Agents for the sale of the Scarlet Apron, designed by Dr. Wm. Reed, of Lynn, and approved by the R. W. Grand Lodge at their last annual meeting, are prepared to furnish them to Lodges or individuals at the wholesale prices. The design exhibits a beautiful combination of the emblems of the Order, and is not only interesting as a work of art, but replete with instruction.

RUGGLES & HASKELL, 11-2 Tremont Row, up stairs.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

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- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—Wm Ellison, GCP; Raymond Cole, GHP; James M Stone, GSW; J W Bund, GJW; Wm H Jones, G Scribe; Joseph Newmarch, G Treas.
- MASSAHOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.**—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; R M Baker, Treas.
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- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.**—Anson Huntington, CP; Ithamar W Beard, HP; A J Hersey, SW; Geo Fairgraves, JW; Abel Rolfe, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.**—Wm Caban, CP; Justin Jones, HP; Ashbel Wait, SW; Chas Poor, JW; Isaac Cook, Scribe; Thomas Greenleaf, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.**—Charles Sampson, CP; Reuben Wheeler, HP; S Newmarch, SW; J D Newhall, JW; W A Butters, Scribe; A M Holden, Treas.
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- ANNANAW ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.**—Elisha Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; SG Driscoll, SW; E R Sawin, JW; J C Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.**—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Waitt, Treas.
- WACHUSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.**—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; S S Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.
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- WARREN DEGREE LODGE, No. 3.**—A J P Whitcomb, DM; Daniel Leach, ADM; Joseph Cracklin, DADM; Thos Miller PG; Wm Everett, VG; Eben'r Pratt, Sec.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.**—Charles H White, DM; John A Harris, ADM; Cha's Smith, DADM; Joseph Leonard, VG; D N Pickering, Jr, PG; Brewster Reynolds, Sec; Daniel Hale, Treas.
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- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.**—Daniel Johnson, NG; James R Bugbee, VG; John H Clapp, Rec Sec; J C Cutter, Per Sec; Thos J Elliott, Treas; John Smith Chaplain; J Stearns Hurd, Physician.
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- COVENANT, No. 16.**—J W Phelps, NG; Wm Rogers, VG; Jas W Bailey, Rec Sec; Truman D Chapman Per Sec; Carmi E King, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX No. 17.**—Geo Baldwin, NG; Daniel Gould, VG; Wm C Prescott, Sec; Sam'l Baldwin, Treas; John McLeish, Chaplain.
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- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—S P Greenwood, NG; Dan'l H Thurston, VG; W P Butterfield, Rec Sec; P B G Messenger, Per Sec; Curtis Davis, Treas; Lucius R Paige, Chaplain.

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- FRANKLIN**, No. 23.—E Oliver, NG; John Snelling, Jr, VG; John Clark, Rec Sec; R McPhall, Per Sec; A A Watson, Treas; J McCollam, Chaplain.
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- MAY FLOWER**, No. 54.—Isaac B Rich, NG; Geo Simmons, Jr, VG; Harvey W Weston, Sec; Levi Bradford, Jr, Treas.
- ATLANTIC**, No. 55.—Andrew Lackey, Jr, NG; Benj Brown, VG; Geo E Bartlett, Rec Sec; H Appleton, Per Sec; Thomas Mears, Treas.
- WORCESTER**, No. 56.—Geo C Tatf, NG; Sam'l T Stone, VG; Julius L Clarke, Sec; Wm Greenleaf, Treas.
- BERKSHIRE**, No. 57.—Thos Hassard, Jr, NG; Jas Ostrander, Jr, VG; Roswell Woolson, Sec; S S Jordan, Treas.
- ELLIOT**, No. 58.—Andrew Cheney, NG; Pliny Bosworth, VG; Claudius Wadsworth, Sec; Geo W Keyes, Treas; S P Skinner, Chaplain.
- TAKEWAMSAIT**, No. 59.—Thos A Davis, NG; Charles Herring, VG; Asher Parlin, Sec; Nathan Rice, Treas.
- HARVARD**, No. 60.—Trumbull Bull, NG; S W Holman, VG; E A Holman, Sec; Ebenezer Willis, Treas.
- NONOTUCK**, No. 61.—A H Bullen, NG; Samuel Wells, VG; Luther I Washburn, Rec Sec; R Cheney, Per Sec; C H Hawks, Treas.
- ST. JOHN'S**, No. 62.—Lemuel H Brigham, NG; W W Johnson, VG; Wm F Winkley, Sec; Albert Haden, Treas.

MOUNT HOPE, No. 63.—Robert S Gibbs, NG; Edwin Shaw, VG; Abial S C Lawton, Rec Sec and Per Sec; Christopher W Tillinghast, Treas; Amos D McCoy, Chaplain.
 SHAWHEENS, No. 64.—Wm Schouler, NG; Thos Talbot, VG; John Baldwin, Jr, Sec; Gardiner Parker, Treas; V Lincoln, Chaplain.
 GOLDEN RULE, No. 65.—Simeon Jaquith, NG; William Bacon, VG; Samuel B Nichols, Sec'y; Henry Kittredge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
 NANTUCKET, No 66.—Geo H Riddell, NG; Henry C Worth, VG; Matthew Barnard, Rec Sec; Richard Mitchell, Jr, Per Sec; Francis M Mitchell, Treas.
 POCOMTUCK, No 67.—Stephen Gates, NG; Alpheus F Stone, VG; W H Allen, Sec; R Howland, Treas; James Mudge, Chaplain.
 HARMONY, No. 68.—Albert H Butters, NG; Jas M Woodbridge, VG; George Harvey, Sec'y; Amos Hitchins, Treas.
 MASSASOIT, No. 69.—Darius Forbes, NG; Lorenzo D Hervey, VG; Benj G Green, Rec Sec'y; A S Dudley, Per Sec and Chaplain; Tho's S Mitchell, Treas.
 QUINOBEQUIN, No. 70.—Eliphalet Stone, NG; Carmi Richmond, VG; Augustus Mason, Sec; Aaron Clark, Treas; Hiram Beckwith, Chaplain.
 GROTON, No. 71.—Edwin Coburn, NG; E M Taylor, VG; Geo H Brown, Sec; A Wood, Jr., Treas.
 NORTH SToughton, No. 72.—Elbridge Jones, NG; Ezra Stearns, VG; Wm Hawes, Sec; Luther Hayden, Treas; Thos M Latham, Chaplain.
 WACHUSETT, No. 73.—Joseph N Bates, NG; Nahum F Bryant, VG; Edwin Woods, Sec; Charles Caldwell, Treas.
 WORONOCO, No. 74.—Albert Clark, NG; Alfred A Upton, VG; H F Ketcham, Sec'y; W S Hutton, Treasurer.
 PILGRIM, No. 75.—Lysander Teague, NG; S D Jones, VG; Sam'l Phinney, Sec; J B Hutchinson, Treas; — Eldridge, Chaplain.
 RISING STAR, No. 76.—Hiram Alden, NG; John King, VG; Royal Turner, Sec; P Stevens, Treas.
 UNITY, No. 77.—Jeph't C Bruce, NG; Sidney A Stetson, VG; Levi Chubbuck, Rec Sec; Stillman D Willis, Per Sec; John Carter, Jr, Treas. F T Gray, Chaplain.
 OLIVE BRANCH, No. 78.—Ashael Waitt, NG; James Gould, VG; Augustus H Cole, Sec; Henry P Fairbanks, Treas.
 HOCKOMOCK, No. 79.—Hiram Haven, NG; Phineas French, VG; Elisha F Hyde, Sec; Cyrus J Tirrell, Treas; S H Lloyd, Chaplain.
 MOUNT WOLLASTON, No. 80.—Isaac Cowing, NG; John Brokershire, VG; John V Clark, Sec; Joseph B Witcher, Treas.
 WEWEANTIT, No. 81.—Nathan S Clark, NG; West Luce, VG; George Delano, Sec; John Delano, Treas.
 CRESCENT, No. 82.—W W Barker, NG; John P Lovell, VG; Z L Bicknell, Sec; Josiah E Rice, Treas.
 MUTUAL RELIEF, No. 83.—
 NEPONSET, No. 84.—
 MARLBORO', No. 85.—
 LEOMINSTER, No. 86.—
 EXCELSIOR, No. 87.—C W Mellen, NG; E W Clarke, VG; W C Downes, Sec; H H Sumner, Treas; M M Preston, Chaplain.
 UNION, No. 88.—
 LANCASTER, 89.—
 POWOW RIVER, No. 90.—
 OCEAN, No. 91.—
 TIHONET, No. 92.—
 BLUE HILL, No. 93.—
 MOUNT AUBURN, No. 94.

Maine.

GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; Wm B Hartwell, RWDGM; Geo H Gardiner, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec; Rufus Read, RWG Treas; G W Quinby, RWG Chaplain; Wm R Smith, Nath'l Deering, RWG Reps.
 MACHIGONE ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukesbury, Scribe; Joseph M. Kellogg, Treas.
 EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No 2.—S T Corser, CP; George W Wildridge, HP; Wm E Kimball, SW; E P Burbank, JW; William Boyd, Scribe; Rufus Read, Treas.
 SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT No. 3.—Wm B Hartwell, CP; T S Robinson, HP; John G Sawyer, SW; Chas P Branch, JW; Issachar Snell Scribe; Chas Sager, Treas.
 KATAHDIN ENCAMPMENT No. 4.—Charles Snell, CP; Wm S Warren, HP; A Kirkpatrick, SW; A M Higgins, JW; E C Smart, Scribe; Darius Lawrence, Treas.
 HOBAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Joseph Hardy, CP; Geo F H Halsey, HP; Seth Gurney, SW; Perez Hill, Scribe; Jas L Lombard, Treas.
 SAGADAHOCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Peleg Rush, CP; Elisha Clarke, HP; Thomas Bowles, SW; John Elliot, JW; E H Mitchell, Scribe; E S J Nealley, Treas.
 CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Wm S Warren, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe; L L Bryant, Treas.
 UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DAM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.
 MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—Geo Sawyer, NG; L L Sadler, VG; Wm W Graves, Rec Sec; Charles Harding, Per Sec; John H Hooper, Treas.
 SAGO, No 2.—G W Quinby, NG; J L Lombard, VG; D W Owen, Sec'y; J Stevens, Treasurer.
 GEORGIAN, No. 3.—Christopher Prince, NG; Edwin Rose, VG; Geo Abbott, Rec Sec; Geo Prince, Per Sec; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.
 ANCIENT BROTHERS, No 4.—Charles Cobb, NG; Wm D Little, VG; Louis J de Craney, Rec Sec; Wm Ross, Per Sec; Jos M Kellogg, Treas; W F Farrington, Chaplain.
 LIGONIA, No 5.—Wm Boyd, NG; J W Mansfield, VG; Charles Baker, Sec; J N Morrill, Treas.

- F. SABBATHIS**, No. 6.—Sewall Lancaster, NG; Lewis D Moore, VG; N H Hall, Rec Sec; J W Patterson, Per Sec; Geo Allen, Treas.
- FRANKSCOT**, No. 7.—Allen Haines, NG; Arthur M Higgins, VG; Sam'l B Morrison, Rec Sec; L G McKenny, Per Sec; Thos H Shaw, Treas.
- HELMER**, No. 8.—Ido K Kimball, NG; Freeman Harden, Jr, VG; Arthur L Lovejoy, Rec Sec; E L Lovejoy, Per Sec; A H Kimball, Treas.
- NATHANIS**, No. 9.—Jas F Weston, NG; Moses S Wadsworth, VG; Nath'l K Chadwick, Rec Sec; Nath'l Stone, Per Sec; Freeman Trout, Treas; Jesse B Toaler, Chaplain.
- LINCOLN**, No. 10.—John Elliot, NG; John E Brown, VG; Chas B Lemont, Rec Sec; Levi P Lemont, Per Sec; Aaron Donnell, Treas.
- SACCARAPPA**, No. 11.—Amos H Cobb, NG; Aaron Quimby, VG; Bailey Quimby, Sec; Charles E Twombly, Treas.
- KENDUSKEAG**, No. 12.—Wm P Wingate, NG; Alfred Kirkpatrick, VG; Wm G Badger, Sec; S W Robinson, Treas.
- FRANKSCOT**, 13.—Giles Bailey, NG; Asher Ellis, VG; Benj G Dennison, Sec; Philo Chamberlain, Treas.
- CUSHNOG**, No. 14.—Timothy S Robinson, NG; Greenleaf White, VG; Geo S Hall, Sec; David Golder, Treas; Wm A Drew, Chaplain.
- PASSAGASAWAKIA**, No. 15.—F A Hodgson, NG; S R Wing, VG; Wm H Burrill, Rec Sec; D K Lohrop, Per Sec; Rob't White, Treas; Rev S G Sargent, Chaplain.
- HOBOMOK**, No. 16.—E H Mitchell, NG; B F Chase, VG; C S S Todd, Sec; A L Stimpson, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
- WASHINGTON**, No. 17.—Carlton D Elmes, NG; Wm H Clark, VG; Thomas Hovey, Rec Sec; Thos W Newman, Per Sec; Franklin Scammon, Treas.
- ORONO**, No. 18.—Chas Buffum, NG; Nathan H Allen, VG; Jared F Eveleth, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Daniel Hubbard, Treas.
- PASSAMAQUODDY**, No. 19.—John B Knight, NG; Aaron Hayden, VG; Edward Hiley, Rec Sec; Jos A Coolidge, Per Sec; Smith Tinkham, Treas; E N Harris, Chaplain.
- HARRISON**, No. 20.—Thos H Mead, NG; Amos P Foster, VG; C W Sampson, Sec; Alanson M Thomas, Treas; Chas Soule, Chaplain.
- SOMERSET** and **FRANKLIN**, 21.—Jno P Emerson, NG; Jno Trask, Jr, VG; R B Moores, Rec Sec; D Hinkley, Per Sec; Jas B Dascomb, Treas; Oren Sikes, Chaplain.
- MEDOMAK LODGE**, No. 22.—Thomas Genthner, NG; Alden Jackson, VG; Isaac Reed, Sec; Abram T Moses, Treas.
- SCHOOLAC**, No. 23.—Edward S Dyer, NG; G N Cole, VG; H E Bates, Rec Sec; B M Flint, Per Sec; Wm H C Stearns, Treas; Edward Stone, Chaplain.
- ANDROSCOGGIN**, No. 24.—Temple Tebbets, NG; Geo W Foss, VG; Stephen H Read, Rec Sec; Wm B Frye, Per Sec; Mark Lowell, Treas.
- ACADIA**, No. 25.—Wm H Mills, NG; Daniel McKuer, VG; Daniel M Hockings, Sec; Jeremiah Fenno, Treas.
- MOUSAM**, No. 26.—P S Holden, NG; G Cobbe, VG; J M Richards, Sec; J L Cook, Treas; A Dutch, Chaplain.
- TARRANTINE**, No. 27.—H P A Smith, NG; Denny M Hale, VG; Elbridge G Clark, Sec; James Thibault, Treas.
- OLIVE BRANCH**, No. 28.—George S Woodman, NG; Charles T. Trafton, VG; John B Nealley, Sec; Ca eb Sanborn, Treas.
- CUMBERLAND**, No. 30.—Samuel Andrews, 2d, NG; Benj K Carsley, VG; Wm W Cross, Sec; Lewis Brigham, Treas; B K Carsley, Chaplain.

New Hampshire.

- GRAND LODGE**.—Samuel H Parker, MWGM; Walter French, RWDGM; N B Baker, RWGW; Geo H H Silsbee, RWG Sec; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas; Henry Jewell, RWG Chaplain; G W Montgomery, David Philbrick, RWG Reps.
- NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT**, No. 1.—O D Murray, CP; Cha's T Ridgway, HP; A Mitchell, SW; E A Gallison, JW; I R Philbrick, Scribe; J Rockwood, Treas.
- WONOLANSET ENCAMPMENT**, No. 2.—John B Fish, CP; Daniel J Hoyt, HP; Luther Smith, SW; Edward McQuistin, JW; James Collins, Scribe; Charles B Rollins, Treas.
- PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 3.—Stephen Brown, CP; J F Witherell, HP; A B Currier, SW; Wm Walker, jr, JW; Josiah Stevens, jr, Scribe; Cyrus Hill, Treas.
- QUOICHECHO ENCAMPMENT**, No. 4.—Wm Tredick, CP; Bethiuel Keith, HP; Edmund Freeman, SW; Daniel Bogie, JW; Joseph H Wiggin, Scribe; S S Moulton, Treas.
- STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT**, No. 5.—Joseph Cheever, CP; Jas M Locke, HP; James M Carr, SW; Daniel L Storer, JW; James Moses, Scribe; E M Brown, Treas.
- PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE**.—James M Carr, DM; Nath'l March, ADM; Samuel N Plummer, DADM; Cha's A Colcord, PG; Timothy G Senter, VG; Ab'm Q Wendell, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE**, No. 1.—Joseph H Smith, DM; Moses Fisk, DDM; William Leach, ADM; Charles W Woodman, PG; George Gray, VG; Amasa Roberts, Sec.
- GRANITE**, No. 1.—N P Kimball, NG; A Mitchell, VG; I R Philbrick, Sec; Wm S Atwood, Treas; L C Browne, Chaplain.
- HILLSBORO**, No. 2.—Luther Smith, NG; D J Hoyt, VG; C E Potter, Rec Sec; Chas H Chase, Per Sec; O Marland, Treas.
- WECOHAMET**, No. 3.—William Tredick, NG; Jonathan Cutler, VG; Sam'l H Penderexter, Rec Sec; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec; Jas M Flagg, Treas; W G Anderson, Chaplain.
- WASHINGTON**, No. 4.—J W S Drew, NG; Wm H James, VG; Thos J W Pray, Sec; Ezra Harthorn, Treas; J W Orange, Chaplain.
- WHITE MOUNTAIN**, No. 5.—J E Lang, NG; Wm Walker, Jr, VG; H McAllister, Rec Sec; John C Wilson, Per Sec; O Turner, Treas; Wm P Tilden, Chaplain.
- PISCATAQUA**, No. 6.—Charles J Colcord, NG; Joseph Cheever, VG; Ab'm Q Wendell, Rec Sec; S W Moses, Per Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas; John P Payson, Chaplain.

WINNIPISSIOGEE, No. 7.—Chas W Parker, NG; John M Pitman, VG; Andrew McFarland Sec; Thos Wilder, Treas; Eben S Lawrence, Chaplain.
 SWAMSCOT, No. 8.—Geo O Hilton, NG; Henry C Weatherly, VG; Chas H Parker, Sec; Andrew M Paul, Treas.
 SAGAMORE, No. 9.—Edward H Valentine, NG; Thos L Newell, VG; Geo C Percy, Sec; John Foss, Treas.
 SUNCOOK, No. 10.—Oliver N French, NG; S P H Drake, VG; Jeremiah S Folsom, Sec; Chas Sanderson, Treas.
 MONADNOCK, No. 11.—John Peabody, NG; George Taft, VG; Arnold Kendall, Sec; Amos Lawrence, Treas.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—Asa W Davis, MWGM; Wm W Knight, RWDGM; Jonathan M Wheeler, RWGW; Robert H Barton, RWG Sec; William Hicks, RWG Treas, Mark Graves, RWG Chaplain.
 NARRAGANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—H L Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; J H Richmond, JW; H E Hudson, Scribe; W B Burdick, Treas.
 FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Charles E Richards, NG; Wm Simons, VG; Wm S Draper, Rec Sec; C C Shute, Per Sec'y; S Phillips, Treas; Franklin White, Chaplain; Geo. Capron, Physician.
 EAGLE, No. 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.
 ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Israel Amesbury, Jr, NG; S R Williams, VG; Pardon M Mathinson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Henry M Amesbury, Treas.
 HOPE, No. 4.—Arnold C Hawes, NG; N A Eddy, VG; Levi Salisbury, Rec Sec; W Rathburn, Per Sec; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
 OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—Henry Tiedale, NG; James Atkinson, VG; Augustus Rush, Sec, William Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.
 AMITY, No. 6.—Wm B Snell, NG; Wm H Turner, VG; Jos M Smith, Rec Sec; George Cole, Per Sec; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Chas S Macreading, Chaplain; Almond Gusbee, Physician.
 NARRAGANSET, No. 7.—Charles H Denison, NG; Levi L Derby, VG; Wm H Reynolds, Sec; Peleg Noyes, Treas; Henry Alcom, Chaplain.
 GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—J B Swasey, NG; Wm R Eaton, VG; Jas B Bensley, Rec Sec; William Hood, Per Sec; Zelotus Witherell, Treas; J E Kent, Chaplain.
 CONANICUT, No. 9.—Wm L Hopkins, NG; Robert C Anthony, VG; Albert P Ware, Rec Sec; B F Herrick, Per Sec; Geo S Rathbone, Treas; J E Risley, Chaplain.
 WOONSOCKET, No. 10.—Maxcy B Newell, NG; Lewis B Arnold, VG; Bailey E Borden, Sec; Alfred Morse, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Fredrick Croswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.
 GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
 SASSAGUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Prelate Demick, CP; N C Hall, HP; Lucius A Thomas SW; S H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas; D H Brown, JW.
 ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Chas Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
 PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—H C Bridgham, CP; David Young, HP; Theodore Raymond, SW; H Hobart Roath, JW; Philo M Judson, Scribe; Wm O Thomas, Treas.
 UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—A S Wightman CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Hewitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.
 DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—M A Shepard, CP; W W Bodient, HP; James P Sanders, SW; Jos M Barnum, Scribe; E T Farnum, Treas; James R Greenwood, JW.
 SOUHEAG ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Tho's C Simpson, CP; Ja's S Parmelee, HP; P Fagan, SW; Horace Hall, JW; F Burns, Scribe; L C Hubbard, Treas.
 MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—John W Johnson, CP; Aaron Morley, HP; Ezra Clark, Jr, SW; Sam'l Woodruff, JW; Wm H Swetland, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.
 QUINNIPAC LODGE, No. 1.—Geo N Seagrave, NG; S B Gorham, VG; Walter Osborne, Rec Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.
 CHARTER OAK, No. 2.—Samuel Woodruff, NG; Joseph W Hale, VG; S H Havens, Rec Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Joseph Pratt, Jr, Treas.
 MIDDLESEX, No. 3.—Nathan Tyler, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.
 PEQUANNOCK, No. 4.—Philo T Barnum, NG; Wm S Hanford, VG; Asher H Ruggles, Rec Sec; Israel Kelsey, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.
 HARMONY, No. 5.—Wm H Stanley, NG; John Humphrey, VG; Samuel Tolles, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F Bradley, Treas.
 OUSATONIC, No. 6.—Robert R Wood, NG; Matthew Donnelly, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Sidney Ailing, Treas.
 SAMARITAN, No. 7.—Ethel T Farnum, NG; Thomas Weed, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.
 MERCANTILE, No. 8.—John W Danforth, NG; Charles Spencer, VG; Benjamin Stevens, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Thomas Martin, Treas.
 THAMES, No. 9.—C L Daboll, NG; J K Cortell, VG; T J Greenwood, Rec Sec; Henry Champlain, Per Sec; T S Daboll, Treas; T J Greenwood, Chaplain.
 OUR BROTHERS, No. 10.—S H Barley, NG; Levi Clark, VG; Eli S Quintard, Sec; Henry H Smith, Treas.
 UNCAS, No. 11.—Henry A Barrows, NG; Henry W Borchley, VG; L W Rogers, Rec Sec; John L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.

CENTRAL, No 12.—Wm H Willard, NG; T P Abell, VG; Dennis Sage, Rec Sec; E J Bidwell, Per Sec; O Utley, Treas.
 CHARITY, No 13.—B T Lewis, NG; R Brown, VG; J C P Park, Sec; F H Rogers, Treas.
 WPOWAGE, No 14.—Wm Bush, NG; Fred C Dayton, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; H Mallory, Tr.
 MONTAENESE, No 15.—Wm E Sanford, NG; Luther P Bradley, VG; Jas Lindergreen, Sec; Frederic Crosswell, Treas.
 WASHINGTON, No 16.—Asa W Jillson, NG; Charles Spafford, VG; G B Kirtland, Sec; Robert S Blish, Treas.
 THUMBULL, No 17.—Wm Mercer, NG; J N Harris, VG; John H Lester, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; Henry A Latimer, Treas.
 NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Solomon L Griggs, NG; Wm B Brace, VG; Edwin Kilbourn, Rec Sec; Jeremiah Parish, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.
 MYSTIC, No 19.—Barton Saunders, NG; Albert Saunders, VG; Geo D Hyde, Sec; Nathan P Whitney, Treas.
 FENWICK, No 20.—Nathan Pratt, NG; James Phelps, VG; James H Pratt, Rec Sec; Edward W Pratt, Treas.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., March, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.—Rufus M Fuller, NG; I W Allen, VG; Charles P Bradley, Sec; Cassius P Beck, Treas; Martin A Seymour, Chaplain.
 VERMONT, No. 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vail, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN THE U. STATES—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES

Meets at Baltimore, Md., on the 3d Monday in September, annually.

Howell Hopkins, of Penn., M. W. G. S.
 William S. Stewart, of Mo., M. W. D. G. S.
 J. L. Ridgely, of Md., M. W. G. C. and R. Sec.
 A. E. Wagner, of Md., R. W. G. Treasurer.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts	Boston	Mon
2 Siloam	do	Thu
4 New England	East Cambridge	Fri
7 Merrimack	Lowell	Mon
8 Suffolk	Boston	Tue
9 Crystal Fount.	Woburn	Mon
10 Oriental	Boston	Wed
11 Mechanics	Lowell	Fri
12 Bethel	West Cambridge	Tue
13 Nazarene	Ware Village	Mon
14 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	Mon
15 Tremont	Boston	Wed
16 Covenant	do	Mon
17 Middlesex	Malden	Wed
18 Warren	Roxbury	Tue
19 Monument	East Lexington	Thu
20 Friendship	Cambridgeport	Mon
21 Fidelity	Andover	Thu
22 Howard	Charlestown	Fri
23 Franklin	Boston	Fri
24 Winnisimmet	Chelsea	Tue
25 Boston	Boston	Fri
26 Essex	Salem	Mon
27 Hampden	Springfield	Mon
28 Oberlin	Lowell	Tue
29 Columbian	Stoneham	Tue
30 Bethesda	South Boston	Mon
31 Lafayette	Watertown	Wed
32 Ancient Landmark	Boston	Mon
33 Montezuma	do	Wed
34 Hope	Methuen	Wed
35 Prospect	Waltham	Mon
36 Maverick	East Boston	Mon

37 Shawmut	Boston	Tue
38 Souhegan	South Reading	Mon
39 Quasacuncneu	Newburyport	Thu
40 Bay State	Lynn	Tue
41 Acushnet	New Bedford	Wed
42 Pacific	Boston	Thu
43 Quinsigamond	Worcester	Mon
44 King Philip	Taunton	Tue
45 Framingham	Saxonville	Wed
46 Tuquantum	Milford	Mon
47 Macedonian	Bedford	Wed
48 Norfolk	Dorchester	Wed
49 Veritas	Lowell	Mon
50 Concord	Concord	Tue
51 Mystic	Chelsea	Mon
52 Agawam	Ipswich	Thu
53 Hobah	South Boston	Fri
54 May Flower	Plymouth	Tue
55 Atlantic	Marblehead	Wed
56 Worcester	Worcester	Fri
57 Berkshire	Pittsfield	Tue
58 Elliot	Newton Upper Falls	Thu
59 Takewambait	Natick	Tues
60 Harvard	Harvard	Mon
61 Nonotuck	Northampton	Mon
62 St. John's	Cabotville	Tue
63 Mount Hope	Fall River	Thu
64 Shawheene	Billerica	Mon
65 Golden Rule	Wilmington	Thu
66 Nantucket	Nantucket	Tue
67 Pocumtuck	Greenfield	Tue
68 Harmony	Medford	Mon
69 Massasoit	North Bridgewater	Thu
70 Quinobequin	Dedham	Thu
71 Groton	Groton	Wed
72 North Stoughton	North Stoughton	Mon
73 Wachusett	Barre	Tue
74 Woronoco	Westfield	Mon
75 Pilgrim	Abington	Wed
76 Rising Star	Randolph	Tue
77 Unity	Boston	Tue
78 Olive Branch	Charlestown	Mon
79 Hockomock	Westboro'	Mon
80 Mount Wollaston	Quincy	Mon
81 Wewasitit	Rocheater (Sip. VII.)	Mon
82 Crescent	East Weymouth	Mon

83 Mutual Relief	Haverhill
84 Neponset	Milton
85 Marlboro'	Marlboro'
86 Leominster	Leominster
87 Excelsior	Foxboro'
88 Union	Douglas
89 Lancaster	Lancaster
90 Powow River	Amesbury
91 Ocean Lodge	Gloucester
92 Tihonet Lodge	Sandwich
93 Blue Hill Lodge	Canton
94 Mount Auburn	Old Cambridge

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union	BostonSat
2 Maverick	East Boston2 4 Fri
3 Warren	RoxburyThu
4 United Brothers	S. Boston2 Mon, 4 Fri
5 Norfolk	Dorchester1 3 Mon

GRAND ENCAMPMENT,

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massachusetts	Boston1 3 Fri
2 Tri-Mount	do.2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy	West Cambridge2 4 Fri
4 Monomake	Lowell2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill	Charlestown1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington	South Boston2 4 Thu
7 Merrimack	Newburyport2 4 Mon
8 Annawan	New Bedford2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex	Malden2 4 Fri
10 Wachusett	Worcester1 3 Fri
11 Nahant	Lynn1 3 Thu
12 Shalom	Roxbury1 3 Fri
13 Naumkeag	Salmon2 4 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine	PortlandMon
2 Saco	do.Tue
3 Georgian	ThomastonMon
4 Ancient Brothers	PortlandThu
5 Ligonla	do.Sat
6 Sabbatias	AugustaWed
7 Penobscot	BangorThu
8 Relief	East ThomastonFri
9 Natchnis	GardinerFri
10 Lincoln	BathMon
11 Sacarappa	SacarappaWed
12 Kenduskeag	BangorMon
13 Pejepscot	BrunswickThu
14 Cushnoc	AugustaFri
15 Passamaquoddy	BelfastMon
16 Hobomok	BathFri
17 Washington	HallowellMon
18 Orono	OronoSat
19 Passamaquoddy	EastportMon
20 Harrison	Harrison1 3 Mon
21 Somerset & Franklin	MercerMon
22 Medomok	Waldoboro'Tue
23 Schoolac	CalaisTue
24 Androscoggin	Lewiston FallsFri
25 Acadia	BangorMon
26 Mousam	KennebunkThu
27 Tarratine	Oldtown
28 Olive Branch	South BerwickFri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Machigonne	Portland1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Star	do.2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore	Augusta1 3 Tue
4 Katahdin	Bangor1 3 Wed
5 Hobab	Saco1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock	Bath2 4 Wed
7 Churchill	Thomaston

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite	NashuaTue
2 Hillabero'	ManchesterMon
3 Wecohamet	DoverThu
4 Washington	SomersetTue
5 White Mountain	ConcordFri
6 Warren	Roxbury2 4 Fri
7 Piscataqua	PortsmouthMon
8 Winnipissogee	Meredith BridgeTue
9 Swampscot	NewmarketSat
10 Sagamore	ExeterThu
11 Suncook	PittsfieldMon
12 Monadnock	Mason Village

DEGREE LODGES.

Piscataqua	Portsmouth1 3 Fri
1 Union Degree	Dover1 3 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon	Nashua1 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset	Manchester2 4 Fri
3 Penacook	Concord
4 Quocchocho	Dover2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank	Portsmouth2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union	ProvidenceThu
2 Eagle	do.Wed
3 Roger Williams	do.Tue
4 Hope	do.Mon
5 Ocean	NewportFri
6 Amity	WarrenWed
7 Narragansett	WesterlyTue
8 Good Samaritan	PawtucketFri
9 Conanicut	ProvidenceFri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narragansett	Providence2 4 Fri
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STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinipiac	New HavenMon
2 Charter Oak	HartfordTue
3 Middlesex	East Haddam1 3 Mon
4 Pequannock	BridgeportTue
5 Harmony	New HavenTue
6 Ouseatic	DerbyMon
7 Samaritan	DanburyWed
8 Mercantile	HartfordFri
9 Thames	New LondonMon
10 Our Brothers	NorwalkMon
11 Uncas	NorwichMon
12 Central	MiddletownThu
13 Charity	Lower MysticWed
14 Wopowage	MilfordWed
15 Montawee	New HavenWed
16 Washington	Willimantic VillageSat
17 Trumbull	New LondonTue
18 Nathan Hale	ToilandWed
19 Mystic	MysticThu
20 Fenwick	EssexThu
22 Farmers' and Mechanics'	Warehouse Point

GRAND ENCAMPMENT,

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sassacus	New Haven1 3 Fri
2 Oriental	East Haddam2 4 Fri
3 Palmyra	Norwich1 3 Fri
4 Unity	New London2 4 Thu
5 Souheag	Middletown1 3 Tue
6 Devotion	Danbury1 3 Fri
7 Midian	Hartford1 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green Mountain	BurlingtonMon
2 Vermont	MontpelierThu

THE SYMBOL, AND ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

NO. XI.

REPORT OF THE GRAND COR. AND REC. SECRETARY.

OFFICE COR. AND REC. SECRETARY, }
R. W. G. L. U. S. }

To the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States:

THE undersigned has the honor to present, as directed by law, the Annual Report of the Department. The various subjects of duty enjoined upon the Grand Secretary at the last session are comprised within the following resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, That the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments which have not complied with the resolution of this Grand Lodge of the 21st September, 1843, requiring certain returns, in order to enable the Grand Secretary to make up a "numerical register," be and are hereby required to make the said returns without further unnecessary delay.

2. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the Grand Officers to furnish such subordinate Lodges or Encampments hereafter chartered by this Grand Lodge, with a copy of the present volume of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge, and also to each subordinate Lodge or Encampment at present under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, in any state, district or territory where no Grand Lodge or Encampment exists, and for that purpose, that the Grand Secretary subscribe for fifty copies extra of the Proceedings as published by McGowan & Treadwell.

3. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be directed to have printed two hundred copies of the Diploma.

4. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary have the discretionary power, during the recess of the Grand Lodge, to have printed, from time to time, such number of copies of the Diploma as may be for the interest of the Grand Lodge, and as in his judgment may be requisite to the demand.

5. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be, and is hereby authorized to present to each of the Grand Officers and Grand Representatives of the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the United States, a copy of the first, second and third editions of the Covenant and Official Magazine.

6. *Resolved*, That the balance of the copies be bound in cheap form and sold at the sum of one dollar per copy.

7. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be and is hereby directed to forward bills

to all Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, indebted to this Grand Lodge, with an earnest request that they immediately forward the amount.

8. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary's and Grand Treasurer's accounts, embracing the entire financial matters of the Grand Lodge of the United States, shall be made out annually by said officers in account current forms, printed and presented, with vouchers, on the first day of the Annual Session.

9. *Resolved*, That to enable the Grand Secretary to comply effectually with the foregoing resolution, the D. Deputy Grand Sires, Secretaries and Scribes, be required to report quarterly with their financial reports particularly designating what Lodge or Encampment is to be credited.

10. *Resolved*, That the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to cause a suitable plate of the Cards of Clearance and Visiting Cards to be engraved, and that the State Grand Lodges and Encampments be furnished with said Cards at cost, and that no State Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment shall have a right to print said Cards after 1st January next.

11. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to furnish blank printed forms for returns for the use of Grand and Subordinate Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, and that he be directed to transmit them, by mail or otherwise, to the officers of the different bodies in time to receive seasonable and correct returns.

12. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to procure one thousand copies of the Journal of Proceedings of this session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, under the direction of the committee appointed to contract for the printing of the Charge Books.

13. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary is hereby authorized to have five hundred copies of the Constitution and By-Laws of this Grand Lodge printed.

During the recess, the Corresponding Secretary has received some additional returns upon the subject of a Numerical Register, in obedience to the order of September session, 1843, and reiterated by resolution of the last session. I regret again to report, that the list still remains incomplete—the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Virginia, North Carolina, Indiana, Illinois, and Tennessee, the Province of Canada, and the Republic of Texas, having omitted to furnish reports, as directed by the resolutions referred to. I have also to regret that the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, with but few exceptions, have failed to continue their reports of new Lodges and Encampments, as they are respectively created, conformably to the requisition of September session, 1843.

Under these circumstances, the preparation of a Numerical Register of all the Lodges and Encampments under your jurisdiction, must be again deferred, awaiting full returns from the States.

Notwithstanding the publicity which has been given to this subject, through the Journal and by means of a circular from this office, it is believed that all the Subordinates may not have had notice, and the undersigned suggests that, during the ensuing year, by the aid of the D. D. G. Sires, the wishes of the Grand Lodge of the United States in this particular will be gratified.

The duties prescribed in the second resolution have been discharged. By authority of the third resolution, an edition of one thousand copies of Diplomas were printed soon after the last session, nearly the whole of which would have been sold, but for the impracticability of obtaining the signatures of the Grand Officers to these instruments, in consequence of their distance from the seat of government. It is respectfully suggested that the interest of the Grand Lodge would be much promoted by a modification of the existing law which requires the signature of the Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire, and Corresponding and Recording Secretary to these documents. As directed by the fourth resolution, a copy of the Covenant and Official Magazine has been furnished to each of the Grand Representatives of the last session. The fifth resolution directs that the balance of copies *be bound in cheap form* and sold at the price of one dollar per copy. The Corresponding Secretary, upon inquiry, learned that binding in the cheapest form could not be had at less than ten cents per copy, and, believing that it was the design of the resolution that the work should yield the sum of one dollar per volume nett to the Grand Lodge of the United States, determined to offer the same for sale in pamphlet form at that price, leaving the matter of binding to the discretion and cost of the purchaser. This course was adopted from two considerations—first, from an apprehension that binding in a cheap form

would not assist in the sale of the work; and secondly, that the expense of binding would tax very considerably its value, if the entire unsold edition, consisting of a large number of the first and second volumes, were bound in such style. According to this conclusion, the Corresponding Secretary advertised for sale, upon the cover of the October number, 1844, of the Covenant, the balance of the copies of that work on hand at one dollar per copy, designing to sell them in the pamphlet form in which they were published. Brothers John W. Bull and R. W. Glass, of Shelbyville, Kentucky, became the purchasers upon the terms of the advertisement, and, in order to enable the undersigned to comply with the contract, it became necessary to cause a reprint of five hundred copies of vol. iii., which, by reason of the limited issue for that year, had become exhausted. This being done, the purchasers were invested with the absolute right of property in the entire unsold edition, and five hundred copies were placed to their account, with the preferred right to the balance upon the same terms. Three hundred copies were forwarded to the address of the purchasers, at their instance, and two hundred retained, subject to their order. Shortly after this period, the Corresponding Secretary was advised by the purchasers, they having learned that the Grand Lodge had, by resolution, directed the sale of the work in *cheap binding*, that they considered themselves entitled to receive it in such form, or to an equivalent discount upon the price. The undersigned declined a compliance with this request, and respectfully referred the brethren to the Grand Lodge. To this suggestion they assented, and a modification to that effect was made in the original contract, by which the purchasers agreed to receive three hundred copies which had been forwarded, at one dollar per copy, with the reservation of applying to the Grand Lodge at its present session for the reduction claimed. The terms of sale were one third in cash, and the residue in twelve and eighteen months, with interest from 1st January, 1845, to be secured by endorsed notes, to be approved by the Grand Representatives of Kentucky. These terms have been complied with, and I have the pleasure to acknowledge myself much indebted to the Grand Representatives Fonda and Hinkle, for their valuable and prompt services in consummating the sale and remitting the proceeds to this Department.

The sixth resolution has been strictly complied with. The undersigned confesses that the order comprised in the seventh resolution, "that the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer's accounts, embracing the entire financial matters of the Grand Lodge, shall be made annually by said officers, *in account current forms*, printed and presented, with vouchers, on the first day of the Annual Session," has not been distinctly understood by him, and he has, therefore, preferred to render his fiscal account in the simple and perfectly intelligible form provided by former laws. There are no accounts current whatever subsisting between the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer. They are independent officers, and the duties of each are separate and distinct. The Grand Secretary is the mere recipient of moneys transmitted by the Subordinates, for the purpose of awarding appropriate credits and filing away the evidence of the amount of indebtedness discharged; his duty is, in the language of the law, "*forthwith* to pay all moneys which he may receive to the Grand Treasurer, and to receive his proper vouchers for the same, and to report to the Grand Lodge all amounts so received, from what source, and for what object." Until the further pleasure of the Grand Lodge upon this subject is made known, my report is now made as formerly. In order, however, to meet the object of the Committee on Finance, in the resolution referred to, to wit, to facilitate their examination of the accounts of this office, the Corresponding Secretary has registered each item of charge, by a reference to a corresponding number of credit with the Treasurer, by which much time may be saved to the Committee on Finance in the performance of their duty.

In conformity with the eighth resolution, I have the honor to report that, early after the adjournment of the last session, a contract was made with brother J. Hufty, an engraver of the city of Philadelphia, for two steel plate engravings, of the forms of Final and Visiting Cards, and for printing ten thousand copies of the two. The price contracted to be paid was two hundred dollars for the plates, and four dollars per hundred copies for the paper and printing. The plates were completed and the cards supplied by the 1st January, 1845. The cost of this edition, including the plates and the adaptation of the seal of the Grand Lodge for the use of the Grand Sire's and Corresponding Secretary's official correspondence, was six hundred and twenty-five

dollars, and the cards were accordingly issued to the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, at the rate of six and one-fourth cents each. The whole of the first supply of cards was exhausted very soon after its receipt, and it became necessary to direct the engraver, from time to time, to print cards as the demand for them continued. This course was pursued until the close of the month of June last, when the account of the engraver was solicited by the undersigned and rendered, by which it appeared that the number of cards supplied by him amounted to fifty-three thousand and seventy-six, at a cost of two thousand three hundred and twenty-three dollars and twenty cents. In addition to this number, an edition of five thousand has been printed in this city, all of which have been disposed of by the Corresponding Secretary. Complaints have been made of the price charged by several of the Grand Lodges: the undersigned, in reply, informed the parties that the price fixed was at the cost per contract of the plates and first edition, and that the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, which had received their supply from that edition having been charged at that rate, the Corresponding Secretary could not, with any propriety, under the circumstances, vary the charge until the Grand Lodge should meet and establish a permanent price. This course was due as well to the considerations of the injustice of discriminating between the Grand Lodges and Encampments who had been furnished out of the second edition, and those who had been charged at the cost of the first edition, as to the fact that the agency which the Grand Lodge of the United States had assumed, had been undertaken by that body without any kind of conception of the great amount of additional labor and responsibility which is imposed upon its officers; for which, as well as for many incidental expenses to which it subjected the Grand Lodge, it was believed that the small difference of two and a quarter cents in the cost of the two editions furnished by brother Hufty, would barely indemnify the Grand Lodge against loss, and would, in view of the great benefit conferred upon the Order at large, in the production and establishment of a uniform Card throughout the jurisdiction, be cheerfully submitted to. I have now the pleasure of informing the Grand Lodge that, hereafter, it will be in the power of the Corresponding Secretary to supply these cards at a lower rate. A contract has been made, through the aid of the Grand Messenger, in Baltimore, by which they will be supplied to this Department at two and a half cents each; and I respectfully recommend, in furtherance of the views above expressed, as to the additional amount of labor and responsibility which this undertaking, for the benefit of the Order, superinduces, that the sum of four cents be fixed as the price of cards to State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments. At this rate, a small margin will be left to the credit of the Grand Lodge of the United States, by which it will be enabled, without loss, to keep the plates in proper order and incur other incidental expenses, inseparable from this agency.

Blank printed forms have been furnished as directed in the ninth resolution, to the Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, in ample season to enable them to make correct returns. The tenth and eleventh resolutions have also been complied with, which conclude the duties enjoined upon the undersigned, by the various orders of the last session.

In obedience to the resolution of 1844, directing "that the Grand Secretary furnish the Grand Lodge, in his Annual Report, with a full and detailed statement of his account, showing the amount due to and by it, and a statement of all Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, which may not have reported, said Report to be made up within two weeks of the Annual Session of this body," I herewith present Documents A, B, C, D, being a detailed statement of these various subjects. I have to reiterate the expression of my sincere regret, that my great desire to bring before the Grand Lodge, at its Annual Session, a full view of its fiscal affairs, over and again adverted to and urged upon the Representatives, and approved by them, has not yet been met in a corresponding spirit by all the State Grand Lodges and Encampments, or by all of the D. D. G. Sires. At the last Session the Committee on Finance, upon the suggestion of this Department, recommended, and this Grand Lodge passed an order prescribing a fiscal year, making it the imperative duty of its Subordinates to conform their reports to that period, and directing the D. D. G. Sires to report *quarterly* with the dues in hand, *particularly* designating what Lodges or Encampments were to be credited.

No means within his reach were left unemployed by the Corresponding Secretary

in causing this law to be generally known and respected. It was published at the end of the Journal in a distinct form of notice. A circular, enclosing the account of each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, was forwarded in due season from this office, accompanied with a special request that their reports should be made before the 30th day of June, ult.; yet all have not conformed, and the undersigned is unable to present a full abstract of the real state of your finances. I once more, with great deference, respectfully and earnestly recommend this subject to the consideration of the Grand Lodge. It is urged in some instances as a reason for non-compliance with this salutary law, that the Quarterly Sessions of some of the State Grand Lodges and Encampments take place after the 30th June, and that therefore it is impracticable for such Grand Lodges to have their Annual Reports in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary by the termination of the fiscal year. To remove this apparent difficulty, it is suggested that one or two expedients may be adopted by the Grand Lodge, to wit: either to provide by law for uniform Stated and Quarterly Sessions of the Grand Lodges and Encampments, at such periods as would allow to them ample means of obtaining reports from their Subordinates in proper time, or to require that the Annual Reports shall be made up to the end of the quarter preceding the termination of the fiscal year of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and be transmitted, accompanied with the dues, to the Corresponding Secretary, under a penalty, in the form of a fine to be charged to and collected from delinquent Grand Lodges and Encampments, in the same manner as all other dues are ordinarily collected, and subject to the same disabilities for non-payment as are now provided in case of arrearages to the Grand Lodge of the United States. This is an important subject, I have on this, as on former occasions, brought to the notice of the Representatives, in the hope that such a system of prompt and regular returns might be established as would enable the Corresponding Secretary to present in his annual report, not only a full and accurate account of the fiscal relations of this body, but also a correct statement of the progressive increase of the Order. I venture again to ask the further aid of the Grand Lodge in devising effectual means of insuring returns from all its Subordinates within the fiscal year.

In compliance with the order requiring the Corresponding Secretary "to pay over all money received by him in the vacation, for the use of the Grand Lodge, and to report the same, specifying the amount received, from what source, and for what object, the undersigned respectfully presents the following statement of the receipts of his office during the fiscal year of 1844-5. Herewith is also appended a supplementary statement, showing the receipts of the Corresponding Secretary, from what source, and for what object, since the termination of the fiscal year (30th June) and the commencement of the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge; the various sums received have been paid over to the Grand Treasurer, vouchers for which accompany this report.

[Here follows a statement of the receipts of the Corresponding and Recording Secretary, during the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1844, and terminating June 30, 1845, amounting to \$4211 63. Also a supplementary statement, showing the receipts after the expiration of the fiscal year. The receipts were for Dispensations, Dues, Books, Diplomas, Cards, Rep. Tax, and Covenant, amounting in the aggregate to \$8,993.59.]

The revenue of the Grand Lodge has exceeded that of the corresponding period of the last year in the sum of three thousand two hundred and three dollars and seventy-six cents, and it is a source of great pleasure to the undersigned to inform the Representatives that the credit of the Grand Lodge continues undiminished, and the finances remain in a sound and healthy condition.

At the close of the last session, the indebtedness of the Grand Lodge, detailed in the report of the Committee on Finance, amounted to \$5,533.01, and the available fund in the treasury to \$3,047.75, which was appropriated, leaving a balance of \$2,485.26 as a charge upon the current receipts of the year 1844-5. Of this balance, the sum of 1000 dollars consists of a special loan from Marion Lodge of New York, which still continues, but the balance reported against the Grand Lodge has been discharged, as directed by law, out of the receipts of the past year; the printing of an edition of 1000 diplomas has been also paid for, and a credit upon the account for printing cards amounting to \$1,514.75 has been obtained. In addition to these payments, all the current expenses of the Grand Lodge, including rent, officers' salaries, stationery, &c.,

have been promptly liquidated as they have severally accrued, leaving a balance in the treasury on the 15th day of September, 1845,* of \$4,347.47; which, together with the ordinary receipts of the session, and the debits of Subordinates, which appear by the statements accompanying this report, will constitute the assets of the Grand Lodge, subject to the claims to be audited by the Committee on Finance.

It is confidently believed that the means now at the disposal of the Grand Lodge will discharge all existing charges against the treasury and leave that body free from monetary embarrassments. It only remains that the same prudent system of legislation which has of late distinguished so eminently your predecessors, be continued, to insure that certain prosperity throughout our beloved institution which is inseparable from a just economy.

The undersigned now proceeds to detail such correspondence with this office and the various departments of the Order as may be worthy your notice.

Foreign Relations.—I have to regret that no official communication has reached me from the Grand Lodge of the Principality of Wales during the year, and I am therefore without the means of affording information as to the progress of the Order in that jurisdiction. An application has been received from P. Pro. G. M. Geo. Balsover and seven other P. G.'s residing in the city of Stockport, Co. Palatine of Cheshire, England, praying for a warrant to open a Subordinate Lodge in that city, to be styled Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, of England. The warrant was issued, and a special deputation was confided to P. G. T. W. Colburn of Massachusetts and P. G. James W. Hale of New York, both of whom were about to visit that country, to instruct the petitioners in the American works and to institute the Lodge. I have also the pleasure to communicate to you, that measures are on foot to organize a Lodge in Liverpool, and I confidently indulge the hope that our system of work, elevating as it does the moral of Odd Fellowship, has already secured a strong foothold in Great Britain.

It is a source of unalloyed pleasure to the Cor. Secretary, that he is privileged once more to congratulate the assembled Representatives upon the high degree of prosperity of our beloved Order within your immediate jurisdiction.

Annexed is presented a condensed statement of the general state of the Order in this jurisdiction, as derived from the correspondence of this department.

Canada.—The Grand Lodge of this Province was instituted by P. G. M. Albert Case, special deputy appointed for that purpose by the Grand Sire, and has commenced its career under the most prosperous auspices. The able report of this deputation is herewith submitted, together with the annual return of the Grand Lodge, (the latter received August 5), affording the gratifying intelligence that five Lodges are in active operation in this Province, embodying a constituency of nearly seven hundred members. The accounts of the Subordinate Lodges have been all finally settled and closed with this office. Hochelaga Encampment, No. 1, of this Province, under the direction of D. D. G. Sire Charles Sewell, is in a highly prosperous condition. A Grand Representative has been elected from the Grand Lodge of Canada, who will be present at the Annual Session.

Michigan.—The Grand Lodge of this State has also been duly instituted by P. G. M. Albert Case, as Special Deputy, whose interesting report is herewith presented, from which it will be seen that our Order has attained "a high rank in that State, and the character and zeal of its officers and members are sufficient to guarantee its future spread and usefulness." Marshall Encampment, No. 2, was instituted at the same time by the same deputy at Marshall, Michigan. The accompanying report of D. Deputy Grand Sire A. S. Kellogg, under whose charge the two Encampments of this State have been placed, indicates great zeal, energy and promptness on his part in promoting the usefulness and harmony of this branch of the Order in Michigan, and its healthy increase.

Vermont.—Green Mountain Lodge, No. 1, and Vermont Lodge, No. 2, have been instituted during the recess in this State, the former on January 14, 1845, and the latter on the 15th May, 1845, by W. H. Smith, D. D. G. M. of the 7th District of New York, who kindly consented to act as Special Deputy on these

* Of this amount, \$960 consists of bills receivable believed to be undoubted.

occasions, and performed the duty in a highly satisfactory manner. His reports are herewith submitted, which present the state of the Order in this region in most glowing colors.

Maine.—The rapid spread of Odd Fellowship reported in this State at the last session continues; the Grand Lodge has covered the State with Lodges, all of which progress with unexampled success. Bro. Churchill having resigned his office of D. D. G. Sire in Maine, the Patriarchal department, now embracing seven Encampments, all of which are in the highest state of prosperity, have reported directly to this office.

A special commission appointed by the M. W. Grand Sire, composed of G. Master Jas. Pratt and R. W. Grand Representative Wm. R. Smith, have audited the unsettled accounts of the late D. D. G. Sire, to the entire satisfaction of the Cor. Secretary, a report of which I have the pleasure to annex. The services rendered by these brethren, involving as they did much sacrifice of feeling, great industry, patience and loss of time, in unravelling complicated accounts, have resulted with signal success in closing all the long unsettled relations between the Lodges and Encampments of that State and this office, and have secured to the Grand Lodge a large amount of revenue, which, although promptly paid by the Lodges and Encampments as it accrued, had not reached its proper destination. I respectfully commend the valuable services of these distinguished brethren to the attention of the Grand Representatives. The correspondence with this State has been voluminous and highly gratifying. I beg to acknowledge myself under many obligations to G. Secretary Kingsbury for valuable aid in facilitating the relations of this department with his office.

Herewith is presented an application from all the Encampments of the State praying a warrant for a Grand Encampment.

Massachusetts.—Language is entirely inadequate to describe with justice the brilliant position of our beloved Order in Massachusetts. Since its revival within the limits of the State, a period of about four years, the Grand Lodge has successfully asserted its claim as No. 2 in the confederation, as well in seniority as in extent of numbers. Both branches of the Order are alike prosperous beyond example, and occupy, as they deserve, a high position in the enlightened community in which they exist.

New Hampshire.—The Order in this State has increased steadily during the past year. There are now ten Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge, containing eleven hundred and forty-two members, as appears by its annual return, received at this office August 7th, 1845. The Patriarchal department of the Order in New Hampshire, under the supervision of that invaluable officer D. D. G. Sire Guild, has had a gratifying increase. An application from all the Encampments, five in number, praying a charter for a Grand Encampment, has been received and is herewith presented.

Rhode Island.—I am happy to report, from information derived from G. M. Wood of this State, that the Order is highly prosperous in Rhode Island in all its departments.

Connecticut.—The reports of the Grand Lodge and Encampment of Connecticut (received July 29, 1845) afford a gratifying view of the state of the Order in that State. The Grand Lodge also continues to prosper, and the highest degree of harmony prevails throughout the jurisdiction.

New York.—This State nobly maintains its rank as the first in strength in this jurisdiction. Every part of its extended domain is studded over with Lodges and Encampments, all of which progress in unexampled prosperity. The report of the Grand Lodge shows the receipt of the great sum of \$123,085.29 during the past year, and a constituency of 17,000 members. I acknowledge, as an act of justice, to the continued obligations of the Corresponding Secretary, to P. G. Sire John A. Kennedy, and P. G. Secretary John G. Treadwell, for kind and ready assistance in the many instances in which their services have been asked.

New Jersey.—The Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of this State continue to augment their Subordinates and to enjoy the highest degree of prosperity.

Pennsylvania.—From the report of the Grand Lodge of this State, it appears

that there have been over 3000 initiations during the last year, which doubles those of the corresponding period of the previous year. The Order has spread with great success in parts of the State in which it had been hitherto unknown, and with a continuance of the renewed energies and great zeal which appear to have animated the labors of our brethren in this great State, Odd Fellowship is destined to plant its standard throughout its entire length and breadth. It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the prompt and attentive correspondence of G. Secretary Wm. Curtis on all occasions.

Delaware.—The Order progresses in Delaware with a slow but steady and healthful step. The annual report has been made.

Maryland.—This Grand Lodge, I am happy to report, has had a season of great prosperity since your last meeting, as will abundantly appear by its Annual Report, having added nearly one thousand members to its number during the past year. The Grand Encampment Report also indicates a steady increase. Maryland has been called upon during the recess to mourn the loss of one of her earliest and ablest P. G. Masters, in the death of P. D. G. Sire ROBERT NEILSON, a Representative from the Grand Encampment of this State in this body at the time of his decease. Bro. Neilson was too well known to require any eulogy. He was for many years a member of this body, its first Corresponding Secretary, and his efficiency, integrity and zeal in all his various offices in the Order were pre-eminent. He has gone down to the tomb in the midst of his days and his usefulness to his family and to society at large, beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

District of Columbia.—To Grand Secretary Calvert much praise is due for his uniform punctuality in the transmission of the Annual Reports of that body. The Report of D. D. Grand Sire W. W. Moore, which has been received from that ever attentive and distinguished officer, accompanies this document, and will afford the highest gratification to the Grand Representatives, not the less from its clear and perspicuous character, than from the admirable condition in which it presents the Patriarchal order under his jurisdiction, embracing three Encampments, returns from each of which are on file through the D. D. G. Sire.

Virginia.—Odd Fellowship is believed to be in a progressive condition in this State, but the undersigned has to regret that he is without advices from Virginia during the past year.

North Carolina.—I have had no correspondence during the past year with the officers of the Grand Lodge. Campbell Encampment has reported and forwarded its dues.

South Carolina.—I have the pleasure to reiterate the highly favorable report which has been made in all my former annual returns concerning the distinguished position which our beloved Order occupies in the State of South Carolina. The report of the Grand Encampment has been made in due season, and is herewith presented.

Georgia.—The Grand Lodge of this State appears at the present session by two Representatives, having acquired the constitutional number of members to entitle it to such representation. This fact will be the best evidence which can be presented to you of the rapid progress of Odd Fellowship in that enlightened State. The report of D. D. Grand Sire Parsons has been made, which presents the Patriarchal branch of the Order in a highly successful condition within his jurisdiction. This officer has performed good service to the Order during the past year, and richly merits your commendation.

Alabama.—The Annual Report of this G. Lodge and dues have been received. From the report, it is evident that new life has been infused into the administration of its affairs, and, with perseverance, this Grand Lodge will soon occupy the position which she ought to have occupied some years past. The Report of Ararat Encampment has also been received and is submitted.

Mississippi.—In Grand Secretary Dicks of Mississippi I have found a prompt, regular and valuable correspondent. The condition of the Order was never more prosperous in this State than it now is, in all its departments, as will appear from the annual report of the Grand Lodge, which was received at this office Aug. 11, 1845.

Louisiana.—It is with the most unfeigned pleasure that I am permitted to report a great improvement in Odd Fellowship in this State. The correspondence of the year with Grand Grand Officers and the report of D. D. G. Sire Mondelli will afford the most gratifying evidence of the healthy and progressive condition of our Order within this jurisdiction.

Florida.—The two Lodges in this State continue to do well, and are commendable for the regularity of their reports.

Missouri.—The Deputy Grand Sire, it is presumed, will report specially upon the state of the Order in Missouri. I have the gratification to know from the Grand Officers that it is highly prosperous. The report of the Grand Lodge was received at this office 20th August, 1845. The reports of Frontier Encampment have also been received.

Illinois.—The state of Odd Fellowship in Illinois has not heretofore been flattering, inasmuch that at the last session it was supposed the Grand Lodge of the State was virtually dissolved. I am happy to inform the Representatives, that the Annual Report of the Grand Lodge was received within the fiscal year, from which it appears that, with proper exertions, the Order would soon improve in Illinois.

Indiana.—The Order continues to advance in this State. Grand Master Taylor has been in regular correspondence with this office during the year, and has transmitted the Annual Report of the Grand Lodge, which is submitted.

Ohio.—The Report of the Grand Lodge of this State has been made with its usual regularity within the fiscal year. It affords me pleasure to again distinguish the march of Odd Fellowship in Ohio. This jurisdiction now comprises thirty-six Lodges, with a constituency of some twenty-six hundred members. The Grand Encampment has also made its Annual Report in season, from which that branch of the Order appears to be also in a flourishing condition.

Kentucky.—There is no part of your jurisdiction in which more zeal and devotion are manifested for the healthy progress of our beloved Order, than in this enlightened State. Odd Fellowship prospers in all its departments, and the increase during the past year in this jurisdiction is the best encomium which can be passed upon the efforts of the brethren of Kentucky. The reports of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment have been received.

Tennessee.—I have had the pleasure to receive several letters from Grand Secretary P. F. Hardcastle during the past year, which advise me of the gradual spread of the Order in Tennessee. P. G. M. Timothy Kezer, a Representative from this State at the September session, 1843, an ardent and distinguished Odd Fellow, departed this life during the recess. It is due to the memory of a brother who was among the most zealous and active agents by whose exertions the Order was sustained in the early struggle of its infancy in this jurisdiction, earnestly to commend to the imitation and emulation of his brethren his valuable services to the Order. The undersigned has had the pleasure of much official correspondence with the deceased during his administration in Tennessee, and feels it to be his duty to bear witness to the energy, devotion, and ardent love of Bro. Kezer in the cause of Odd Fellowship. The report of D. D. G. Sire Scantland, herewith submitted, affords a gratifying account of the state of the Patriarchal department under his charge in this State.

Arkansas.—But little intelligence has been had of the progress of the Order in this State.

Wisconsin and Iowa.—The reports of D. D. G. Sires John G. Potts and Wm. Duane Wilson, between whom these jurisdictions and a part of Illinois have been divided, are both herewith presented, from which it will appear that a very great advance has been made in the Order in these Territories. Several new Lodges have been erected, and an Encampment opened at Chicago during the recess, all of which are in active operation. To these officers the Grand Lodge of the U. States is under great obligations for services which they have rendered in the institution of Lodges and Encampments, at a great distance from their place of residence, in a new country, thinly settled, and where great inconveniences frequently exist in the means of intercommunication.

Texas.—The Report of the Grand Lodge of this Republic has been received, from which it appears that Lodge No. 1 has been suspended for insubordination

to the Grand Lodge, and Lodge No. 2 has surrendered its charter; leaving in existence Lone Star, No. 3, at Galveston, and Ridgely, No. 4, at Houston. The condition of the Order is by no means flattering in this jurisdiction, owing, in a great degree, to the unsettled state of the country. It is believed the late political change in its affairs will serve to benefit the cause of Odd Fellowship in this Republic. Herewith are presented documents, in the nature of a protest and remonstrance against the acts of the Grand Lodge from members of Lodge No. 1, which require your careful attention.

The undersigned would again, with great deference, recommend to the consideration of the Grand Lodge the subject of a uniform code of general laws, and the propriety of reducing into form all such laws as derive their force from usage. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea to the Grand Lodge of the constant and increasing inquiries that are made of the Corresponding Secretary, from all quarters, for opinions upon questions of law, not unfrequently arising out of differences of opinion among some of the oldest and best informed members of the Order—added to which the Grand Sire is crowded with similar applications. It is made by law the duty of the Grand Sire to determine all such points of difference, and the undersigned having no power to respond *officially*, has for the most part transmitted the many letters received on these subjects to the M. W. G. Sire. This imposes upon that officer an onerous and often delicate responsibility, which properly should reside in the Grand Lodge itself, by virtue of general laws, which would settle uniformly the fundamental laws and discipline of the Order. The constantly conflicting decisions in the legislation of State Grand Lodges upon questions of usages and discipline, by which each State adopts its own construction and practice, will lead to great embarrassment in the general jurisprudence of the Order, if this subject be deferred as it has heretofore been, from time to time. As I have already intimated, no correct idea can be formed of the extent of the inquiries which are addressed to this office for advice and counsel, unless by examination of its correspondence; to all of which the undersigned has been ever ready, and will continue to be ever ready, to respond as an *individual*, if it still please the G. Lodge to continue the existing state of things.

The Journal of the last session was delivered by order of the committee empowered by law to contract for its printing, to brothers M'Gowen & Treadwell, of New York, by whom the work was done in a style entirely satisfactory to the undersigned, and distributed under my direction to the proper bodies and officers entitled to receive them within reasonable time. Herewith is presented the Constitution and By-Laws of the G. Lodges and Encampments, and of the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under the jurisdiction, which have been organized during the recess and have been forwarded to this office, to be submitted to the G. Lodge for their approval. Also the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Ohio, South Carolina and New Jersey, and of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts. I very respectfully suggest that a resolution be adopted, requesting that a bonnd copy of the entire Journal of each of the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments be furnished by them to the Grand Lodge of the U. States, and that hereafter a copy of their Quarterly Proceedings be regularly transmitted to this department, to be preserved as a valuable part of the progressive history of the Order.

The entire stock of Degree books has been exhausted, and it will be your duty to authorize a further supply to meet the constant demand for that part of the work.

Dispensations, according to law, with the approbation of the Grand Sire, have been issued from this office during the year, upon proper and constitutional applications for the same.

FOR SUBORDINATE LODGES.

To Pioneer (of England) Lodge, No	1, Stockport, England.
" Green Mountain Lodge,	" 1, Burlington, Vermont,
" Vermont Lodge,	" 2, Montpelier, "
" Harmony Lodge,	" 2, Dubuque, Iowa.

" Krosanquea Lodge,	No. 3, Krosanquea, Iowa.
" Fairfield Lodge,	" 4, Fairfield, "
" Miners' Lodge,	" 4, Mineral Point, Wisconsin.

FOR ENCAMPMENTS.

To Gayosa Encampment,	No. 3, Memphis, Tennessee.
" Moshassuck Encampment,	" 2, Providence Rhode Island.
" Sagadahock Encampment,	" 6, Bath, Maine.
" Church-hill Encampment,	" 7, Thomaston, Maine.
" Border Encampment,	" 8, Bangor, "
" Illinois Encampment,	" 3, Chicago, Illinois.
" Stewart Encampment,	" 3, Hannibal, Missouri.
" Augusta Encampment,	" 5, Augusta, Georgia.
" Magnolia Camp, Warrant quasi,	Georgia, in place of former one destroyed by fire.
" Choclaw Encampment,	No 3, Jackson, Mississippi.
" Mount Pisgah Encampment,	" 3, Georgetown, D. C.
" Pine Encampment,	" 3, Fayetteville, North Carolina.
" Penacoke Encampment,	" 3, Concord, New Hampshire.
" Quocheco Encampment,	" 4, Dover, New Hampshire.
" Strawberry Bank,	" 5, Portsmouth, "

It will be perceived that from the increase of State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, the number of warrants issued by the Grand Lodge of the United States has been greatly reduced. In another year, it is more than probable that Grand Lodges will have been established in all the States, which should admonish you in season to provide some substitute for the great decrease in your revenue, which this result will superinduce. The several applications and returns of the D. D. G. Sires and special deputies, to whom the warrants were transmitted for the institution of these bodies, are herewith presented, and in the event of their confirmation, no further act need be done, the warrants being now absolute, as provided by law, upon approval by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The rapid increase of the Order, in every quarter of your jurisdiction, has associated with it a corresponding augmentation of the duties and labors of this office, and in view of this fact, it would be impracticable for the undersigned to get along with any degree of satisfaction to himself, or much comparative benefit to the Order, without the aid of the valuable services of the D. D. G. Sires. These offices cease to exist as fast as State Grand Encampments are established, and in proportion as they thus decrease, will it be found exceedingly difficult to maintain any close relations between the States and this office. I have derived great assistance from these officers in enabling me to obtain accurate and prompt returns, and it has been principally through their instrumentality that I have been enabled to adjust old disputed accounts, and to extricate the books of the Grand Lodge from the confusion and embarrassment in which I found them upon entering into this office. Although not so authorized by law, I have made the D. D. G. Sires the fiscal agents of the Grand Lodge of the United States within their respective jurisdictions with great success, and I have the satisfaction to state that they have generally been active, prompt, and faithful in the discharge of this duty. I respectfully recommend that some provision be made to supply to this department the loss of the services of these officers, by the creation of some agent in each of the States, who shall be an officer of this Grand Lodge, with defined powers, so clearly stated as to avoid the possibility of collision with the State authorities.

The annual reports of D. D. G. Sires Wilson, Potts, Guild, Moore, Parsons, Scantland, Dicks, Mondelli and Kellogg, have been received and are herewith presented. I subjoin in tabular form a condensed view of the state of the Order and its operations during the past year, as derived from the annual reports of the Grand Lodge; also a statement showing its progressive increase and operations during the last five years. These documents require no comment, indicating as they do the unparalleled growth and commensurate value of Odd Fellowship wherever it has been established.

In concluding this report, allow me once more to congratulate the Grand Lodge upon the great and unexampled prosperity which has crowned its continued efforts in the cause of humanity. Odd Fellowship has submitted its claims and capacity as a minister of good among men, and has been approved by the intelligence of the age, as is clearly witnessed by the number of initiates of every grade and class of society, which it has gathered within its Lodge rooms. It has

nothing therefore to apprehend from external causes. From within alone we may fear evil. By cherishing a deep love and veneration for the laws and ordinances of the Order, by a strict adherence to the relations of subordination which its discipline provides, by an elevated example reflected from its highest department, this apprehension may be wholly dissipated. The Order contains within itself perhaps, to a greater extent than most other federations for benevolent objects, the true elements of self-conservation, arising out of the liberality of its principles, the comprehensiveness of its character and perfect equality of its form of government: these in a very great measure, independently of its own inherent excellence, will serve to free it from the common evil of internal decay, which for the most part follows close after rapid and premature prosperity.

JAMES L. RIDGELY,
Cor. Secretary.

Summary of the Increase and Operations of the Order from 1840 to 1845 inclusive, in the United States.

Year.	Initiations.	Revenue.	Contrib. Mem.	Relief.	Lodges.
1840	3,343	\$ 59,298.79	11,166	\$ 8,044.50	155
1841	6,822	115,878.11	17,854	18,551.70	199
1842	7,836	163,719.71	24,160	43,435.83	265
1843	8,749	191,635.22	30,043	66,863.17	352
1844	13,192	288,132.50	40,238	72,113.81	457
1845	22,862	449,194.24	61,630	124,769.27	677

THE HUSBAND WHO PLAYED THE BACHELOR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

A CELEBRATED painter of Madrid, whose real name it will be more discreet not to disclose, but whom I shall call Morales, had just completed a superb picture for the convent of the Escorial. He had received a pretty large sum for his work; and by way of a little relaxation after the long continued toil, and close attention bestowed upon it, he had assembled around a well-spread table in his studio a few choice spirits from among his fellow artists. It was a bachelor's entertainment. Not a female was to sit down with them. The mistress of the house herself, Donna Casilda, had been excluded. Morales had sent her off with the female attendant, to pass the day with one of her cousins. But the good dame, having a little of the curiosity of mother Eve in her composition, (as which of her fair daughters has not?) was very anxious to know what was to take place during her absence, and had a strong desire to find out what so many men could have to talk about, when there were no women present. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the house of her cousin, she quickly returned, bringing the latter with her; and presently the twain were snugly ensconced in a little closet adjoining the studio, where with eye and ear closely applied to the key-hole, they remained eagerly listening to all that passed.

"But tell us, my friend," said one of the guests, "why are we deprived of the pleasure of Senora Morales' company? Her wit, her pleasantry and beauty, surely would not have diminished the charm of this delightful meeting."

"There," whispered the lady to her cousin, that is the first sensible speech I have heard."

"Fye! fye!" replied the husband, pouring out a bumper of old golden sherry, "women know nothing of the poetry of life."

"That is true," added another; "women are mere matter-of-fact beings; common-place, essentially prosaic. What do they know about the arts, or the enjoyments of artists?"

"Fools!" exclaimed Casilda.

"Yes," continued Morales, "take from women love intrigues and household affairs, and they absolutely know not what to think or talk about."

"Impertinent fellow!" was the comment of the listeners.

"Why," added the painter, "they cannot comprehend one of those rich jokes, or capital pieces of humor, which the air of the studio inspires. They have no conception of them. When a woman plays us a trick it is always at the expense of our honor."

"Wretch!" This word escaped the two cousins at the same moment, and was uttered in a loud tone. But the noise of the guests, and the rattling of glasses prevented its being heard.

"Ah! master Simple, and so you defy us to play you a trick without touching your honor, do you?" By our lady of Atocha, I vow, though it is now Shrove-Tuesday, that before Lent is over I will have my revenge."

Casilda set her wits to work, and you shall hear what came of it. On the following Thursday she engaged her brother to procure from the Place Cabeda, where they are accustomed to sell fragments of old buildings, a door of the same dimensions as their own, which fronted on the street. She charged him to get one of an antique pattern, covered with iron work, and heavy mouldings. This she had conveyed to her house with all secrecy, and kept closely concealed until the favorable moment. She had communicated her design to her brother, and a few female friends in the neighborhood, on whose aid in carrying out her plot she relied.

On a certain evening, when Morales had returned home at a late hour from a convent, where he had just completed the painting of a chapel which the monks were to have opened at Easter, Casilda received him with much warmth, and a greater profusion of caresses than usual. It was very late when they retired to rest, for Morales must first have his supper. The night was cold and stormy. Toward midnight the dame began to utter deep groans, intermingled with piercing cries, as if racked by grievous pain. "Holy Mother!" exclaimed she, "I am dying!—my poor husband, my last hour is come; let them bring a confessor, and quickly—for I'm going fast." She accompanied these words with grimaces, and violent contortions, which women, when the humor takes them, so well know how to perform. Her husband in a condoling tone, inquired where she felt the pain. "Blessed

Virgin!" was all the answer, "get me a confessor! — the sacraments! — I can bear it no longer, it is almost over with me! At these cries, the domestic, a young girl, hastening to the assistance of her mistress, applied warm napkins to her stomach, and made her swallow drafts of hot spiced wine, and other similar remedies. But the malady yielded not. Indeed, that it did not was no wonder, in the present mood of the patient.

Poor Morales, though sore against his will, was forced at length to quit his bed. "Ah!" cried his wife, in a piteous tone, as he slowly drew on his garments, "it is a cholic of the the most dangerous nature."

"No, my mistress," said the servant girl, "I know what it is that ails you; it is that bad vinegar you mixed with the salad that causes the pain. You know it served you the same way the last time you took it. Dame Castinoja then cured you."

The painter, on this, began to scold his wife, because experience had not made her more careful. But she only sobbed out in half suffocated words: "*Al heco no ay remedio*, what is done cannot be undone. For mercy's sake, go for mother Castinoja. She knows my constitution; she is the only one that can give me relief from the dreadful pains I suffer. For heaven's sake, bring her quickly, or there will be nothing left you but to open my grave."

"My little wife," replied the husband in a dismal tone, "my dearest wife, mother Castinoja, you know, has removed to the other end of the city, near the gate Foncarral, and we are in the quarter Lavapie; the night is very cold, and if the gutters do not deceive me, the rain is pouring in torrents. Even should I find mother Castinoja, do you think she would come to see you through this terrible storm? I remember the last time you had this complaint, she cured you with two ounces of treacle boiled with the rind of half an orange. Let me go to the apothecary's and get this for you. Compose yourself a little, and do not force me to take such a long journey, which I am sure will be of no use, and I shall only get a worse malady than yours."

At this, Casilda began again to pour forth the most bitter lamentations. "Good heavens! see what a husband God has given me! To hear him, would not one suppose that I was demanding impossibilities; that I was asking him to be buried with me; that I was claiming the sacrifice of his blood, or of half his fortune! I only ask him to go for a nurse, at the risk of wetting his shoes, and he refuses. But I well know what it is you want; you wish to be a widower; you long to live over again your bachelor's life. At every cry that pain forces from me, your heart leaps with joy. Ah! I'm dying! a priest! the confession! I am poisoned!"

Morales, really believing that his wife was at the last extremity, and fearing, if she died, that the accusations she had thrown out against him might have serious consequences, endeavored to soothe her by a few caresses, and proceeded to light a lantern, which the darkness of the night rendered very necessary. He then drew on a pair of stout boots, threw a large cloak over his shoulders, pulled the cape over his head, and manfully set forth on his nocturnal expedition in search of

mother Castinoja. The painter knew that the dame in question dwelt somewhere in the rue Foncarral, but of the precise location of her residence he was totally ignorant. The rain fell in torrents, and he met not a soul from the time he left the rue Lavapie, until he reached the quarter to which his steps were directed. The night was as dark as Egypt, and Morales cursed, from the bottom of his heart, the day on which he married. It may readily be imagined that in such a mood he was not likely soon to find the object of his search.

But while he is groping along the streets, and getting soaked to the skin, let us return to the sick lady. No sooner did she see her husband fairly off upon his expedition, than she summoned her brother, and a few chosen friends who were lying hid in the cellar. In a twinkling they had the old street door off its hinges, and its place supplied by the one bought for the occasion, which fitted as if it had been made on purpose. Above it, they placed a huge white sign, on which was displayed in large letters the following inscription: *THE HOTEL OF THE CID: GOOD ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.* This done, a large party of friends from the neighborhood, who had been let into the secret, were speedily assembled. Castanets and guitars were put in requisition; a repast was prepared, and the merry guests began to eat, and drink, and dance, by way of celebrating the dismal expedition of the poor husband, who had gone in search of dame Castinoja.

Meanwhile, having proceeded from street to street, knocked at more than fifty doors, and roused and angered the whole neighborhood, our good painter was at length obliged to return homeward without the nurse. He was drenched to the skin, and his patience was completely exhausted. On approaching his home, the sound of musical instruments, and singing, and peals of laughter burst upon his astonished ears. Thinking he had made a mistake, he raised the lantern, and discovering a different door from his own, with the sign of a hotel over it, he became completely bewildered, and began to traverse the pavement anew. "It is indeed the rue de Lapavie," said he: "Here is the book store of Pedro Trappal; there is the fruiterer's shop; and this is the house of Diego-le-Boiteux, and then surely comes mine; for on the other side there is that of Lucas Moreno, the money-changer. He recognized the doors of all his neighbors; each one was familiar; his alone was changed. "God help me!" said he, making fifty signs of the cross, "this indeed must be my house. It is but an hour and a half since I left it. My wife was then weeping, and groaning with pain, and now they are singing and dancing. And yet we were living alone in the house. The door, it is true, needed a little repair, but I am certain it was not changed when I left home. Beside, I have never noticed a tavern in this street, and surely it is not in my house they would establish one. Am I dreaming? That cannot be. My eyes are wide open, and I hear plainly enough. The rain is pelting furiously, yet this illusion cannot be the effect of the little drop of wine I took before setting out. He began to make a closer examination, carefully passing his hand over the door, but could not find the knocker in its accustomed place. Determining to make himself heard, in hopes that as soon as he effected an entrance he would learn the cause of the

mysterious transformation, he began to thump at the door with blows loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. The merry-makers within pretended not to hear him. He knocked still more loudly. At length, after he had been left standing a long time under the drippings of the roof, a man with his head covered by an old handkerchief, and holding a light in his hand, opened the window above the door.

"Holloa! my good man, what the devil do you want at this time of night? There is no room for you here. Go elsewhere to get a lodging."

"But I wish to enter my own house."

"My friend, it is not our custom to open our doors at this unusual hour."

"Morbleu! but I tell you this is my house; and my father Diego Morales paid a round sum for it with his own deniers."

"Heark ye, my fine fellow; I know not if the wine which disturbs your noddle was Val de Pequas or Logroquo, but I'll be sworn it was capital, and the water from the gutters will not hurt you. So, go your way; cease knocking at the door, or I will let loose a mastiff, whose teeth will make a dozen button-holes in your hide in short order. Good night." Thus saying, he closed the window. The singing and laughter were renewed within, and the poor painter gave himself to all the devils, fully persuaded that some sorcerer was playing him this cruel trick.

Meanwhile the rain continued, and flakes of falling snow came thick upon the face of Morales. The candle in his lantern had burnt out, and his patience had long since been completely exhausted. He commenced knocking anew; when presently he heard some one within the house call out: "Holloa! Antonio, unloose the dogs; bring a cudgel, and give the shoulders of this drunken fellow a taste of it; it will relieve his muddy brain a little." At this, the door was thrown open, and forth came a man with two huge dogs, which might have made the joke rather a serious one, had they not been held back by their keeper.

"You cursed fellow," said the latter, "what do you mean by making this clamor? Were you not told there was no room for you here?"

"But my good friend, this is my house, and I cannot comprehend what piece of sorcery has converted it into a tavern. This is indeed, I assure you, the very house I received as an heritage from Diego Morales, my father."

"My good man, you are certainly under a strange delusion. There are neither Morales nor mulberries in this neighborhood."

"I am a painter, well known in this city, and of some celebrity in this quarter. I have lived twenty years in this house. Call my wife Casilda; if she is not transformed into a landlady, she will doubtless extricate me from this labyrinth."

"How can you talk in this foolish manner? For more than six years this house has been one of the most frequented and best known hotels in Madrid. Its master is Piedro Carasco. The landlady is Maria Perez, and I, who speak to you, am Antonio, their valet. And, now take yourself off in God's name, without any more noise, or this cudgel shall speedily restore you to your senses."

The poor painter, not knowing to what saint to turn for succor, made the best of his way, by groping along through the darkness, to the house of one of his friends. It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached it. From the lamentable voice in which Morales claimed admittance, the friend thought that some serious calamity had befallen the painter, and hastened to let him in. Morales related his adventure, but his friend listened to it with incredulity. He however lighted a fire to dry the well-soaked garments of his guest, and having prepared for him a bed, advised him to go to sleep; for he doubted not that Morales had been making a little too free with the bottle.

In the morning, however, the painter still persisted in maintaining the truth of the story he had told on the previous evening; and his friend, curious to behold the enchanted mansion, accompanied him home. But to the utter astonishment of the mystified artist, another change had come over the spirit of his dream. The marvellous sign had disappeared, the house was secured by its accustomed portal, and every thing had resumed its former quiet and peaceful appearance.

"Come, Morales," said his friend, tapping him on the shoulder, "confess that you had taken a drop too much last night, and were afraid to return home."

"On my honor as a man, and as an artist," replied Morales, "I have told you nothing but the truth."

"But, my dear fellow, it is no such great crime to be overcome by a cup of good wine."

Morales heeded not the remark, but commenced rapping smartly at the door. Bridget, the maid-servant, half-dressed, hastened to open it.

"Oh, Senor Morales," cried she, in tones of well feigned astonishment, "how could you have the heart to stay out all night in the city, carousing with your friends; and your poor wife lying here at death's door? And to go off too under pretence of finding dame Castinajo! Fy upon you! fy upon you!"

"Fy upon you! Senor Morales," cried out in chorus half a dozen shrill voices from the neighboring windows. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you cruel man; you have an angel for a wife, and here you leave her in this shameful manner to die without assistance."

"Ay, indeed! and where have you been all night? In some filthy tavern, I dare say, drinking with your good-for-nothing companions. What an abominable thing is a husband who plays the bachelor! If I had such an one, I warrant you I'd go to the magistrate and soon have a divorce."

"But it is with me that he has the account to settle," cried Casilda, who now came up, looking pale and wan, as was natural after a night of dancing and dissipation. "And so, you believed I was dead, and you thought to come back and squander my dower on your bachelor parties! But you did not reckon on the good services of these kind neighbors, by whose timely aid I have been restored to life."

"My dear little wife," said Morales, soothingly, "if you will only listen to me, you will find that I am much more to be pitied than found fault with." And here the poor artist began to relate what had happened to him. But his story was received with shouts of laughter.

"Tell that nonsense to others, Morales! Do you take us for idiots, to whom you are telling some of your humbug stories of the studio!" Confess the truth man. You have fallen in with some of your scape-grace companions, with whom you have passed the night drinking and carousing. Tell the truth, and beg pardon for your fault. That will be much better than to stand here telling these silly stories, which nobody will believe."

And in truth Morales had to come to this at last. Crest-fallen, overwhelmed by ridicule, jeered by the whole neighborhood, he was forced humbly to sue for pardon, which was only granted on the condition that he should give no more *bachelor parties*.

Original.

BURIAL OF AN INFANT NEAR A WESTERN RIVER.

BY ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

THE purpling twilight's tender blue
Was melting with its transient hue;
The red cloud that erewhile did float
Heaven's blue vault like a painted boat,
Now with a denser shadow creeps,
Scarce seen amid the azure deeps;
The glow that late the river's tide
With crimson-tinted blushes dyed,
Hath vanished, and the rushing flood
Flows darkly by its bordering wood.

'Tis evening—and the thickening shade
That veils in gloom the woodland glade,
Hath with its soft pervading calm
Filled all the air as with a charm;
But hark! along the village street
I hear the tramp of measured feet.
Slow creaketh on an humble wain,
Slow followeth a funeral train;
Forth to the woods, now dim and gray,
They take their melancholy way:
I joined the mourners, and we trod
In silence the wood-shadowed road.

No word was whispered—not a sound
Save the wheel's creak along the ground,
Nought save the river's mournful gush,
Or breeze-sigh through some road-side bush;
And thus unto its grave a score
Of rude rough men the infant bore.
Methought the rugged father's breast
In sobs his inward grief confest,
As on with drooping head he led
His child unto its narrow bed.

At length we reached a swelling mound
Where thick oaks wove a gloom profound,
And up the steepy woodland shade
Our little burthen we conveyed,
And laid with solemn hands the shell
Within its solitary cell.
We heaped the earth, we piled the sod—
Dust slept with dust, and clod with clod,
And yet no preacher's voice was there
To consecrate the rite with prayer.

The lonely spot, the solemn scene
Faint-lighted by the moon serene,
The rustling of the giant trees
That seemed when o'er-swept by the breeze

To sigh a requiem of grief
O'er one whose race had been so brief,
The speechless sorrow one might trace
Upon the mourning parent's face,—
All these a deep o'ershadowing hue
Across my saddened spirit threw.

Sleep, little dreamer! On the breast
Of the rough hill-side take thy rest,
The wintry snow, the wintry rain
Will dash above thy head in vain;
The flaky snow, the cutting sleet
Unheeded o'er thy bed will beat;
The spring-buds o'er thee will renew
Their blooming sweets and vernal hue,
And honied flowers will o'er thee spring,
And birds their dulcet measures sing.

But bird and blossom to thine urn
Unnoticed by thee will return,
For joy and sorrow, blight and bloom,
Reach not the dweller of the tomb.
Cropt in thy blossom, gentle rose!
Thou hast escaped a thousand woes;
A mingled web of hopes and fears,
Of transient smiles and staining tears,
Life's varied wreath of bloom and thorn,
Thy head will wound not, nor adorn.

Yet deep the grief thy sire will feel
When thoughts of thee shall o'er him steal:
He'll miss thy soft and silky tress,
Thy balmy breath, thy sweet caress,
Thy lisping prattle, and the smile
That o'er thy features bloomed the while;
Miss at each weary-closing day
Thy artless ways, thy childish play;
Miss at each morning's rosy peep
The lips that woke him from his sleep.

And when the frosts of age shall shed
Their snowy blossoms on his head,
And palsied limb and stooping frame
Life's failing energies proclaim,
He'll miss thy winning smile to cheer
The gloom that maketh old age drear;
Miss the soft voice and accents mild
Of his long-lost, beloved child;
And miss thy gentle arm to guide
His tottering step the grave beside.

For the Symbol.

BANNER PRESENTATION.

THE following Address, written by Mrs. E. H. COBB, by request, was spoken by Miss EUNICE H. COBB, in behalf of the ladies of East Boston, on the occasion of presenting a banner to Maverick Lodge :

RESPECTED FRIENDS : — It devolves on me to come before this highly respected body under circumstances the most interesting, and, to us, the most impressive and important. *We, the Females of East Boston*, in coming forward in such a service as the present, feel to be actuated by those high and noble sentiments which should ever characterize the heart of woman, when engaged in such a cause of philanthropy and love. And in engaging in these interesting services, we feel not to be departing from the sphere in which Heaven has placed us to act. Your Order bows with reverence to the Christian name, and developes, in one of its forms, the Christian mission. And I ask, has not *woman* the greatest reason to cultivate and cherish those institutions which are founded upon the Scriptures, and allied to Christianity? Should she not, indeed, be among the *first* in that cause which, above all others, has been the means of raising her condition in society? Let us, for a moment, contrast the condition of our sex in this highly enlightened and Christian country, where the benign and holy religion of Christ has waved its white, star-spangled banner of love, with that of those benighted parts of the world where *heathenism*, in all its horrors, pervades the human soul! And, in view of that cause which has raised us so high in the scale of moral being, may not our every heart respond,

The Lord is good, the Lord is just,
And, with our friends, in Him we'll trust!

In behalf of the Ladies whom I at this time represent, I now have the pleasure and high satisfaction of presenting to this honorable body, constituting the *Maverick Lodge* of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, this beautiful standard. It is emblematical of the high and noble principles inculcated by your "holy Order." We feel to recognize you as friends and brothers, engaged in a glorious enterprise, which will receive the approbation of the wise and good, and the approving smile of your God and Father in heaven.

It is not *consistent*, my friends, that we should enter with you into your Lodge, and engage in that work which belongs appropriately to you, nor is it necessary to go there in order to know what constitutes a true and worthy member of the Order of Odd Fellows. No, it is *enough* that we know that our *husbands*, our *brothers*, and our *sons*, are there! And there, in the presence of that ALL-SEEING EYE which pervades the inmost recesses of the soul, they sit together in "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH." And there, though woman is not present, she is not forgotten. That pure benevolence which feels for the widow and the orphan, and which reaches to them the arm of "Charity," is

there invoked, and its lessons impressed upon the mind in a manner the most touching and effective. And there the gentle "DOVE," bearing the "OLIVE BRANCH" of peace, bids you "HOPE" that those silken bands which "bind in union sweet according minds," may never, *never* be severed, but grow stronger and *stronger*, till you shall be more closely united, a happy *Lodge* in heaven.

And, in view of those high and Christian principles by which you are governed, we bid you *God-speed!*" Go on, in your wonted course of benevolence and charity, and the Lord will abundantly bless your laudable efforts. And while this silken BANNER shall wave o'er your heads, as the emblem of purity, may you march on together, firm and united, wearing the "*breast-plate* of righteousness, your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

And when you have done meeting in temples on earth, may you meet "in that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and there, beneath the bright celestial "ARCH" of God's undying love,

Join with the holy and the just,
The sacred song, "IN GOD WE TRUST."

Reply in behalf of the Lodge, by Rev. Bro. A. Hichborn.

LADIES:—It has devolved upon me to thank you heartily, in behalf of my brethren, for this beautiful and significant token of your esteem and regard; and though the lot might have fallen to one more worthy than myself, yet I assure you, that none can do it with more sincerity, or with hearts filled with deeper feelings of gratitude. Though this gift you have bestowed upon us is a magnificent one, yet, to us, its value will not consist in the costliness of the fabric, or the richness and significance of the design; but the spirit in which it is presented, and the source from which it comes, will enhance its value in our eyes, and teach us to regard it as the richest of our treasures.

An institution like our own, which aims to bring out the purest and noblest sentiment of the human heart, and to raise men to the perception of social and moral well-being, being "founded on that great principle which makes men social and humane," namely, the principle of mutual dependence, cannot fail of commending itself to the hearts of the philanthropic and the benevolent; and we are rejoiced to find that we have not judged wrongfully when we ranked woman as our friend. Her heart is open to the calls of humanity, and wherever there is suffering to alleviate, and mourners to soothe—wherever is poverty, wretchedness, or death, we always find her at her post, true to the principles of her nature, dispensing blessings freely and impartially as sunshine and dew. Hence our institution, whose most prominent feature is charity and benevolence, could not fail of enlisting her among its friends. We rejoice that it is so; and trust the confidence you have placed in us, and the sympathy and regard you have manifested towards us, are not misplaced. Words, we know, are often but idle things, as fleeting as the breath with which they are uttered, but we will endea-

vor to show by more convincing arguments that we are sincere; by an increased zeal in our labors of love, in strict devotion to the principles which we have espoused: we will endeavor to show by our acts that we merit your confidence and esteem, and that you have acted consistently with humanity and truth in thus extending your sympathies toward us.

We are aware of the objections existing in the minds of many against our beloved Order; but this arises from a superficial knowledge of the institution. Such look upon our glittering regalia, our formal processions, our various emblems, as the institution itself; but these are only "carnal ordinances," which perish with the using; these are no more Odd Fellowship than the outward garment and earthly tabernacle are the man; there are beneath all this outward and imposing show the deep and abiding principles of the Order itself, which, like the human soul, regulate its movements, and are as lasting as eternity. And yet we must regard the forms of our Order as legitimate and consistent; for what is a form but the expression of an inward principle, an unseen truth? Divest life of form, and you annihilate everything but the immortal spirit, and remove from us the noblest and most significant teachers of truth and righteousness. For what has God placed so many manifestations of his power and his goodness around us? The flowers we behold skirting the fields with their rainbow hues, are not goodness — the stars which gleam so clearly from the battlements of heaven, are not wisdom — and so we may say of the thousand manifestations of the Almighty which we behold; but who can gaze upon them without having their minds impressed with a sense of goodness and wisdom, and without feeling within them the certainty of the existence of these attributes in some all-pervading Mind? The outward symbol is the only teacher of invisible truth, and for this we prize our forms and ceremonies; they all appeal to the man within, and convey some useful and ennobling lesson to the mind.

And thus shall it be when we gaze upon this beautiful Banner: its emblems shall be significant of duty. The All-seeing Eye shall teach us to keep our hearts pure and unsullied, and that we move in the immediate presence of God. The figure of Fidelity shall admonish us of our obligations to each other, and make us faithful in the performance of all our duties of love and good will. Innocence shall teach us the requisite grace for entering the kingdom of heaven, and banish all unholy and corrupting passions from our minds. The form of Plenty shall make us charitable to our brethren, and teach us the wholesome lesson of Christian morality, "freely have ye received, freely give." And so long as the glorious motto, "In God we trust," is emblazoned upon our banner, we will never weary in well-doing, for great are the rewards in our Master's service; neither will we fear the opposition which ignorance and bigotry may place in our pathway. Moving on undisturbed in our labors of charity and benevolence, we will trust in the final triumph of truth and love.

There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.

WHO ARE GENTLEMEN.

IN our intercourse with society, we are often surprised to notice what despicable and contracted sentiments are yet afloat in the world, in respect to the characteristic marks of a true gentleman. There are thousands of individuals who aspire to the reputation of a gentleman, or who perhaps fancy themselves to be really such, yet whose highest and most comprehensive notions of the character, are confined to mere external accomplishments. There are many females, too, who seem not once to have a distant idea of such a person, unconnected with coxcombry of demeanor, and that polished, courtly exterior which is so often assumed by heartless, abandoned libertines, to hide the foul rottenness of their characters, and the baseness of their designs. Why, else, do we so frequently see individuals of the other sex who claim to profess the most spotless character, to be the conservators of fashion, and to give tone to society, receiving into their parties and caressing, nay, not hesitating to promenade in public, arm in arm with, depraved and profligate wretches, as their honored associates — debauchees who are known to be dissolute, yes, odiously licentious in their habits, and this without a blush ! Why do ladies of quality, instead of scorning even the approach of such wretches, and repelling their presence as an insult and affront to their sex, even evince a preference for their society, over men of exemplary characters — apparently delighting in their attentions, if they happen to be talented, rich and fashionable, even though they may have been guilty of the deepest baseness to other women ? Why, too, do the young of the gentler sex so often manifest such an eagerness to draw around them the butterflies of ours, beings of mere tinsel and foppery, to the exclusion of the meritorious and deserving, who seek companions for life, and not the glittering playthings of an hour ? Why is it that men may practice with impunity vices which, in the other sex, will not be tolerated for a moment ; or, that abandoned libertines, addicted to the vilest species of profligacy, and, worse than all, who do not pretend to disguise their evil habits, yet hold up their heads in society as *gentlemen*, while the female who is even *suspected* of the slightest deviation from the rules of chastity, is consigned to everlasting infamy and disgrace ? The undeniable fact is, that the just old maxim of Pope, that "*worth makes the man*," has sunk into oblivion ; new standards of character have been set up ; and the fundamental qualities which enter into the modern fashionable idea of a gentleman, have less relation to innate honesty and worth, than to the length of one's purse, the texture of his cloth, and the scrupulous exactness of his grimaces and bows.

We believe that true gentlemen are confined to no walk or rank in life. The sturdy black-smith, with his dingy garments, his open honest countenance begrimed with smut, and his rough, hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, has an immeasurably higher claim to that honorable name than the shallow-pated fop, who skips through college with kid gloves and a rattan, cultivates the graces before the glass and ladies, and takes his diploma with all

the blushing honors thick on his vacant head. It is a false and contemptible notion, that unless a man can boast a high descent, or rolls majestically along in a coach emblazoned with arms, his name should be stricken from the list of gentlemen. Which class has, from time immemorial, conferred the brightest honors on the human race — the haughty aristocrat, who shrinks with strong convulsions from the touch of the honest poor man, and moves with a step that seems dainty of the soil it treads, on, or the humble peasant who claims no merit but nobility of soul? Whence come the great lights of the intellectual firmament — the stars that form the brilliant galaxy whose beams dazzle the eye of every beholder? In the vast majority of instances, they have emerged to eminence from the chilling depth of obscurity, destitution and want. Whose voices are oftener raised in successful vindication of human rights, and float over mountain and plain, over ocean and land, till they vibrate on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom? Who are they that

“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks?”

The scions of noble blood? The worshippers of Bacchus and Venus, who fritter away the hours granted by Heaven for self-improvement, in the study of the contemptible and puerile forms of fashion? No! They are men of low parentage — men who have buffeted the billows of fate without dependence, save upon the mercy of God and their own energies — the gentlemen of nature who have trodden under foot the “painted lizards” of society, and worked out their own distinction with an ardor that could not be quenched, and a perseverance that considered nothing done while anything yet remained to be done. — *Yankee Blade*.

A STRANGER AMONG THE ODD FELLOWS.

MR. EDITOR — We witnessed at Lewiston the present week, a beautiful example of the noble spirit of the Odd Fellows.

An obscure old man, one who had evidently seen better times, had been laboring in the village a short time, and about two weeks since was taken dangerously ill. No one in the place knew more of him than his name, and his extreme poverty. There was not a friend about, that he felt the right to look to and ask for a couch to die upon, or to close his coffin-lid when the struggle should be over.

Happily the Odd Fellows heard of his utter desolation, and, although not a member of their Order, they left their occupations, hastened to his side, hung over his bed hourly, day after day, supplied his every want, and though the flesh was dropping from his bones, and the exhalations from his body seemed pregnant with infection, still they shrunk not from the dreadful office, but smoothed his pillow as kindly, and softened

his sorrows as well as the warmest hand of affection could have done. The old man had borne poverty and want without a tear; but when he felt this kindness from strangers, his heart was full, and the memory of days long since forgotten, came back to him like

“Echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago,”

for they had made the repose of his death-bed sweet as his slumbers in his youth. Thus he who had been for many a year alone, like a solitary boat on the sea, in their arms,

———“Approached his grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

A prayer that was heard—for such prayers are never given to the winds—was offered up by an Odd Fellow, and they followed the nameless stranger to his tomb, with solemn respect, though not a single female joined them in this, at all times, purifying act, which has its only reward in the author's bosom. Although we were a stranger there, and not a member of the Order which inclines men to such deeds, we felt, as we looked on the serious followers of the unknown man, that wherever we should find an Odd Fellow, there we should find a friend.

It was once said, in the strains of a broken heart,

“There is a home of quiet for the wretched,
A somewhat dark, and cold, and silent rest,
But still it is rest—for it is the grave;”

and we rejoice that there are those in our day, anxious to smoothe the path to that home, and soften the descent of the sorrowing to that rest.
—*Gospel Banner.*

A WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

WE know of nothing more disreputable in any man than the heartless and unfeeling ridicule which is sometimes expended on that estimable class in society, old maids. The writer of the following deserves the eternal gratitude of the sisterhood of spinsters for the noble manner in which he breaks a lance in their favor:

“Certain young ladies seem to cherish a great horror of dying unmarried. An ‘old maid,’ in their estimation, is a title of deep reproach. Thus we heard one miss say to another, as two ladies passed them the other day, ‘There go two old maid sisters.’ And what if they were maids, and old, too? Is it any reproach to a lady to be either or both of these? It by no means follows, because a lady remains unmarried, that she does so by compulsion, or that she is destitute of those endowments of person, and mind, and heart, which are adapted to render her attractive and loveable. It is among the possibilities of life, that a lady should prefer the independence of a single life to the *chances* of improving her condition by uniting her fortune with that of any man. It is yet more probable that a lady, failing to receive the addresses of any man whom she could respect and love, should have so much taste and heart as to refuse every other offer. It

has been our good fortune to know many estimable married ladies ; but we verily believe that we can match every one of them with an ' old maid ' equally estimable. And when we have seen a poor broken-spirited wife, teased and tormented by half a dozen children, or ill-treated by a cross and unfeeling husband, we have been tempted to think that, after all, to be an old maid is not the worst ill that can befall a woman.

" As for old bachelors, we confess we have but little to say. There is, to be sure, now and then a right clever fellow among them ; but, as a race, we are compelled to say that they are no better than they should be." — *Yankee Blade*.

Which means, we suppose, that old bachelors are good enough. Well, we believe so. We go for old bachelors and — old maids too!

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

A WRITER in an English magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks : — " The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called *death*. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence ; it is but the removal of a fair creature — ' too pure for earthly stay ' — to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God."

But, glorious as may be the change to the little one, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair-haired innocent — to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever —

'Tis hard to lay her darling
Deep in the damp cold earth —
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery,
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss ;
Then wakened with a start
By her own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss !

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on her soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That she is desolate !

And then to lie and weep,
And think the livelong night
(Feeding her own distress
With accurate greediness)
Of every past delight ; —

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy, his ecstasy,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles !

Oh ! these are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling —
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening !

MANY schemes, ridiculed as Utopian, decried as visionary, and disclaimed against as impracticable, will be realized, the moment the march of sound knowledge has effected this for our species ; that of making men wise enough to see their true interests, and disinterested enough to pursue them. — *C. C. Colton*.

DEDICATION OF ODD FELLOWS' HALLS.

Boston, 15th Oct., 1845.

BRO. PRINCE:—The great and urgent desire of the brethren of our Order of late to have their Halls dedicated in the ancient form of our beloved institution, has induced us to forward you a correct copy of a Form of Dedication, which, by publishing the same in your excellent journal, would, we have no doubt, be a great benefit to the Order at large, and a matter of much convenience to our Grand Officers, — more especially when remote from the city. The Grand Officers oftentimes have been obliged to solicit the assistance of Grand Lodge members, who, being unprepared, much delay has often been occasioned. The particular object of this is, to have it in the mind of every member of our Order, and more particularly Grand Lodge members.

Yours truly,

ESSEX.

CEREMONY OF DEDICATION.

The Master of Ceremonies now invites the M. W. G. Master to perform the ceremony of Dedication.

The G. Master, by three distinct raps with his Gavel, commands the attention of the brethren, and directs the Master of Ceremonies to proclaim the object of the convocation.

The Master of Ceremonies : — Most Worthy Grand Master, I assure you it affords me the greatest gratification, and I experience the highest pleasure in complying with your wishes. This assembly of brothers of the I. O. of O. F. is especially convened by the authority of the Most Worthy Grand Master of ———, for the purpose of dedicating this Hall to the charitable and humane objects of Odd Fellowship.

Grand Master replies : — Master of Ceremony, you will please accept my acknowledgment for having expressed my will and pleasure.

Dedicatory Prayer.

The Grand Master : — Hear, hear all men — by authority and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F. of the State of ———, I dedicate his Hall to the grand purpose of Odd Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members, and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly dedicated. Worthy M. C., you will cause this dedication to be proclaimed to the Rising, Meridian, and Setting Sun.

M. of C. : — Brother Grand Herald of the East, you will please proclaim the Dedication.

G. H. : — I will, Right Worthy Master of Ceremonies.

Hear, hear, hear all men — by the authority, and in the name of the Grand Lodge of I. O. of O. F. of the State of ———, I pronounce this Hall dedicated to the grand purposes of Odd Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity in their fullest extent to all its worthy members, and by this solemn act I hereby declare it duly dedicated.

G. H. : — Assistant Herald of the South, issue the proclamation to the Meridian Sun.

First Assistant Herald : — Hear, all men — by the authority of the M. W. Grand Master I proclaim this hall duly dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H. : — Assistant Herald of the West, issue the proclamation to the Setting Sun.

Second Assistant Herald : — Hear, all men — by the authority of the Most Worthy Grand Master, I proclaim this Hall duly dedicated to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, and the promulgating of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

G. H. : — Most Worthy Grand Master, the proclamation has gone forth to the Rising, Meridian and Setting Sun, that wherever light shines, the principles of Odd Fellowship may be made known.

Grand Master : — Brother Grand Herald, you have my approbation for having expressed my will and pleasure.

Grand Master (holding a vessel of pure water in his hand in the act of pouring it out) : — I do proclaim, in the name of a Friendship as pure as this water, this Hall solemnly dedicated to the practice of that ennobling virtue, which, uniting men as brothers, teaches them to sustain that relation at all times each to the other. In the name of a Love that delights in listening to a tale of sorrow that it may relieve it — that exults in every opportunity to wipe the tear from the weeping eye, and is ever found armed in the defence and protection of the Widow and Orphan, this Hall solemnly consecrated. In the name of Truth, devoid of guile and hypocrisy, which inculcates sincerity and plain dealing, that communicable attribute of Deity which most exalts the character of man on earth, this Hall solemnly consecrated.

M. of C. then gives the Honors of the Order, which consist of three solemn claps of the hand, in which all the brethren present participate.

The Grand Secretary then reads the record of the Dedication, which being concluded, the M. of C. then invites the M.W.G. Master and officers of the Grand Lodge solemnly to attest the same

After the ceremony of dedication, a hymn appropriate for the occasion is usually sung.

A TRUTH.

If a man will but glance over his yesterday, he will at once see how foolish it is to fret oneself about the time to come ; for he will find in every yesterday a miniature grave, as it were, dug by a too fearful imagination, in which is buried all his little store of daily happiness. Men slight the good they have in their anxiety for the good to come. They waste their oil for to-day in fruitless attempts to procure a supply for the morrow, forgetting that he who replenishes the cruise is inexhaustible.

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

Original.

The following incident will be found in Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Central America Chiapas and Yucatan, p. 389.

THE BELLE OF GUANACASTE.

BY MISS CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Through peril and through danger
He had travelled far and fast,
Through a strange land a stranger,
With weary feet had pass'd.

He had traced 'mid ruins hoary
The shrine and the altar-stone,
Built up in their pride and glory
By a nation overthrown;—

He had won them from the embracing
Of the giant forest trees,
Whose strong arms interlacing
Those ancient relics seize.

Still deeper of that fountain
He thirsted yet to drink;
For this the steep, rough mountain,
The abyss's yawning brink,—

The rapid, rushing river
That hurried to its fall,
Bade not one fear-throb's shiver
His strong high heart appal.

Through peril and through danger
He had travelled far and fast,
In a strange land a stranger,
Till he reached Guanacaste.

Coldly they looked upon him,
No words of welcome fell,
No glance beamed kindly on him,—
'T was like some evil spell.

With saddened heart he pondered
From whence this coldness rose;
From house to house he wandered,
Till at length he found repose.

And there came a gentle maiden,
And her voice was clear and sweet,
As one from the land of Eden
Might a weary mortal greet.

Oh! dear is the kindly greeting
Of friends that have parted long,
And pleasant the hour of meeting
When loved ones round us throng.

But no words of welcome spoken
Are like woman's warm heart-tone
To the traveller tired and broken,
The wanderer sad and lone.

And in wondering joy she listened
As he told of his own far land,
And the tear in her dark eye glistened
As he spoke of the household band.

Too soon came the midnight hours,
But sleep from his eyes had flown,
And the slumber that overpowers
That night was all unknown.

For the pillow of his reposing,
Whose rose-hue glowed through white,
And the curtain around it closing,—
Who rested there each night?

This thought would the rest o'ermaster,
More beautiful than sleep,—
The Belle of Guanacaste
A place in his heart would keep.

Fell soon came the early morning,
Whose dim unwelcome ray,
In the cold gray hour of dawning,
Bade him speed his onward way—

Bade him leave the gentle maiden
Who had cheered his weary heart,
And with grief his soul was laden
As he turned him to depart.

But the bitter words are spoken,
And the kind farewell is o'er,—
He murmured in accents broken,
"I shall see thee nevermore!"

"But thy welcome to the stranger,
Thy voice so sweet and clear,
In the hour of toil and danger
Will my drooping spirit cheer."

On the shore as the last wave dashes,
So his accents murmured past—
There were tears on the shadowy lashes
Of the Belle of Guanacaste.

NEW YORK, August, 1845.

FAME is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

THE CONVINCED.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it also unto me."

CHAPTER I.

Oh ! tell me where ye got those soft mild eyes,
So much like those in whom my young heart lived,
My sister's beaming eyes, blue like yon heaven;
Whether awake or closed I know not, now.

"I would not have my husband become an Odd Fellow for all the world, said Mrs. Ashton, as she left the Lodge room with a party of ladies, among whom were wives of gentlemen, members of the society."

"Why not?" inquired Mrs. Belmont.

"For very many reasons."

"Please name them."

"In the first place, I do not like the idea of having a secret withheld from me by my husband, to feel when folded to his bosom, as if there was something within I must not know, perhaps dearer than myself. I am naturally jealous: a rival I could not bear, and I know not his heart is wholly and entirely mine."

"Very well, this is your first objection; pray what is your second?"

"All those mysterious characters around the room: the chairs, the benches, the thrones, or desks, the platforms in the centre of the room, with trap-doors, for aught I know to let the disorderly members down through into some subterranean cavern; then, the closed doors — locked and barred, I presume. I shuddered as I viewed them, fancying they were full of spectres and hobgoblins, and goats, and the mercy knows what. This is my second objection."

"Very well, what next?"

"Why, Mr. H. himself — he who is always so cheerful, so full of repartee, so quick with a remark on every occasion, was so demure, so solemn, while we were in the room: and when I told him I wanted to look into those three little rooms, he looked as sober and as nervous as a priest; I could not make him laugh — no not even a smile. He looked as if he believed the "All-seeing Eye" painted on the canvass above him took cognizance of all his actions. I am confident there is something dreadful about the whole of it, and I would not have Fred become an Odd Fellow for all the world; I should never want him near me, after being in these mysterious rooms?"

"And these are your objections to the Order, Mrs. Ashton, are they?" inquired Mrs. Belmont, seriously.

"Yes."

"Then the good originating from them has no influence whatever upon your mind. I hope you will go home with me, I will show you some periodicals containing excellent addresses on different occa-

sions. I have "The Symbol," "The Independent Odd Fellow," "The Ark," "The Golden Rule," and two beautiful annuals, called "The Odd Fellows' Offering." You will find much in them to admire: one oration in particular, on the "Supremacy of Principle," by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, who is a favorite writer of mine, and in whose words you can see his soul, and feel your own thrill as you read his addresses. I will also show you a statistical account of the immense sums distributed by the various societies in our country; showing how many widows and orphans they have relieved; how many children have been raised from bitter want and degradation; how many poor strangers have found an asylum from a cold and un pitying world; how many sick have been comforted, how many dying, parched lips, have been moistened by the hand of charity; how many eyes closed; and how many decently buried, honored and mourned, by members of these societies."

"How long since your husband became united with them?"

"Six years."

"Is he as kind and attentive to you as he was before he became connected with this band?"

"More so, he loves me better — I love him more; he is consistent, so correct, so prompt to do his duty when called upon to administer to the necessities of a brother, and how he loves the little boy we have adopted!"

"Ay, I recollect hearing something of that foundling. Where did your husband pick up that friendless thing?"

"In Havana, when he was consul there."

"Pray tell me the particulars."

"As we are near my home, and fatigued, you shall go in with me; we will have a cup of tea, and in the evening I will tell you a simple story. Mr. Belmont has gone to Washington. I am lonesome, and shall be glad of your company for a few days. It is a long time since you have been in the city and I have much to say."

Mrs. Ashton, concluded to accompany her, partly promising to spend the night. As they entered the parlor, a sweet, rosy-faced boy came jumping in and ran directly to Mrs. Belmont, who, stooping down, kissed him again and again ere she removed her veil; and parting the rich, curls that shaded his beautiful brow, and turning his cherub face towards Mrs. Ashton, she exclaimed —

"This is our pet!"

Mrs. Ashton, gazed upon the little fellow with evident surprise; taking his hand, she drew him nearer, and sinking upon the sofa, cried —

"Merciful God! how like some one I have seen! Pray tell me where you got these soft blue eyes!"

"Come here, Julius," said Mrs. Belmont, much surprised at Mrs. Ashton's emotions; "come tell me what you have been doing in my absence?"

"I have been riding my little horse, mamma!"

"What do you call him?"

"Jimmy Grey; here is my little whip, to make him go fast."

"Which do you love best, your hobby horse or your mamma?"

"I love my horse best, and my mamma best!" and jumping into

Mrs. Belmont's lap, he wound his chubby arms around her neck and kissed her forehead, cheeks and lips, as she pressed him closely to her bosom.

Mrs. Ashton, sat confounded ; a strange sensation took possession of her breast. Was it possible Mrs. Belmont could love a child so well. He was a dear little fellow, truly — quite an uncommon child. She had no children of her own, and had often said she did not wish any : they were troublesome comforts, pulling and hauling curls, ruffles, etc., nothing could be kept in place where they were. Still, a more lovely picture she never beheld than the one before her. Mrs. Belmont, was a handsome woman ; the glow upon her countenance was heightened by exercise, her eyes beamed with delight, her cap was untied, and her curls fell in beautiful disorder over the rosy face of her little protegee, as he returned her endearing caresses. Tea was brought in, the statistics were read, the books looked over, and the little boy carried to bed, after saying his prayers, as he knelt, like a young cherub, at the feet of Mrs. Belmont — the true personification of love bending over its idol.

"Now for the story of that lovely child," said Mrs. Ashton, as she drew her feet upon the sofa, and placed the pillows behind her.

Mrs. Belmont, quietly seating herself in her large, easy rocking chair, began : "When my husband was consul in Havana, in 18—, Mr. H., a physician, coming in one morning, remarked that he daily visited a very interesting family, who had drawn deeply upon his sympathies for many reasons ; and first that, like themselves he was an Odd Fellow. He had been on the Island a year, prosperously engaged in the mercantile business, and for the last six weeks had been much indisposed, owing to a hemorrhage of the lungs, and was gradually sinking. His wife, an amiable and accomplished woman, perfectly idolized her husband and little boy of some six months old, who was bright and beautiful as the morning, and in whom their warmest affections centered. In consequence of her devotion to her husband and child, she had grown pale and languid ; had a cold, and at all times her cheeks assumed a hue he trembled to behold.

"My husband's kind heart enlisted with the feelings of the physician, and together they sought the sufferers. Again and again they went, and like true Odd Fellows, watched over him ; attended to all his wants, closed his affairs, saw him die, and decently buried him : then turned their attentions to his heart-broken wife, who, it was evident would soon follow him. I cannot," said Mrs. B., wiping the tears from her eyes, "describe the scene, although my husband has often dwelt upon it, but a more touching one cannot be conceived. Like a summer flower the young mother faded away ; gratitude to her friends gleamed in her every look. She gave her little boy to my husband. Often when seated by her bed side, he held the babe in his lap, and, raising her head from the pillow and resting it upon her hand, she would gaze calmly and silently upon them. As her dissolution approached, she yielded up all, in the sweet hope of a glorious immortality ; and the consoling thoughts of meeting once more her beloved husband, took from death its sting and robbed the grave of its victory.

"Bring my child!" she one day exclaimed, as the cold dew gathered upon her marble brow. Long and closely she held him to her bosom, and although grasping for breath, still retained him, kissed his dimpled mouth, gazed wistfully into his deep blue eyes until she fainted. My husband took the child, while the physician administered the restoratives. She opened her eyes, fixed them once more upon her darling boy, and looking to Mr. B.; she said, in trembling accents: "He is yours," and expired.

Mrs. Belmont covered her face: a convulsive sob swelled her affectionate breast. After a moment, she continued: "The property left, after all the debts were paid, was five hundred dollars. The bills were enormous, but could not be disputed. I was sitting by the centre table, reading, on the evening Mr. Belmont came home. He entered the room with a child in his arms, followed by a colored woman, who was his nurse."

Mrs. Belmont, stopped, while Mrs. Ashton, who had not moved from the commencement of the story lay gazing into Mrs. Belmont's face, as if awaiting a further development of the little boy's history.

"Why are you so silent?" inquired Mrs. B.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. A.; "but I feel like one in a state of mesmerism. That child's looks have paralysed my very soul. I have seen him ever since. Pray, tell me his name; I long to know, for he so much resembles one dear to me."

"His father's name was Henry Benton; his—" seeing Mrs. Ashton, turn deadly pale, she inquired the cause.

"Proceed," said the excited woman, "tell me his mother's name, if you know, before her marriage."

"Julia Crawford."

"Merciful God! my sister," exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, and clasping her hands, she wept bitterly.

Mrs. Belmont tenderly inquired into the cause of her agitation and sweetly soothed her. After Mrs. Ashton became calm she informed Mrs. B.:—"My elder and only sister married contrary to my father's wishes, and thereby incurred his displeasure. She loved her husband with all the strength of her young heart, nor was he in any respect unworthy of her affections. My father, who is a proud, high-spirited man, aristocratic in his views, and fixed as the north-pole in his politics, has an idea that he is right and every one opposed to him wrong. Mr. Benton was a firm Democrat, as fixed in his principles as my father, and as unyielding. During the contested election of 18—, in conversation, one evening, they became very warm: many words passed between them, and my father being highly excited, in an unguarded moment grossly insulted him. Mr. Benton could not brook the offence; he had borne much for my sister's sake, but this was a point beyond which forbearance could not be called a virtue. He thought a separation of all parties for a few years would allay the bitterness of my father's hateful, vindictive temper, when he would again return with my sister and all would be well. They embarked on board a packet ship for Europe, and arrived safe. He had a handsome capital, which he invested in goods, and entered the mercantile business in Liverpool;

where they were when I last heard from them. I wrote to her often, and, oh! how have I longed to see her! Although my father has never mentioned Mr. Benton's name, I know he is sorry, and would give all the world, did he possess it to see Julia. When I entered your house and beheld your child, his expression was like a flash of lightning across my soul. I see him still—my sister's own image."

Mrs. Ashton covered her face with her hands and wept. She begged Mrs. B. to lead her to the child. Kneeling by his bed-side, she gazed upon his sweet face, as he lay unconscious of all evil, kissed his forehead, cheeks, and lips, with all of a mother's tenderness, raised his little hands to her lips, pressed them to her heart, nor could Mrs. B. prevail upon her to leave him. She slept with him; and when Mrs. Belmont arose, she walked softly to the bed, and found the little boy sleeping upon the bosom of his aunt, her arms closely encircling him. Her face was pale with weeping, and her long, loose curls were wet with the tears of sisterly love. Mrs. B. bent over them till they awoke. Her first words were,

"What think you now of Odd Fellows?"

"Oh! I will go directly home, and tell my husband to become one immediately; for where would this sweet child have been, but for this blessed institution? You will surely permit me to share with you in the pleasure of bringing him up; we will together instil into his opening mind the principles of "Friendship, Love, and Truth;" and we will make his regalia when old enough to be initiated into the Society of Odd Fellows."—*Golden Rule.*

For the Symbol.

CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.

BRO. PRINCE:—I wish, through the Symbol, to call the attention of brethren of the Order to the unwarrantable interference with, and unprovoked insult offered the CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7, of Thomaston, Maine, by some of the high dignitaries of the Order. A base intrigue seems to have been entered into, unbecoming the actors either as men or officers of our heaven-born institution. Churchill Encampment was regularly organized under a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of the United States, and all dues and demands against said Encampment have been promptly paid, and a charter voted at the last session of the Grand Lodge of U. S. without any objection being made to the name selected. Notwithstanding this, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, either individually or by the advice of others, has so altered the name in his Report as to make it read *Church-Hill* Encampment. This would have passed unnoticed, or appeared and been received as a misprint, had not one of the Grand Representatives of the Grand Lodge of Maine boasted to one of the members of said Encampment that it was done designedly, and hereafter it would always be reported so, unless the name was changed by the Encampment. A letter has also been recently received from one

of these same Grand Representatives addressed "To the Officers and Members of *Church-Hill* Encampment."

Whether said Encampment has or has not been happy in selecting the name of an individual who has been a member of the Order for fifteen years, and filled the office of Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York — D. D. G. Sire for Maine and Canada — Grand Master and Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of Maine, and elected Deputy Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and at present is a member in good standing of a subordinate Lodge and Encampment, and Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine, — no blame can possibly be attached to them. Nor can any individual, however high or mighty he may be, alter or interfere with the same, without insulting and trampling upon the rights of a fraternity which we so fondly cherish as a blessing and gift from Heaven.

I am well aware that not only the Encampment, but individual members, have been subjected to slander, abuse, and ungenerous neglect, which were not deserved; and even a petition from a Lodge in the same town, although one of the oldest in the State, was unnoticed by the Grand Lodge at Baltimore. I therefore wish to enter my protest against all these wanton attacks, as contrary to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Yours fraternally,

GEO. PRINCE,

Of Churchill Encampment, No. 7, C. P. C., I. O. O. F.

Thomaston, (Me.), Oct. 20, 1845.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANNUAL SESSION OF THE RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE regular annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the United States commenced on the morning of the 15th September last. The officers were all present, and a representation from twenty-three Grand Lodges and nine Grand Encampments; the whole number of Representatives being forty-nine. The preliminary business of receiving credentials, appointment of committees, as also the Reports of the Grand Sire and Corresponding Secretary, have already been given to our readers, in extracts from the printed Journal and Reports. It is our intention in this notice, solely, to indicate some of the most important particulars of business, decisions and explanations of our laws and usages, which appear in the doings of the R. W. Grand Lodge.

The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States was amended in pursuance of propositions made at the last year's session. The first amendment was made for the purpose of placing Grand Encampments upon the same footing with Grand Lodges in regard to nominations for officers; so that now Representatives from Grand Encampments may make nominations, while before, that privilege was

confined to the Representatives of Grand Lodges alone. The Lodge would have gone further and have allowed P. G. Patriarchs to have been eligible to its offices, had it not been for an imperfection in the proposed amendment.

Another amendment allows to a Lodge which has been expelled, the right of appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States, after having delivered up its effects to its State Grand Lodge, without first obtaining the consent of such Grand Lodge. Such consent being in all other cases necessary.

A proposed amendment for an unconditional appeal by any member of the Order from the decision of his Subordinate Lodge or Grand Lodge to the Grand Lodge of the United States was rejected. A proposition likewise to allow such appeal with consent of a Grand Lodge, was rejected. The right of individuals to appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States, is therefore expressly denied.

Resolutions passed by the Grand Lodge of Ohio expressing their regret for the decease of P. D. G. Sire Neilson, and their profound respect for his memory were received and spread upon the Journal.

The Officers elect were installed. P. G. M. Thomas Sherlock, of Ohio, was installed as Grand Sire in a most solemn and impressive manner, by the Grand Sire. The Deputy Grand Sire elect did not appear upon being called, and the Grand Lodge proceeded to fill the vacancy by nomination and election. P. G. M. Albert Case, of Massachusetts, received a large majority of the ballots, and was declared elected, and was forthwith installed.

P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, of Maryland, was presented for installation, and addressed by Grand Sire Hopkins in a few words expressive of the confidence of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and of the Order throughout the country in his ability and great usefulness. He was then installed as Grand Secretary. P. G. M. Andrew E. Warner, of Maryland, was installed as Grand Treasurer. The Officers elect entered upon their duties and the appointments of subordinate Officers were announced.

The Report of the Special Committee on the revision of the Encampment Degrees was taken up, considered and adopted by a vote of *forty-eight yeas to three nays*. This vote exceeds the number of Representatives, but our readers will bear in mind that a State entitled to two votes is allowed them upon payment of the representation tax, though but one member be present from such State. The Patriarchal branch now consists of but three degrees, and the work is slightly changed to suit this reduction in the number.

The Committee on the State of the Order in a matter of grievance between Crescent Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Louisiana made the following decisions in regard to the matter involved, which were sustained by the Grand Lodge.

1. That a State Grand Lodge cannot compel its Subordinate to meet in any particular room against the consent of such Subordinate Lodge. The State Grand Lodge has authority, however, to prohibit meetings from being held at places that may not be deemed sufficiently private and secure from intrusion.

2. All communications from Grand Lodges must be respectfully received by Subordinates.

3. No Subordinate Lodge has a right to demand a committee of conference for the settlement of its difficulties with its Grand Lodge.

A resolution reported by the Committee on Petitions "that the reception of a withdrawal card disqualifies the brother receiving it from all claim for benefits upon the Lodge granting the card," was sustained.

Upon petition from five brothers, members of the Grand Lodges of New York and Massachusetts, and now in England, leave was granted them to open a Lodge in Liverpool, the rules for opening foreign Lodges not requiring the possession of clearance cards by the petitioners, but simply that they shall have received the five degrees.

It was ordered that each Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment be required to forward to the Corresponding Secretary of the G. L. U. S., a copy of its proceedings as printed, and hereafter a copy of the proceedings of each of its meetings.

The Covenant and Official Magazine was transferred to Mrs. Neilson, widow of its late publisher; and by resolution it was declared that the Grand Lodge recognize no publication whatever as receiving its sanction and authority.

The side degrees are allowed only to the *first* N. G. and *first* V. G. of a new Lodge, unless for service duly performed.

A special committee was appointed to prepare a digest of the Laws of the Order.

It was held, 1. That a member on his own written application may withdraw from the Order without taking a clearance card.

2. If a member refuse to stand trial, he cannot be formally tried, but the Lodge may expel him for contempt.

3. If a member plead guilty, he may be expelled without the formality of a trial.

The new work was ordered to be printed and stereotyped and distributed among the Lodges and Encampments "by the first of January next."

Upon an appeal from the Grand Lodge of Maryland, it was decided that, if a brother commit suicide, it shall not deprive his family of a claim to funeral benefits.

The Grand Lodge affirmed the decision of the Grand Lodge of Maryland upon the following question : That a Grand Lodge has a right to order the re-instatement of a brother who has been suspended by a subordinate Lodge, during pleasure, for non-payment of dues, if upon application for re-admission the subordinate Lodge refuse it to the brother suspended.

A by-law was enacted providing for the appointment of District Deputy G. Sires in each State, District and Territory within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, with specified duties, not to interfere in any respect with the local authority of Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments, or any of their officers.

Each subordinate Lodge, by a two-thirds vote, may grant a card to the wife or widow of a member, which may enable her to apply for relief in case of necessity, and which shall be the proper evidence of her claim to such relief; and the form of such card was adopted.

Votes of thanks to the officers of the Grand Lodge were passed, and with the usual closing business the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die*.

We have given a synopsis of such business transacted by the Grand Lodge of the U. States as seems to us to affect the general management of the Order. A vast quantity of business of a limited or personal character, or having reference to the finances of the Grand Lodge, was transacted which it is hardly worth while to present in a condensed form, inasmuch as in a few days the official Journal will be in the possession of all our Lodges. During the four days that the session continued, the members of the Grand Lodge were indefatigable in their attention to business, and the votes, when taken by yeas and nays, will exhibit the constancy and punctuality of their attendance. The important statistics relating to the Order are to be found in the Reports of the Grand Sire and Corresponding Secretary, which have been spread upon the pages of our Magazine, and we shall not do these excellent docu-

ments the injustice to cull from them the facts they disclose, to be presented in a meagre abstract. Every brother should read them attentively, for they are a true and careful collation of the *data* which show the condition and progress of the Order.

PROTECT THE ORPHAN.

If there is one feature of our noble Order which more than another ought to commend it to the generous and compassionate heart, it is the fostering care which, when the head and prop of the house is removed, is extended to the widow and the fatherless. When the strong man is bowed down by disease and affliction, it is work worthy of an angel, it is an office on which angels will smile, to minister consolation. But to gather the poor helpless lambs of the flock into the arms of love, to guard them against the thousand perils of a cold and treacherous world, to pour the light of true knowledge into the opening mind, and render them in after life ornaments and benefactors of their race, is something far worthier, because the whole web of existence is colored brightly or darkly just according to the nurture or neglect of childhood. To do this blessed work has been from the first one of the cardinal objects of our fraternity, and it gives us unfeigned pleasure to see the suggestion in one or more of the periodicals devoted to the Order that the widow and orphan's fund should be increased by larger assessments. This is as it should be. We are of course aware that much more is now done than the letter of our obligations enjoins. We know that were the fund for this purpose exhausted, there are few brothers who would not contribute freely to the needs of this class of unfortunates. But we have long thought that a more systematic course should be pursued. The widow and the orphan, as well as the brother, should be enabled to ask as a right that assistance which they are sometimes compelled to crave as a charity. The common idea of charity, — the doling out of a few crumbs to the starving from our overloaded tables, blessing ourselves the while with raised eyes for our exceeding bounty, — is one which it has been the studious care of our brethren to exclude from their minds. We have learned to regard charity as quite another thing — as an imperative duty, nay, as a blessed privilege — and to look upon ourselves only as the almoners of Another's bounty, whose exhaustless love is forever typified to us in the life-giving sunshine, the refreshing dew and shower, and in the overflowing wealth and beauty of the earth, save

"Where man, enamored of distress,
Hath marred it into wilderness."

It must be obvious to all careful observers that many, and we might almost say all, of the more glaring evils of society spring from the neglect of youthful culture, from the want of sound moral and intellectual training in childhood, when the tender soul is fresh from the bosom of the Father, and therefore more susceptible than at any time in after life to good and lasting impressions. The world at large has been slowly learning this important fact, and some provision has been made to meet the pressing need. We are speaking now of the world's orphans, not only of those who have been made so by the death of the parents on whom they leaned for support, to whom they looked up for light and guidance, but of that large class who are worse than orphaned by the vicious and degrading examples of those to whom they owe their being. For these we have built alms-houses and houses of refuge, but we need not say how utterly inadequate they are to the demands of a large and generous charity. This in-

adequacy, however, was never so vividly impressed upon us as on a late visit to the House of Refuge in the city of New York. The inmates are made up of juvenile offenders and of the homeless, parentless and destitute children who are found roaming about the streets or sleeping at night in some alley or covered passage. There were 350 in all, 50 of whom were females. At first sight, every provision seems to be made that the most thoughtful benevolence could suggest. The several buildings that make up the establishment are ranged around the outside of the square inclosure; in the centre is a fountain playing, with beautiful gold and silver fish swimming leisurely in its basin, the whole bordered by a green carpet of turf ornamented with shrubs and flowers. There are excellent schools for both sexes, and every inmate, unless prevented by sickness, is required to attend a certain number of hours each day. There is a neat chapel where divine service is performed every Sabbath. All attend, and a choir of singers is made up from their number. The boys, when not at school, are employed at various trades, such as making cane-bottomed chairs and settees, razor-strops, spectacle-cases, wallets, &c., and we were both surprised and pleased to witness the great skill and dexterity exhibited by many little fellows not more than seven or eight years of age. They have moderate tasks, and the industrious are enabled to gain two or three hours every day for recreation. The girls attend to the household affairs necessary in such an establishment. The most scrupulous regard is paid to cleanliness, and all are required to bathe daily, for which there are ample conveniences. Added to this, they have an abundance of wholesome food, cooked and served up in the best manner. And now perhaps some are ready to ask, What would you have more than this? Wait a moment. It happened that we went round the establishment in the train of a Sunday School connected with a neighboring church, who, with their teachers, had come to see how unfortunate boys and girls were cared for at the House of Refuge. The day was bright with sunshine, the workshops were airy and cheerful, and the boys, inspired by the presence of spectators, worked with renewed alacrity, justly proud of their skill. But from the uneasy and furtive glances which they cast at the bright and blooming children who were thronging around them, gaily dressed and glowing with innocence and happiness, it was evident they were making painful comparisons between their own condition and that of their visitors. They thought of the high and prison-like wall by which their freedom was circled in, and of the desert world without, which, wide as it was, held no bome for them, but which to their young imaginations seemed far more attractive than their place of confinement, as is evident from their frequent attempts to escape. After passing through the schools and workshops, we came to the sleeping wards; and here was the most unattractive feature of the whole. To each a little room or cell, just large enough to contain a remarkably neat little bed and leave a passage at its side, is assigned, in which at a certain hour they are *locked up*. This may be, and doubtless is necessary, from the number and character of many of the inmates, but how little like the confidence of *home* is such a regulation! How is it possible to gain the young heart when we begin by teaching it such a lesson of distrust? As we looked upon the happy faces of the little Sunday School scholars as they tripped gaily along the passages, we could not help imagining what would be *their* feelings, if, instead of being folded nightly in the arms of affection, and laid gently down with parental benedictions sealed with kisses, they were coldly locked up in a cell, and left alone with the darkness! We singled out a little girl from the group, — a cherub of innocent beauty, — and thought how her mother was wont to hang over her pillow, murmuring such prayers as only a mother can conceive, and

dropping tears of overflowing joy upon her brow; and then we thought what must be the anguish of that child were she, like so many of her sisters, shut out from the blessed influences that, like an atmosphere, now surround her!

We by no means intend to disparage either the House of Refuge or any other public establishment so admirably managed as that appears to be, but to express our earnest and long entertained conviction, that our charity should be so broad and foreseeing as to render prisons for the *young* unnecessary. There must be a *home* instead of a *prison*, for it is only there, in the sunshine of love, watered by the gentle dew of affection, that the child can grow up to the full strength and dignity of man, or to the true gentleness, purity and beauty of woman. To secure a home for the homeless is now the great task before the world. Odd Fellowship does not assume to perform this work alone, but it has taken a great practical step in advance of the world, which will not, we are confident, be without its influence. *

GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MAINE.

The R. W. Deputy Grand Sire, Albert Case, passed through this city on Saturday week on his return from Portland, Maine, where he had been to institute the Grand Encampment. We learn that the G. Encampment was organized on the 23d ult., at Odd Fellows' Hall, Portland. Six Encampments were represented, and the number of past officers present was twenty-one. There are eight Encampments under that jurisdiction, and the Order is enjoying a high degree of prosperity. The officers elected and installed are as follows:

T. C. Hersey, GP; Rev. James Pratt, GHP; Allen Haines, GSW; David B. Cleaves, GJW; Nath'l F. Deering, G. Scribe; Edward Wheeler, G. Treasurer; Geo. H. Gardner, G. Sentinel.

The Grand Encampment meets semi-annually on the Wednesdays preceding the first Thursday in May and November.

Grand Scribe's address, NATH'L F. DEERING, Portland, Me.

ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING.

We have received from the publishers a copy of the Odd Fellows' Offering for 1846. We have read most of the articles, and are much pleased with them. The authors are those of our most distinguished writers, among whom we may name Mrs. M. L. Gardner, J. B. Lossing, B. B. Hallock, Miss R. J. DeGrove, Paschal Donaldson, Mrs. S. A. Lewis, John A. Kennedy, Charles Burdett, Tal. P. Shaffner, &c.—The work is bound in a superb manner, printed with new type and on good paper, and contains eight engravings, executed expressly for the work. "The Recognition," is a most beautiful thing. It is well designed, and the engraving is faultless. This engraving alone is well worth the price of the book. We can cheerfully recommend the Offering to the members of the Order. The publishers have spared neither pains nor expense in bringing this Annual before the brethren, and we hope they may extend to them a liberal patronage. The work may be obtained at Redding's or Haliburton & Co's, State street, Boston. Call and purchase it.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

A little work with the above title has recently been published in this city, by J. M. USHER. We ought to have noticed it in this number, but must now defer it until our next. We can merely say here that it is published in a very neat form, and from a hasty glance at its contents, we should think it well adapted to its purpose.

Boston, Oct. 20, 1845.

BRO. CHAPIN — Will you have the goodness to copy into the Symbol the following paragraph from the Bunker Hill Aurora? The attention of the members of our Order in relation to its beneficial purposes towards the ladies, has been for a long time confined to the *single* portion of the brethren only, and for the last year in particular we think they have done nobly. See every month's Symbol, under head of "Marriages." I have been informed that the printer of the Symbol has had no board bill to pay for several months, the receipts of cake and wine having been so great as to answer every purpose in the way of eating and drinking! The resolution referred to in the following paragraph, under "stated limitations," was passed, it is presumed, to accommodate more particularly the young ladies who wish to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived therefrom, but who remain as yet in a state of "single blessedness." It may have a tendency to hurry the matter on.

Essex.

"I. O. of O. F. — The admission of ladies to free and entire participation in the beneficial purposes of the Order, has engaged the attention of this charitable Institution for a long time. The highest organization of the Order, the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last annual session, passed a resolution authorizing subordinate Lodges to grant cards to ladies under stated limitations"

In the absence of the Editor, we think the printer should be allowed to say a word or two in reply to "Essex." As it respects the granting of cards to ladies under "stated limitations," we think the Grand Lodge acted wisely in passing such a resolution, though we, — that is, the printer, — are not personally interested in the matter. It often happens that females are obliged to travel without the protection of friends; and too much care cannot be taken to secure them from insult or abuse, and afford them every assistance when needed. This to us appears to be the object of the resolution. It is an assurance that whenever and wherever they may have occasion to produce their "card" to a brother of the mystic tie, assistance will be rendered. We could have wished that the resolution offered, recommending that a "degree" might likewise accompany the card, whereby the holder might the more easily make herself known, had been adopted. We can conceive of no possible objection to this, but believe it would be productive of much good. We hope, ere long, that the ladies may be permitted to receive from the G. L. U. S. a "degree" like the one or similar to the one that has been recommended.

In answer to "Essex," relative to cake, wine and board, we have a word to say. That we have been blessed with "lots" of cake, is most true, and we heartily thank the donors for the same, and hope they may all live a thousand years in a state of connubial felicity. But as respects the wine, our correspondent has, unfortunately, been misinformed. We haven't received any thing in that way as yet, though per-

haps we shall. For the truth of our statement we refer "Essex" to the parties themselves. Concerning the "board bill," our correspondent had better call up at No. 57, and ask for "persons and papers."—[PRINTER.

Communicated.

BRO. CHAPIN — I would like through the Symbol, to suggest this plan of operation for the benefit of Lodges in our State, or especially those within the vicinity of Boston, during the coming winter. As there will be many evenings when no other business may require the attention of the Lodges, would it not be well for two or three members in each Lodge to prepare Addresses on various profitable subjects, and so interchange them that they may be heard in the various Lodges to which the speakers may belong? I think this plan will be profitable and satisfactory.

J. G. A.

To the Editor of the Symbol:

DEAR SIR, — I noticed in the September No. of your Magazine the names of certain Lodges which had contributed towards the relief of the sufferers by fire at Pittsburg. These contributions were paid first into the hands of the Treasurer and by him acknowledged. There was one Lodge which, from convenience, sent their contribution to the Chairman of the Committee, and it was forwarded to Pittsburg with the sums received from the Treasurer, as acknowledged by him. It was the Siloam Lodge, and the contribution \$25.00.

Will you please name this and much oblige

Your obt serv't,

R. COLE, Chairman, &c.

MARRIED,

In this city, 28th Sept., at Rev. Mr. Neal's church, Bro. F. B. Dimick, of Tremont Lodge, to Miss Charlotte J. Vinton, of Granville Vermont.

In Worcester on Thursday, the 9th ult., Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., G. P. of the Grand Encampment of Kentucky, and junior Editor of the "Covenant," to Miss Nancy R. Pratt, of Worcester, recently of Cumberland, Md. [Accompanying this notice the printer received a generous slice of the bridal loaf, for which he returns his thanks to the happy couple. It will be recollected that at the Odd Fellows Celebration at Portland last year, Maryland was ably represented in the person of Miss Pratt, (now Mrs. Shaffner.) May she now in her turn be as truly represented by our worthy brother Patriarch.]

In Essex, Conn., on the evening 30th September, Bro. James Phelps, N. G. of Fenwick Lodge, to Miss Lydia Ann, daughter of Hon. Samuel Ingham. [Bro. P. assures us that had it been possible, the "fixens" should have accompanied the above notice. We thank you, brother, and cheerfully accept the will for the deed.]

In New York, 14th ult., Bro. Benjamin A. Sawyer, of Ocean Lodge, No. 5, of Newport, (R. I.) to Miss Lama Peckham, daughter of Mr. Philip Peckham, of Newport.

In Newport, on the 16th ult., Bro. Samuel A. Parker, P. G. of Ocean Lodge, to Miss Hannah Stevens, daughter of Mr. John Stevens, all of Newport.

DIED,

In Lowell, Bro. Richard G. Colby, P. G. of Oberlin Lodge, No. 28. A good man and true Odd Fellow hath gone home.—[Com.

The Knickerbocker says that a young man in New York lately advertised for a wife, and in less than two hours eighteen married men sent word that he might have theirs!

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

Massachusetts.

- GRAND LODGE.—Newell A Thompson, MWGM; E M P Wells, RWDGM; J M Usher, RWGW; Wm H Jones, RWG Sec; Hezekiah Prince, RWG Treas; S K Lothrop, RWG Chaplain; Wm E Parmenter, J L Drew, RWG Reps.
- GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Wm Ellison, GCP; Raymond Cole, GHP; James M Stone, GSW; I W Beard, GJW; Wm H Jones, G Scribe; Joseph Newmarch, G Treas.
- MASSABOIT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; RM Baker, Treas.
- TRI-MOUNT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John McClellan, CP; Geo L Drinkwater, HP; Wm C Crispin, SW; Lodowick H Bradford, JW; Isaac P Clark, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.
- MENOTOMY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Woodman C Currier, CP; Ichabod Fessenden, HP; John J Eaton, SW; Ralph W Newton, JW; Wm L Clarke, Scribe; Thomas P Pierce, Treas.
- MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Ithamar W Beard, CP; Hargreaves Loid, HP; George Fairgreaves, SW; Andrew T Wilson, JW; W Clifford, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.
- BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Ashbel Waitt, CP; Chas Poor, HP; Isaac Cook, SW; Joseph Wells, JW; Wm W Peirce, Scribe; Nahum Chapin, Treas.
- MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Charles Sampson, CP; Reuben Wheeler, HP; S Newmarch, SW; J D Newhall, JW; W A Butters, Scribe; A M Holden, Treas.
- MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Emery, C P; Thos H Lord, H P; Geo T Granger, S W; Wm Bradstreet, Scribe; Dexter Dana, J W; John N Willia, Treas.
- ANNAWAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Elisha Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; SG Driscoll, SW; E R Sawin, J W; J C Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Waitt, Treas.
- WACHUSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; S S Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.
- NAHANT ENCAMPMENT, No. 11.—Henry A Breed, CP; Wm Reed, HP; Franklin Williams, SW; Wm Bassett, JW; Thomas Herbert, Scribe; Edward Carroll, Treas.
- SHALOM ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.—Daniel Leach, CP; Horatio G Morse, HP; James Anderson, SW; A J P Whitcomb, JW; Geo P Burnham, Scribe, Ira Allen, Treas.
- NAUMKEAG ENCAMPMENT, No. 13.—William Archer, Jr, CP; Benj H Grush, HP; Israel D Shepard, SW; John C Howard, JW; Samuel B Foster, Scribe; Wm Saunders, Jr, Treas.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Ebenezer Seaver, DM; Elijah D Brigham, ADM; Thos Eoyd, DADM; Elisha Jacobs, PG; E A Vose, VG; D F Haraden, Sec; Chas Siders, Treas.
- MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.—Wm H Calrow, DM; R H Blake, ADM; G M Burnham, DADM; S F Barrett, PG; E A Pettengill, VG; S Cobb, Jr, Sec; J P Pierce, Treas.
- WARREN DEGREE LODGE, No. 3.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; Daniel Leach, ADM; Joseph Cracklin, DADM; Thos Hiller PG; Wm Everett, VG; Eben'r Pratt, Sec.
- UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.—S W Sloan, DM; Brewster Reynolds, ADM; Reuben Wheeler, DADM; S R Spinney, VG; T D Cook, PG; Thos Hill, Jr, Sec; Samuel Newmarch, Treas.
- DEDHAM DEGREE LODGE, No. 6.—W Tracy, DM; James Laidley, ADM; Gilbert Thayer, DADM; E Stone, PG; C Richmond, VG; Anson Guild, Sec.
- MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—A P Cleverly, NG; A B Ely, VG; N M George, Rec Sec; J G Morse, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas.
- SILAM, No. 2.—Arthur Stuart, NG; Geo P Geer, VG; W L Richards, Rec Sec; John M'Clellan, Per Sec; S W Winslow, Treas.
- NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Edward G Stevens, NG; Justin Jones, VG; P Underwood, Jr, Sec; Nath'l P Brooks, Treas; Samuel Chapman, Chaplain.
- MERRIMAC, No. 7.—William Freeman, NG; Charles Dodge, VG; Frederick Prince, Rec Sec; Thomas Bair, Per Sec; Geo Fairgreaves, Treas; Thomas Ford, Chaplain.
- SUFFOLK, No. 8.—S D Leavens, NG; Sam'l Nicholson, VG; James G Swan, Rec Sec; A S Wheeler, Per Sec; Charles S Browne, Treas.
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- ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Edward Tyler, NG; Sam'l G Andrews, VG; E W Bumstead, Rec Sec; Isaac P Clark, Per Sec; Wm B Kendall, Treas; Stephen Lovell, Chaplain.
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- BETHEL, No. 12.—Addison Hill, NG; David P Lovejoy, VG; Thomas P Pierce, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Sec; Ralph W Newton, Treas; J C Waldo, Chaplain.
- NAZARENE, No. 13.—Edwin L Brainerd, NG; Ansel Phelps, Jr, VG; Elias B Whitman, Rec Sec; Geo H Hudson, Per Sec; Cha's A Stevens, Treas; Jos H Davis, Chaplain.
- BUNKER HILL, No. 14.—Daniel Johnson, NG; James R Bugbee, VG; John H Clapp, Rec Sec; J C Cutter, Per Sec; Thos J Elliott, Treas; John Smith Chaplain; J Stearns Hurd, Physician.
- TRIMONT, No. 15.—J J Jennings, NG; H K Moore, VG; Caleb S McClennen, Sec; H Fuller, Treas.
- COVENANT, No. 16.—Wm Rodgers, NG; T D Chapman, VG; D E Metcalf, Rec Sec; E K Clarke, Per Sec; I Livermore, Treas.
- MIDDLESEX, No. 17.—Daniel Gould, NG; Francis J Tay, VG; Elbridge Green, Sec; Joseph Taylor, Treas; John G Adams, Chaplain.
- WARREN, No. 18.—Alonzo W Folsom, NG; James Anderson, VG; B F Cook, Sec; Jas M Southwick, Treas.
- MONUMENT, No. 19.—John Beals, NG; Samuel Greene, VG; Wm E Cogswell, Rec Sec; Albert W Bryant, Per Sec; Geo Stearns, Treas.
- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.—Dan'l H Thurston, NG; J P Howlett, VG; I P Valentine, Rec Sec; G F Terbell, Per Sec; Curtis Davis, Treas; Reuben E Taylor, Chaplain.

- FIDELITY, No. 21.—Stephen Dinmore, NG; Joseph R Millett, VG; John J Brown, Sec; George Richardson, Treas; S G Hiler, Chaplain.
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- FRANKLIN, No. 23.—John Snelling, Jr, NG; David C Davis, VG; E W Leavens, Rec Sec; A M McPhail, Per Sec; H G Jennings, Treas; R P Barry, Chaplain; A A Lane, Physician.
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- ESSEX, No. 26.—Joseph A Goldthwait, NG; Richard Lindsay, VG; J D Sheppard, Rec Sec; Nath'l Symonds, Per Sec; Nathaniel Goldsmith, Treas; D K Merrill, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No. 27.—Wm Smith, NG; Charles W Kimball, VG; Joel Holkins, Sec; Eliphalet Trask, Treas; A A Folsom, Chaplain.
- OBERLIN, No. 23.—N B FAVOR, NG; A B Plympton, VG; D H Jaques, Rec Sec; Sidney Davis, Per Sec; Chas H Hunt, Treas; Lambert Howe, Chaplain.
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- BETHESDA, No. 30.—Sam'l Newmarch, NG; Wm A Butters, VG; Mathew L Pennell, Rec Sec; T S Strout, Per Sec; Willard K Pool, Treas; Jos H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.—Josiah R Hodgdon, NG; Wm A Mansfield, VG; Benj Dana, Sec; Leonard P Frost, Treas; Leonard P Frost, Chaplain.
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- HOPE, No. 34.—George A Waldo, NG; Stephen S Robinson, VG; Robinson Fry, Sec; S R Merrill, Treas.
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- MAVERICK, No. 36.—E M Cunningham, NG; Thos Brown, VG; Darius B Kidder, Rec Sec; R H Blake, Per Sec; John Pierce, Treas; J A Merrill, Chaplain.
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- SOUHEGAN, No. 33.—John H Stone, NG; Francis Williams, VG; Joseph O Dix, Sec; Edward A Williams, Treas; John H Willis, Chaplain.
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- BAY STATE, No. 40.—Asa T Newhall, NG; G W Keene, VG; Wm Bassett, Rec Sec; A S Moore, Per Sec; J S Wentworth, Treas; Tho's Driver, Chaplain.
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- PACIFIC, No. 42.—Henry A Fuller, NG; Elbridge Wasson, VG; Geo Layton, Rec Sec; Henry Davis, Per Sec; S S Sleeper, Treas; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Physicians.
- QUINSIGAMOND, No. 43.—F G Gouch, NG; Wm A Ayres, VG; E Harrington, Rec Sec; J S Wesby, Per Sec; J S Pratt, Treas; Albert Case, Chaplain; Benj F Hayward, Physician.
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- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.—Horace P Stevens, NG; John R Clark, VG; Harrison Cowl, Rec Sec; James Whittemore, Per Sec; Nathaniel E Morrill, Treas.
- TISQUANUM, No. 46.—James R Davis, NG; Nelson Parkhurst, VG; Wm Bragg, Rec Sec; Leander Holbrook, Per Sec; John Corbett, Treas; Benj H Davis, Chaplain.
- MACEDONIAN, No. 47.—William H Cooper, NG; Lorenzo Phelps, VG; Thomas Stiles, Sec; Chas O Gragg, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No. 48.—Robert Richardson, NG; Stillman Stone, VG; Wm Withington, Sec; John C Hewins, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.—Wm L North, NG; Luther P Durgin, VG; Asa W Farr, Rec Sec; C W Durgin, Per Sec; Sam'l W Hunt, Treas; H G Smith, Chaplain.
- CONCORD, No. 50.—Eben Wild, NG; Daniel C Emerson, VG; Benj E Sawyer, Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Samuel Potter, Treas; Addison G Fay, Chaplain.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.—Geo Darracott, Jr, NG; James A Dix, VG; C H Webb, Sec; J Buck, Jr, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.—Abram D Wait, NG; John Kimball, 3d, VG; Sam'l Hunt, Sec; D S Wilcomb, Treas.
- HOBAR LODGE, No. 53.—M L Capen, NG; E S Dillaway, Jr, VG; Carlos Dyer, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Geo Page, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.—George Simmons, Jr, NG; George Godding, VG; Edward Hathaway, Sec; Eleazer C Sherman, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.—Benj Brown, NG; James C Briggs, VG; John Homan, Jr, Rec Sec; H Appleton, Per Sec; Sam'l W Bartlett, Treas.
- WORCESTER, No. 56.—Sam'l V Stone, NG; Wm H Harris, VG; Wm L Green, Sec; Perrin Bliss, Treas; Julius L Clarke, Chaplain.
- BERKSHIRE, No. 57.—Jas Ostrander, Jr, NG; Roswell Woolson, VG; R R Kingsley, Sec; Milton Goodrich, Treas.
- ELLIOT, No. 59.—Pliny Bosworth, NG; Geo W Keyes, VG; Claudius Wadsworth, Sec; Edmund Bacon, Treas; S P Skinner, Chaplain.
- TAKEWAMBAIT, No. 59.—Charles Herring, NG; Nathan Rice, VG; Ambrose Sloper, Sec; Levi Garfiah, Treas.
- HARVARD, No. 60.—S W Holman, NG; E A Holman, VG; H M Smart, Sec; Jerome Gardner, Jr, Treas; Richard S Edes, Chaplain.
- NOMOTUCK, No. 61.—Samuel Wells, NG; Jonas W Smith, VG; Stephen W Hopkins, Rec Sec; R Cheney, Per Sec; Chas H Hawks, Treas; Fred P Tracy, Chaplain.
- St. JOHN'S, No. 62.—W W Johnson, NG; J R Childs, VG; Albert Haden, Sec; J S Davis, Treas

MOUNT HOPE, No. 63.—Edwin Shaw, NG; Thomas T Potter, VG; Joseph F Dunning, Sec; Horatio N Gunn, Treas; Amos D McCoy, Chaplain.
SHAWHEEN, No. 64.—Thos Talbot, NG; John Baldwin, Jr, VG; Josiah Hill, Sec; Gardiner Parker, Treas; Aaron H Patten, Chaplain.
GOLDEN RULE, No. 65.—William Bacon, NG; Samuel B Nichols, VG; James Jaques, Sec; Henry Kittredge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
NANTUCKET, No. 66.—Geo H Riddell, NG; Henry C Worth, VG; Matthew Barnard, Rec Sec; Richard Mitchell, Jr, Per Sec; Francis M Mitchell, Treas.
POCOMTUCK, No. 67.—Alpheus F Stone, NG; Daniel W Alvord, VG; Sam'l S Eastman, Sec; S P Moody, Treas; James Mudge and H Clark, Chaplains.
HARMONY, No. 68.—Amos Hutchings, NG; George E Willis, VG; A N Cotton, Sec; Davis Richards, Treas; A R Hathaway, Chaplain.
MASSABOIT, No. 69.—Darius Forbes, NG; Ellis Packard, VG; Samuel S Webster, Rec Sec; J H Hartwell, Per Sec; Tho's S Mitchell, Treas.
QUINOBEGUN, No. 70.—Carmi Richmond, NG; James Laidley, VG; Henry A Fuller, Sec; Aaron Lark, Treas; Hiram C Beckwith, Chaplain.
GROTON, No. 71.—E M Taylor, NG; Geo H Brown, VG; J N Hoar, Sec; D R Harvey, Treas; L E Fisher, Chaplain.
NORTH STOUTON, No. 72.—Ezra Stearns, NG; Wm W Hawes, VG; Luther Hayden, Sec; Hosea Osgood, Jr, Treas; Thos M Latham, Chaplain.
WACHUSETT, No. 73.—Nahum F Bryant, NG; Albert Alden, VG; Wm C Wilson, Sec; Charles Caldwell, Treas.
WORONOCO, No. 74.—Albert Clark, NG; Alfred A Upton, VG; H F Ketcham, Secy; W S Huntoon, Treasurer.
PILGRIM, No. 75.—Lyander Teague, NG; S D Jones, VG; Lemuel Phinney, Sec; J B Hutchinson, Treas; J B Eldridge, Chaplain.
RISING STAR, No. 76.—John King, NG; Caleb Stevens, VG; Levi Mann, Sec; Sam'l Clark, Treas; John Gregory, Chaplain.
UNITY, No. 77.—Sidney A Stetson, NG; Chas C Nutter, VG; Albert G Dawes, Rec Sec; Stillman D Willis, Per Sec; John Carter, Jr, Treas. Frederic T Gray, Chaplain.
OLIVE BRANCH, No. 78.—James Gould, NG; Isaac Cook, VG; Geo Fuller, Sec; Augustus H Cole, Treas; W P B Brooks, Chaplain.
HOCKOMOCK, No. 79.—Phineas French, NG; Elisha F Hyde, VG; Benj B Nourse, Sec; Cyrus J Terrill, Treas; S H Lloyd, Chaplain.
MOUNT WOLLASTON, No. 80.—John Brokershire, NG; James B Perkins, VG; Wyman Abercrombie, Rec Sec; H N Park, Per Sec; Shadrach Wade, Treas; S A Davis, Chaplain.
WEWANTIT, No. 81.—West Luce, NG; George Delano, VG; W N Ellis, Sec; Jos S Luce, Treas; Moses H Swift, Chaplain.
CRESCENT, No. 82.—John P Lovell, NG; Z L Bicknell, VG; Alvah Raymond, Sec; Josiah E Rice, Treas; Ezekiel W Coffin, Chaplain.
MUTUAL RELIEF, No. 83.—Moses F Peaslee, NG; William Pecker, VG; Franklin Brickett, Sec; Levi C Wadleigh, Treas; James R Nichols, Chaplain.
NEPONSET, No. 84.—John Robie, NG; Benj F Hebard, VG; Edward Holden, Sec; Wm H Nightingale, Treas.
MARLBORO', No. 85.—
LEOMINSTER, No. 86.—J K Richardson, NG; A J Whitcomb, VG; J S Darling, Sec; B S Nichols, Treas.
EXCELSIOR, No. 87.—C W Mellen, NG; E W Clarke, VG; W C Downes, Sec; H H Sumner, Treas; M M Preston, Chaplain.
UNION, No. 88.—
LANCASTER, No. 89.—J B Atkinson, NG; J M Pratt, VG; Wm A Tower, Sec; C Hayward, Treas.
POWOW RIVER, No. 90.—J B Gale, NG; Josiah Kingsbury, VG; E K Lawson, Sec; J R Chasnell, Treas.
OCEAN, No. 91.—Wm Archer, Jr, NG; I D Shepherd, VG; Charles E Grover, Sec; Wm Grover, Treas.
TIMONET, No. 92.—
BLUE HILL, No. 93.—A S Dudley, NG; — Walker, VG; J Kollock, Rec Sec; J A Messenger, Per Sec; J V Messenger, Treas.
MOUNT AUBURN, No. 94.—Francis Tukey, NG; John Balch, VG; L Lyon, Sec; T J Whittemore, Treas.

Maine.

GRAND LODGE.—James Pratt, MWGM; Wm B Hartwell, RWDGM; Geo H Gardiner, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec; Rufus Read, RWG Treas; G W Quinby, RWG Chaplain; Wm R Smith, Nath'l Deering, RWG Reps.
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EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—Rufus Read, CP; Wm E Kimball, HP; E P Burbank, SW; H W Hersey, JW; Eliphalet Webster, Scribe; Daniel Winslow, Treas.
SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm B Hartwell, CP; T S Robinson, HP; Nath'l Gunnison, SW; Geo W Batchelder, JW; Wm I Johnson, Scribe; Chas Sager, Treas.
KATAHDIN ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Wm J Pearson, CP; Jeremiah Curtis, Jr, HP; A M Higgins, SW; D A Lawrence, JW; S S Herring, Scribe; J W Boynton, Treas.
HOBAB ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Seth Gurney, CP; Perez Hill, HP; Luther L Goodwin, SW; Jas J Wiggins, JW; L Lombard, Scribe; M Owen, Treas.
SAGADOROCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Poleg Rush, CP; Elisha Clarke, HP; John Elliot, SW; Nath'l Morse, JW; E S J Nealley, Scribe; Thos S Bowles, Treas.
CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Thos O'Brien, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe; L L Bryant, Treas.

- BORDER ENCAMPMENT**, No. 8.—Aaron Hayden, CP; Edw Haley, HP; Bion Bradbury, SW; John B Ricketts, JW; Daniel S Hayden, Scribe; Lucius Bradbury, Treas.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE**, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr DM; E C Smart, DAM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.
- UNION DEGREE LODGE**, No. 2.—Edward Fenno, DM; William R Smith, DDM; Benj A G Fuller, ADDM; Timothy S Robinson, PG; Lewis D Moore, VG; Joseph Burton, Sec.
- MAINE LODGE**, No. 1.—L L Sadler, NG; Solomon T Corser, VG; Edw M Patten, Rec Sec; Chas Harding, Per Sec; John H Hooper, Treas.
- SACO**, No. 2.—Wm Batchelder, NG, Warren Ware, VG; Horace Bacon, Sec; Jeremiah Curtis, Treas; Geo W Quinby, Chaplain.
- GEORGIAN**, No. 3.—Edwin Rose, NG; R H Counce, VG; Geo A Starr, Rec Sec; Geo Prince, Per Sec; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT BROTHERS**, No 4.—Wm D Little, NG; Joseph R Brazier, VG; Louis J de Crenay, Rec Sec; Wm Ross, Per Sec; Henry R Stickney, Treas; Cyrus Cummings, Chaplain.
- LIGONIA**, No 5.—Joseph W Mansfield, NG; G W Wildridge, VG; Charles Baker, Sec; C S Carter, Treas.
- SABBATTIS**, No 6.—Lewis D Moore, NG; Joseph J Eveleth, VG; Joseph Burton, Rec Sec; Joseph W Pitterson, Per Sec; Loring Cushing, Treas; Joshua L Heath, Chaplain.
- PENOBSCOT**, No. 7.—Lemuel Bradford, NG; Geo Palmer, VG; T B Thompson, Rec Sec; L McKenny, Per Sec; Andre Cushing, Treas; H R Nye, Chaplain.
- RELIEF**, No. 8.—Joseph Ulmer, NG; Ezekiel Perry, VG; Henry Paine, Rec Sec; E L Lovejoy, Per Sec; John P Wise, Treas.
- NATAHNIS**, No. 9.—Moses S Wadsworth, NG; Jesse B Tozler, VG; Geo S Clark, Rec Sec; Nath'l Stone, Per Sec; Jas Nash, Treas.
- LINCOLN**, No 10.—John F Brown, NG; Washington Elliot, VG; Nelson A West, Rec Sec; E S J Nealley, Per Sec; Arthur Brown, Treas.
- SACCARAPPA**, No. 11.—Aaron Quimby, NG; Moses Stiles, VG; Oran Storos, Sec; Gideon Plummer, Treas.
- KENDUSKEAG**, No. 12.—Wm P Wingate, NG; Alfred Kirkpatrick, VG; Wm G Badger, Sec; S W; Robinson, Treas.
- PEJEPSCOT**, 13.—Asher Ellis, NG; Joseph Lunt, 2d, VG; Chas Pettengill, Sec; John S Cushing, Treas.
- CUSHNOG**, No. 14.—Greenleaf White, NG; Asaph R Nichols, VG; Geo S Hall, Rec Sec; Thomas S Bartlett, Per Sec; Joseph S Lamson, Treas; James Pitts, Chaplain.
- PASSAGASSAWAKEAG**, No. 15.—Rob't White, NG; Joseph Dennet, VG; A Jordan, Rec Sec; D K Lathrop, Per Sec; D D Pinkham, Treas; S G Sargent, Chaplain.
- HOBOMOK**, No. 16.—B F Chase, NG; Thos S Bowles, VG; J H Nichols, Rec Sec; Jos M Haley, Per Sec; David T Stimpson, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.
- WASHINGTON** No. 17.—Wm H Clark, NG; Albert Barry, VG; Augustine Lord, Rec Sec; Thos Hovey, Per Sec; Thos W Newman, Treas.
- ORONO** No. 18.—Nathan H Allen, NG; Israel Washburn, Jr, VG; Chas H Thayer, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Joseph Treat, Treas; A C Godfrey, Chaplain.
- PASSAMAQUODDY**, No. 19.—Aaron Hayden, NG; Daniel T Granger, VG; Robert Mowe, Jr, Rec Sec; Jos A Coolidge, Per Sec; Smith Tinkham, Treas; E N Harris, Chaplain.
- HARRISON**, No. 20.—Thos H Mead, NG; Amos P Foster, VG; C W Sampson, Sec; Alanson M Thomas, Treas; Chas Soule, Chaplain.
- SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN**, 21.—Jno Traak, Jr, NG; E D Johnson, VG; S M Stillman, Rec Sec; D Hinkley, Per Sec; Moses Whittier, Treas; Oren Sikes, Chaplain.
- MEDOMAK LODGE**, No. 22.—Alden Jackson, NG; Isaac Reed, VG; William Ludwig, Sec; Moses Young, Treas.
- SCHOODIAC**, No 23.—Geo N Cole, NG; Benj M Flint, VG; Thos P Galvin, Sec; Wm H C Stearns, Treas; Edward Stone, Chaplain.
- ANDROSCOGGIN**, No. 24.—Geo W Foss, NG; Stephen H Read, VG; Sewall Merrill, Rec Sec; Wm R Frye, Per Sec; Jos B Harding, Treas; John B Jones, Chaplain.
- ACADIA**, No. 25.—Daniel McKuer, NG; Sam'l H Blake, VG; Horatio Foster, Sec; E G Rawson, Treas; F M Sabine, Chaplain.
- MOOSAM**, No. 26.—Simon L Whitten, NG; J L Cook, VG; J M Richards, Sec; Edwin C Frost, Treas; A Dutch, Chaplain.
- TARRANTINE**, No. 27.—Otis H Johnson, NG; Chas H De Wolf, VG; Newell Blake, Sec; Hiram Miller, Treas; Shepard Boody, Chaplain.
- OLIVE BRANCH**, No. 28.—John Hubbard, NG; Theo ore H Jewett, VG; E R Cate, Rec Sec; E H Jewett, Per Sec; Caleb Sanburn, Treas.
- CUMBERLAND**, No. 30.—Samuel Andrews, 2d, NG; Benj K Carsley, VG; Wm W Cross, Secy; Lewis Brigham, Treas; B K Carsley, Chaplain.

Rhode Island.

- GRAND LODGE**—Asa W Davis, MWGM; Wm W Knight, RWDGM; Jonathan M Wheeler, RWGW; Robert H Barton, RWG Sec; William Hicks, RWG Treas, Mark Graves, RWG Chaplain.
- NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT**, No. 1.—H I Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; J H Richmond, JW; H E Hudson, Scribe; W B Burdick, Treas.
- PALESTINE ENCAMPMENT**, No. 3.—Wm H Cranston, CP; John W Davis, jr, HP; Daniel T Swinburne, SW; Samuel B Westcott, Scribe; Elizabeth S Kenyon, JW; Gideon Palmer, jr, Treas.
- FRIENDLY UNION**, No. 1.—Wm Simons, NG; Edward J Bicknell, VG; Geo W Hall, Rec Sec; C C Shute, Per Sec; Stephen Phillips, reas; Wm J Tilley, Chaplain.
- EAGLE**, No. 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.
- ROGER WILLIAMS**, No. 3.—Israel Amesbury, Jr, NG; S R Williams, VG; Pardon M Mathinson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Henry M Amesbury, Treas.

HOPE, No. 4.—Arnold C Hawes, NG; N A Eddy, VG; Levi Salisbury, Rec Sec; W Rathburn, Per Sec; Edward S Lyon, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—James Atkinson, NG; John B Weeden, VG; Augustus Bush, Sec; William Newton, Treas; Aaron F Dyer, Chaplain.
AMITY, No. 6.—Wm H Turner, NG; Joseph Frankland, VG; John Hale, Jr, Rec Sec; Geo Cole, Per Sec; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Henry N Pearce, Chaplain.
NARRAGANSET, No. 7.—Levi L Derby, NG; Peleg Noyes, VG; Woodbury Coy, Sec; Wm H Reynolds, Treas; Henry Alcorn, Chaplain.
GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—J B Swasey, NG; Wm R Eaton, VG; Jas B Benseley, Rec Sec; William Hood, Per Sec; Zelotus Witherell, Treas; J E Kent, Chaplain.
CONANICUT, No. 9.—Robert C Anthony, NG; Chas M Whelden, VG; Albert P Ware, Rec Sec; B F Herrick, Per Sec; Geo S Rathbone, 2d, Treas; J E Risley, Chaplain.
WOONSOCKET, No. 10.—Lewis B Arnold, NG; Bailey E Borden, VG; Elijah Smith, Sec; B Roys, Treas

Connecticut.

GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Croswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.
GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Newell C Hall, CP; Lucius A Thomas, HP; Daniel H Moore, SW; Elizur Hubbell, JW; Sam'l H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edward W Ella, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; David Young, JW; Thos L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas.
UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—A S Wightman CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Hewitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Wm W Bedient, CP; James P Sanders, HP; Ferris B Ball, SW; Wm F Hoyt, JW; Chas Hull, Scribe; Mathew W Star, Jr, Treas.
SOUSAC ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Origen Utley, CP; Tho's C Simpson, HP; Ja's S Parmelee, SW; P Faran, Scribe; S M Shaddick, JW; Alfred Hall, Treas.
MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, SW; Henry L Miller, JW; F Fessenden, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.
COVENANT DEGREE LODGE.—Geo W Brown, DM; Wm S Noyes, ADM; C L Daboll, DADM; Cyril C Hughes, PG; L D Allen, VG; William Mercer, Sec; Samuel Barry, Treas.
QUINNIPIAC LODGE, No. 1.—Walter Osborne, NG; F P Gorham, VG; Cornelius Wildman, Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.
CHARTER OAK, No. 2.—Joseph W Hale, NG; Sam'l H Haven, VG; Joseph Pratt, Jr, Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Geo Burt, Treas; John Moore, Chaplain.
MIDDLESEX, No. 3.—Nathan Tyier, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.
PEQUANNOCK, No. 4.—Wm S Hanford, NG; Philip L Smith, VG; Asher M Ruggles, Rec Sec; Israel Kelsey, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.
HARMONY, No. 5.—Geo Lines, NG; A J Rigge, VG; Lorenzo P Page, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F Bradley, Treas.
OUSATONIC, No. 6.—Matthew Donnelly, NG; Nelson M Beach, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Chas Bristol, Treas.
SAMARITAN, No. 7.—Wm A Judd, NG; Abraham Chicchester, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.
MERCANTILE, No. 8.—Thomas Martin, NG; Benjamin Stevens, VG; Leonard Wheeler, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Wm B Ely, Treas.
THAMES, No. 9.—C L Daboll, NG; J K Corthell, VG; T J Greenwood, Rec Sec; Henry Champlain Per Sec; T S Daboll, Treas; T J Greenwood, Chaplain.
OUR BROTHERS, No. 10.—Geo H Randle, NG; Henry W Smith, VG; J E Olmstead, Sec; Geo W Smith, Treas.
UNCAS, No. 11.—Henry A Barrows, NG; Henry W Berchley, VG; L W Rogers, Rec Sec; John L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.
CENTRAL, No. 12.—Elijah Beach, NG; Alfred Hall, VG; Wm E Ferro, Rec Sec; Jas E Bidwell, Per Sec; Dennis Sage, Treas.
CHARITY, No. 13.—John C Park, NG; Alonzo Williams, VG; Francis H Rogers, Sec; John G Clift, Treas; Benj T Lewis, Chaplain.
WOPOWAGE, No. 14.—Frederick C Dayton, NG; Benj D Wells, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; Harvey Mallory, Treas; H Mallory, Chaplain.
MONTAWESE, No. 15.—Luther P Bradley, NG; Jas Lindergreen, VG; Jas H Currington, Sec; Fred-eric Croswell, Treas.
WASHINGTON, No. 16.—Lloyd E Baldwin, NG; Robert S Blieh, VG; Luther M Frink, Sec; Edwin H Hall, Treas; Norman B Hall, Chaplain.
TRUMBULL, No. 17.—J N Harris, NG; John H Lester, VG; Henry A Latimer, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; F M Walker, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.
NATHAN HALE, No. 18.—Wm W Brace, NG; Edwin Kilbourn, VG; Loren P Waldo, Rec Sec; Horatio S Flynt, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.
MYSTIC, No. 19.—Albert Saunders, NG; Geo D Hyde, VG; Chas Burrows, Sec; Wm Crumb, Treas; Thos Wilson, Chaplain.
FENWICK, No. 20.—James Phelps, NG; John S Dickinson, VG; Edward W Pratt, Rec Sec; Nathaniel A Starkey, Treas.
NOSAHOGAN, No. 21.—Chas U C Burton, NG; Rufus E Hitchcock, VG; David S Law, Sec; Henry Merriam, Treas.
FARMERS AND MECHANICS', No. 22.—Wm J Whipple, NG; Chester A Lord, VG; Joe Olmsted, Jr, Rec Sec; Robert E Bannon, Treas; John Clark, Chaplain.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—Samuel H Parker, MWGM; Walter French, RWDGM; N B Baker, RWGW; Geo H H Silsbee, RWG Sec; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas; Henry Jewell, RWG Chaplain; G W Montgomery, David Philbrick, RWG Reps.

NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Henry L Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; Jao H Richmond, JW; H C Hudson, Scribe; Wm B Burdick, Treas.

WONOLANSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Chas H Chase, Treas.

PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Stephen Brown, CP; J F Witherell, HP; A B Currier, SW; Wm Walker, jr, JW; Josiah Stevens, jr, Scribe; Cyrus Hill, Treas.

QUOCHESHO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Wm Tredick, CP; Bethuel Keith, HP; Edmund Freeman, SW; Daniel Bogle, JW; Joseph H Wiggin, Scribe; S S Moulton Treas.

STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Joseph Cheever, CP; Jas M Locke, HP; James M Carr, SW; Daniel L Storer, JW; James Moses, Scribe; E M Brown, Treas.

[NOTE.—As but few returns have been received from the Subordinates in this State, we omit the list in the present number.]

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.—Rufus M Fuller, NG; I W Allen, VG; Charles P Bradley, Sec; Cassius P Beck, Treas; Martin A Seymour, Chaplain

VERMONT, No. 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vail, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN THE U. STATES—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES
Meets at Baltimore, Md., on the 3d Monday in
September, annually.

Howell Hopkins, of Penn., M. W. G. S.
William S. Stewart, of Mo., M. W. D. G. S.
J. L. Ridgely, of Mo., M. W. G. C. and R. Sec.
A. E. Wagner, of Md., R. W. G. Treasurer.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at State of Senate Hall, Boston, quarterly, on
1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts.....Boston.....Mon	40 Bay State.....Lynn.....Tue
2 Siloam.....do.....Thu	41 Acushnet.....New Bedford.....Wed
4 New England.....East Cambridge.....Fri	42 Pacific.....Boston.....Thu
7 Merrimack.....Lowell.....Mon	43 Quinsigamond.....Worcester.....Mon
8 Suffolk.....Boston.....Tue	44 King Philip.....Taunton.....Tue
9 Crystal Fount.....Woburn.....Mon	45 Framingham.....Saxonville.....Wed
10 Oriental.....Boston.....Wed	46 Tisquantum.....Milford.....Mon
11 Mechanics'.....Lowell.....Fri	47 Macedonian.....Bedford.....Wed
12 Bethel.....West Cambridge.....Tue	48 Norfolk.....Dorchester.....Wed
13 Nazarene.....Ware Village.....Mon	49 Veritas.....Lowell.....Mon
14 Bunker Hill.....Charlestown.....Mon	50 Concord.....Concord.....Tue
15 Tremont.....Boston.....Wed	51 Mystic.....Chelsea.....Mon
16 Covenant.....do.....Mon	52 Agawam.....Ipswich.....Thu
17 Middlesex.....Malden.....Wed	53 Hobah.....South Boston.....Fri
18 Warren.....Roxbury.....Tue	54 May Flower.....Plymouth.....Tue
19 Monument.....East Lexington.....Thu	55 Atlantic.....Marblehead.....Wed
20 Friendship.....Cambridgeport.....Mon	56 Worcester.....Worcester.....Fri
21 Fidelity.....Andover.....Thu	57 Berkshire.....Pittsfield.....Tue
22 Howard.....Charlestown.....Fri	58 Elliot.....Newton Upper Falls Thu
23 Franklin.....Boston.....Fri	59 Takewambait.....Naick.....Tues
24 Winnisimmet.....Chelsea.....Tue	60 Harvard.....Harvard.....Mon
25 Boston.....Boston.....Fri	61 Nonotuck.....Northampton.....Mon
26 Essex.....Salem.....Mon	62 St. John's.....Cabotville.....Tue
27 Hampden.....Springfield.....Mon	63 Mount Hope.....Fall River.....Thu
28 Oberlin.....Lowell.....Tue	64 Shawsheene.....Billerica.....Mon
29 Columbian.....Stoneham.....Tue	65 Golden Rule.....Wilmington.....Thu
30 Bethesda.....South Boston.....Mon	66 Nantucket.....Nantucket.....Tue
31 Lafayette.....Watertown.....Wed	67 Pocumtuck.....Greenfield.....Tue
32 Ancient Landmark.....Boston.....Mon	68 Harmony.....Medford.....Mon
33 Montezuma.....do.....Wed	69 Massasoit.....North Bridgewater Thu
34 Hope.....Methuen.....Wed	70 Quinobequin.....Dedham.....Thu
35 Prospect.....Walham.....Mon	71 Groton.....Groton.....Wed
36 Maverick.....East Boston.....Mon	72 North Stoughton.....North Stoughton.....Mon
37 Shawmut.....Boston.....Tue	73 Wachusett.....Barre.....Tue
38 Souhegan.....South Rensling.....Mon	74 Wornoco.....Westfield.....Mon
39 Quasacuncqueu.....Newburyport.....Thu	75 Pilgrim.....Abington.....Wed
	76 Rising Star.....Randolph.....Tue
	77 Unity.....Boston.....Tue
	78 Olive Branch.....Charlestown.....Tue
	79 Hockomock.....Westboro'.....Tue
	80 Mount Wollaston.....Quincy.....Mon
	81 Wewantit.....Rochester (Sip. Vil.) Mon
	82 Crescent.....East Weymouth.....
	83 Mutual Relief.....Haverhill.....
	84 Neponset.....Milton.....
	85 Marlboro'.....Marlboro'.....
	86 Leominster.....Leominster.....Tue
	87 Excelsior.....Foxboro'.....
	88 Union.....Douglas.....

Lancaster	Lancaster	
Powow River	Amesbury	
91 Ocean Lodge	Gloucester	
92 Tibonet Lodge	Sandwich	
93 Blue Hill Lodge	Canton	Tue
94 Mount Auburn	Old Cambridge	Wed

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union	Boston	Sat
2 Maverick	East Boston	2 a 4 Fri
3 Warren	Roxbury	Thu
4 United Brothers	S. Boston	2 Mon 4 Fri
5 Norfolk	Dorchester	1 a 3 Fri
6 Dedham	Dedham	2 a 4 Thu

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at Boston semi-annually on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Massasoit	Boston	1 3 Fri
2 Tri Mount	do.	2 4 Fri
3 Menotomy	West Cambridge	2 4 Fri
4 Monomake	Lowell	2 4 Thu
5 Bunker Hill	Charlestown	1 3 Wed
6 Mount Washington	South Boston	2 4 Thu
7 Merrinack	Newburyport	2 4 Mon
8 Annawan	New Bedford	2 4 Fri
9 Middlesex	Malden	2 4 Fri
10 Wachuset	Worcester	1 3 Fri
11 Nahant	Lynn	1 3 Thu
12 Shalom	Roxbury	1 3 Fri
13 Naumkeag	Salem	2 4 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Maine	Portland	Mon
2 Saco	do.	Tue
3 Georgian	Thomaston	Mon
4 Ancient Brothers	Portland	Thu
5 Ligonla	do.	Sat
6 Sabbatiss	Augusta	Tue
7 Penobscot	Bangor	Thu
8 Relief	East Thomaston	Fri
9 Natanhis	Gardiner	Fri
10 Lincoln	Bath	Mon
11 Sacarappa	Sacarappa	Wed
12 Kenduskeag	Bangor	Mon
13 Pejepscot	Brunswick	Thu
14 Cushnoc	Augusta	Fri
15 Passagassawakeag	Belfast	Mon
16 Hobomok	Bath	Fri
17 Washington	Hallowell	Mon
18 Orono	Orono	Sat
19 Passamaquoddy	Eastport	Mon
20 Harrison	Harrison	1 3 Mon
21 Somerset & Franklin	Mercer	Mon
22 Medomok	Waldoboro	Tue
23 Schoonic	Calais	Tue
24 Androscoggin	Lewiston Falls	Fri
25 Acadia	Bangor	Mon
26 Mousam	Kennebunk	Thu
27 Tarratine	Oldtown	
28 Tarratine	Oldtown	
29 Katadin	Dover	
30 Cumberland	Centre Bridgeton	Sat

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union	Portland	
2 Union	Augusta	1 3 Sat

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Machigonne	Portland	1 3 Tue
2 Eastern Star	do.	2 4 Fri
3 Sagamore	Augusta	1 3 Tue
4 Katahdin	Bangor	1 3 Wed
5 Hobab	Saco	1 3 Thu
6 Sagadahock	Bath	2 4 Wed
7 Churchill	Thomaston	
8 Border	Eastport	2 a 4 Thu

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite	Nashua	Tue
2 Hillsboro	Manchester	Mon
3 Weohammet	Dover	Thu
4 Washington	Somerworth	Tue
5 White Mountain	Concord	Fri
6 Warren	Roxbury	2 4 Fri
7 Piscataqua	Portsmouth	Mon
8 Winnipissagee	Meredith Bridge	Tue
9 Swampscot	Newmarket	Sat
10 Sagamore	Exeter	Thu
10 Suncook	Pittsfield	Mon
11 Monadnock	Mason Village	Thu

DEGREE LODGES.

Piscataqua	Portsmouth	1 3 Fri
1 Union Degree	Dover	1 3 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoonon	Nashua	1 3 Fri
2 Wonolanset	Manchester	2 4 Fri
3 Penacook	Concord	
4 Quochecho	Dover	2 4 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank	Portsmouth	2 4 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union	Providence	Thu
2 Eagle	do.	Wed
3 Roger Williams	do.	Tue
4 Hope	do.	Mon
5 Ocean	Newport	Fri
6 Amity	Warren	Wed
7 Narragansett	Westerly	Tue
8 Good sama itan	Pawtucket	Fri
9 Conanicut	Providence	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narragansett	Providence	2 4 Fri
3 Palestine	Newport	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the 2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinnipiac	New Haven	Mon
2 Charter Oak	Hartford	Tue
3 Middlesex	East Haddam	1 3 Mon
4 Pequannock	Bridgeport	Tue
5 Harmony	New Haven	Tue
6 Ousatonic	Derby	Mon
7 Samaritan	Danbury	Wed
8 Mercantile	Hartford	Fri
9 Thames	New London	Mon
10 Our Brothers	Norwalk	Mon
11 Uncas	Norwich	Mon
12 Central	Middletown	Thu
13 Charity	Lower Mystic	Wed
14 Wopwage	Milford	Wed
15 Montwee	New Haven	Wed
16 Washington	Williamantic Village	Sat
17 Trumbull	New London	Tue
18 Nathan Hale	Tolland	Wed
19 Mystic	Mystic	Thu
20 Fenwick	Essex	Thu
21 Noshogoin	Waterbury	Wed
22 Farmers' and Mechanics'	Warehouse Point	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sassacus	New Haven	1 3 Fri
2 Oriental	East Haddam	2 4 Fri
3 Palmyra	Norwich	1 3 Fri
4 Unity	New London	2 4 Tue
5 Souheag	Middletown	1 3 Tue
6 Devotion	Danbury	1 3 Fri
7 Midian	Hartford	1 3 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green Mountain	Burlington	Mon
2 Vermont	Montpelier	Thu

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DECEMBER, 1845.

NO. XII.

Original.

ROCK RIVER, ILLINOIS.

BY ISAAC M'KELLAN, JR.

THERE are few more beautiful streams on earth than Rock River; which, taking its origin among the hilly regions of the Wisconsin Territory, traverses a considerable portion of Western Illinois, and finally empties its rushing waters in the broad bosom of the Mississippi. Throughout its course, the scenery through which it passes is, in most places, one of extraordinary loveliness; and it washes the borders of many pretty and thrifty villages. But the finest portion of its scenery, perhaps, is comprehended in that section of country lying between the flourishing settlement of Rockford, and the town of Dixon, situated some forty miles further down the river. In some places the green grass of the prairies, sown and gemmed with a myriad of fragrant and brilliant flowers, spreads out like a smooth carpet along the banks of the stream. In other places the adjacent level prairie is fringed with a heavy growth of "timber," which interposes its verdurous screen between the grassy plain and the rolling river. In other places there spring up bold swelling bluffs, heaving like gigantic green billows to the height of one or two hundred feet above the stream; and many of these rise like a perpendicular wall, at the very river's edge. These bluffs are always overspread with a growth of luxuriant grass, and oftentimes surmounted with groves of timber. In some places these picturesque bluffs recede from the direction of the stream, leaving an extensive and level reach of meadow-like prairie, interposed between the abrupt cliff and the stream. The waters of the river move southward with a rapid current, and are of extreme clearness and purity. The bed of the current consists of bright and smoothly polished gravel, and is in most places, especially near the shores, visible to the eye of the passing voyager. It is thickly sown with heavily timbered islands, from its head waters to its confluence with the Mississippi; and most of these present scenes of surpassing loveliness. They possess an infinite variety of size, shape and features. Many of them, as seen from the overlooking bluffs and headlands, look like lovely and evenly rounded emeralds, dropped by the hand of nature on the crystal surface of the stream. Many of them are lengthened out into mile-long strips of vegetation, lined to their very edges with woods that cast a wide and deep shadow over the stream, and

intersecting the flowing tides in their midway current. In the summer and autumnal months, these groves, and the closely matted thickets that spring beneath them, are festooned with the brilliant garlands of the wild grape, the woodbine, the ivy, the wild cucumber, and the wild hop. These all flourish upon the islands in the greatest profusion and luxuriance, and are eagerly sought after by the good folks that inhabit the log cabins and villages in the vicinity. The grapes, however, that the islands produce, are not of a particularly good quality, as they are the small blue frost-grape, which flavors the palate with rather more acidity than sweetness. The wild plum also grows abundantly, and some of their varieties are extremely delicious and palatable. The wild crab-apple, the blackberry, raspberry, and other indigenous berries, are inexhaustibly abundant, and are feasted upon by the birds, and gathered by the children "in any quantity."

The shores and islands of this romantic stream afford admirable pastime for the angler and the sportsman. The waters abound with many fine varieties of fish, among which are the black and the rock bass, the pickerel, perch, red-horse, sheep's-head, sucker, mullet and the cat-fish, the latter of which often exceeds some fifteen pounds in weight, and being particularly voracious, is readily taken with the hook. The black bass is a noble fish, and affords fine sport for the rod, as well as excellent fare for the table. Multitudes of these fish are taken with the seine, and many with the spear, at night, by the aid of torch-light. We have ourselves, being a "brother of the rod," had good success in filling our basket, with the help of the artificial fly, which is a most killing bait in these waters, as well as in those fished by the skilful wand of Christopher North. The sportsman, also, will here find good employment for his double barrel, amid the clouds of wild-pigeon and water-fowl that swarm along the shores and the islands during the months of spring and autumn. The famous grouse, or prairie-chicken, as it is here called, abounds in the prairies, and among the stubble of the wheat fields after the time of harvest. The noblest game of the West, however, the deer, are fast disappearing, like the Indian tribes before the march of civilization; still a good rifle in skilful hands will, even at this day, render a good account of them.

It is no wonder, then, that this country, so charming in its natural scenery and advantages, and so generously stocked with wild game, should have been the favorite resort of the wild Indian hunters, and so reluctantly yielded by them to the sword and the plough of the white man.

The portion of country of which we now speak was formerly in the possession of the Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes. The chief village of the Sac tribe, over whom the celebrated Black Hawk ruled, was situated on Rock Island, a point of land formed by the Rock River and the Mississippi. The village had existed there for nearly two centuries, and many hundred of acres of land in the vicinity had been cultivated by them, and planted with corn. There can be no doubt that the Indians were treated by the whites, upon their occupation of the country, with great indignity and injustice. They were dispossessed of their lands by the new comers, and ordered not to pass beyond the eastern shores of the Mississippi. Black Hawk and his diminished tribe had been driven beyond the Mississippi; but they at length resolved not to be driven like slaves from the lands of their inheritance, and from their fathers' graves; and they recrossed the great stream, and again established themselves upon their favorite haunts on Rock River.

In May, 1832, a force of two hundred and seventy mounted volunteers was despatched against the small remnant of the tribe that yet adhered to Black Hawk, and on the evening of the 14th of that month encamped in a beautiful grove near the Rock River. They here made an attack upon him and his band, but were repulsed, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving several dead upon the field. But his tribe were subsequently overpowered by the superior force sent against them, and Black Hawk was compelled to remain as a hostage in the hands of his enemies, and in 1832 visited many of the principal cities of the Union. The following were his parting words to his people:

"Farewell! Black Hawk tried to serve you, and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. His plane, however, are stopped. He is near his end; his sun is setting; and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk!"

An immense tide of emigration is flowing into this extensive and fertile region. There are little villages springing up in all directions, peopled by dwellers collected from all of the Eastern States, and from various nations of Europe. This dissimilar congregation, of various tongues, habits and manners, soon settles down into one harmonious society; and the new comers soon seem to forget their ancient prejudices and predilections, and readily adapt themselves to their "new-found home."

Yet many of them still continue to sigh for their ancient homes and hills, and we have met with several individuals, among foreign emigrants, where the love of the father-land never can be eradicated. The sorrowful mournings and lamentations of one of this class suggested to us the composition of the following lines:

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

We return no more!
Far across the breaking surge,
O'er the dim horizon's verge,
Fade our native mountains blue,
Fade forever from our view—
We return no more!

Grouped upon the slippery deck,
Gazing on that fading speck,
Sighs are heaved and tears are shed,
And the words are uttered,
We return no more!

Here are heads all gray and old,
White brows with their locks of gold;
Hands are clasped as if in prayer,
Lips are sighing to the air,
We return no more!

"Farewell!" thus the exiles say,
"Farewell, hills and mountains gray;
No more on your rocky side
Shall our sportive footsteps glide—
We return no more!

"Farewell, green and verd'rous dales,
Ancient pastures, fertile vales,
No more will our evening dance
Through your leafy thickets glance—
We return no more!

"Farewell, deep and lonely woods,
With your rocky solitudes;
Your sweet flowers will bloom in vain,
We shall pluck them not again—
We return no more!

"Farewell, every gladsome stream
Glancing in the summer beam;
By your soft and grassy brim,
Where the water-lilies swim,
We shall tread no more!

"Farewell, mossy roofs, where twine
Vines and the climbing vine,
Ne'er for us your wreaths will smoke
Underneath your branching oak—
We return no more!

"Farewell, modest little spire
Glancing now in sunset's fire:
Never more your bell will call
These poor exiles to your wall—
We return no more!

"Farewell, church-yard green and old,
Grass-grown tablets, marbles cold,
Ne'er shall tears of ours be shed
O'er the ashes of your dead—
We return no more!

"Farewell, brethren, sisters kind,
Kindred we have left behind,
Your sweet looks and smiles of mirth
We shall ne'er behold on earth—
We return no more!

"Yet when loud the winter storm
Blows around your firesides warm,
Then, and in the autumn gay,
Think upon those far away,
Who return no more!

"Name us at the evening board
When the genial cup is poured,
Name us when the bread you share,
Name us in the blessed prayer,
Who return no more!

"We are rocking on the deep,
We are heart-sick and we weep;
Sailing for a foreign coast,
Yet we turn to all we've lost—
We return no more!

"We are seeking a new home
Where the sun sinks 'neath the foam,
But we know not if our band
Can be happy in that land—
We return no more!

"Yet we're told it has a sky
Bright and pleasant to the eye,
Green and glorious is its earth,
But 'tis not our place of birth.
We return no more!

"Haply we may ne'er forget
All for which our eyes are wet,
Haply we may never find
Joy of heart and peace of mind,
If we return no more!

"And if those strange lands deny
Homes unto the exiles' cry,
Then our feet shall spurn their dust,
And again this sea we'll trust,
And return once more!"

WHO ARE OUR NATIONAL POETS?

FROM THE "SALT-FISH DINNER" CORRESPONDENCE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Who says we have no American Poetry? No American Songs? The charge is often made against us, but (as will be hereinafter proved) without the slightest foundation in truth. Foreigners read BRYANT, and HALLECK, and LONGFELLOW, and hearing these called our best poets, and perceiving nothing in their poems which might not just as well

have been written in England, or by Englishmen, they infer that as the productions of those who stand highest among our poets have nothing about them which savors *peculiarly* of America, therefore America has no national poetry; a broad conclusion from narrow premises.

What are the prerequisites of national poetry? What is necessary to make the poet national?—this being, in the opinion of these foreign critics, the highest merit he can possess. Certainly, liberal education and foreign travel cannot assist him in attaining this desirable end; these denationalize a man; they render any but the narrowest soul cosmopolitan. By these means the poet acquires a higher standard than the national. By a kind of eclecticism, he appropriates forms and thoughts, images and modes of expression, from all countries and languages; by comparing the specific, the transient, and the idiosyncratic, he arrives at the general and the permanent; and when he has written in his own language a poem in accordance with his new ideal standard, he may have produced a noble work, but it can hardly be a *national* poem. He has striven to avoid the faults peculiar to his own countrymen, faults which he might have deemed beauties had he finished his education in his village school, and never ventured out of his native valley. He has become enamoured of the excellencies of the poets of other nations, the very knowledge of which prevents him from being national himself. He has become acquainted with rules of universal poetry, as the linguist learns, in the study of foreign tongues, the principles of universal grammar. His standard is universal, not national.

From what has been said, it follows that if it be so desirable, as some people think, that poetry should smack strongly of the locality in which it is written, then in order to obtain that end we must keep our poets at home, give them a narrow education, and allow them no spare money by which they might purchase books, or make excursions into other ranks of society than their own. If we could only pick out the born poets when they were a fortnight old, and subject them to this regimen, the nation would be able to boast of original poets in plenty, during the next generation. This is the way in which BURNS became Scotland's greatest national poet. If he had been born a lord, had been educated at Cambridge, and had made the grand tour of the world, does any one suppose he would have been a better poet? or half so good. At best, he could not have been so original nor so Scottish; and he might have proved to be only a tasteful HAYNES BAYLEY, or BARRY CORNWALL; or perhaps a miserable, moody, misanthropic LORD BYRON. Where would have been the glory of England, the immortal SHAKESPEARE, had the boy WILLIAM, received an education like that given in the nineteenth century to lads of genius who have rich fathers?

Applying this rule to America; in what class of our population must we look for our truly original and American poets? What class is most secluded from foreign influences, received the narrowest education, travels the shortest distance from home, has the least amount of spare cash, and mixes least with any class above itself? Our negro slaves, to be sure! *That* is the class in which we must expect to find our original poets, and there we *do* find them. From that class come the Jim Crows, the Zip Coons, and the Dandy Jims, who have electrified the world. From them proceed our ONLY TRULY NATIONAL POETS.

When Burns was *discovered*, he was immediately taken away from the plough, carried to Edinburgh, and fêted and lionized to the "fulness of satiety." James Crow and Scipio Coon never were discovered, personally; and if they had been, their owners would not have spared them from work. Alas! that poets should be ranked with horses, and provided with owners accordingly! In this, however, our negro poets are not peculiarly unfortunate. Are not some of their white brethren owned and kept by certain publishing houses, newspapers, and magazines? Are not the latter class, like the former, provided with just sufficient clothing and food to keep them in good working condition, and with no more? And do not the masters, in both cases, appropriate all the profits?

Messrs. Crow and Coon could not be spared from the hoe, but they might be introduced to the great world by poxy! And so thought Mr. THOMAS RICE, a "buckra gemman" of great imitative powers, who accordingly learned their poetry, music and dancing, blacked his face, and made his fortune by giving to the world his counterfeit presentment of the American national opera; counterfeit, because none but the negroes themselves *could* give it in its original perfection. And thus it came to pass, that while James Crow and Scipio Coon were quietly at work on their master's plantations, all unconscious of their fame, the whole civilized world was resounding with their names. From the nobility and gentry, down to the lowest chimney-sweep in Great Britain, and from the member of Congress, down to the youngest apprentice or school-boy in America, it was all—

"TURN about and wheel about, and do just so,
And every time I turn about I jump Jim Crow."

Even the fair sex did not escape the contagion: the tunes were set to music for the piano-forte, and nearly every young lady in the Union, and the United Kingdom, played and sang, if she did not *jump*, "Jim Crow." "Zip Coon" became a fashionable song; "Lubly Rosa, Sambo come," the favorite serenade, and "Dandy Jim of Caroline" the established quadrille-music. White bards imitated the negro melodies; and the familiar song:

"As I was gwine down Shinbone Alley,
Long time ago;"

appeared in the following shape:

"O'er the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!"

What greater proofs of genius have ever been exhibited, than by these our national poets? They themselves were not permitted to appear in the theatres, and the houses of the fashionable, but their songs are in the mouths and ears of all; white men have blacked their faces to represent them, made their fortune by the speculation, and have been caressed and flattered on both sides of the Atlantic.

Humorous and burlesque songs are generally chosen for theatrical exhibition, and this fact may have led many to believe that the negroes composed no others. But they deal in the pathetic as well as the comi-

cal. Listen to the following, and imagine the hoe of Sambo digging into the ground with additional vigor at every emphasized syllable :

"MASSA an Misse promised me
When they died they'd set me free ;
MASSA an Misse dead an' gone,
Here's old Sambo hillin'-up corn !"

Poor fellow ! it seems a hard case. His "massa and misse" are freed from *their* bonds, but Sambo still wears his. He might here very properly stop and water the corn with his tears. But no ; Sambo is too much of a philosopher for *that*. Having uttered his plaint, he instantly consoles himself with the thought that he has many blessings yet to be thankful for. He thinks of his wife, and the good dinner which she is preparing for him, and from the depths of a grateful and joyous heart he calls out, at the top of his voice :

"JENNY get your hoe-cake done, my darling,
Jenny get your hoe-cake done, my dear !"

and Jenny, in her distant log hut, which is embowered in Catalpa and Pride-of-India trees, gives the hommony another stir, looks at the hoe-cake, and giving the young ones a light cuff or two on the side of the head, to make them "hush," answers her beloved Sambo in the same strain :

"DE hoe-cake is almost done, my darling,
De hoe-cake is almost done, my dear."

Now if that field of corn belonged to Sambo, and the hut and its inmates were his own, and he belonged to himself, that would be a delightful specimen of humble rural felicity. But perhaps his young master may be so unfortunate as to lose the ten thousand dollars which he has bet upon the race that is to take place to-morrow ; and poor Sambo and his family may be sold, separated, and sent just where their new masters may please ; possibly to labor on a sugar plantation — the hell of the blacks.

The greater portion of our national poetry originates in Virginia, or among involuntary Virginian emigrants. Slaves are worked very lightly in that state, comparatively speaking. They are raised chiefly for exportation. Every year thousands are sent to the far south and south-west for sale. The Virginian type of negro character therefore has come to prevail throughout the slave states, with the exception of some portions of Louisiana and Florida. Thus every where you may hear much the same songs and tunes, and see the same dances, with little variety, and no radical difference. Taken together, they form a system perfectly *unique*. Without any teaching, the negroes have contrived a rude kind of opera, combining the poetry of motion, of music, and of language ! "Jim Crow" is an opera ; all the negro songs were intended to be *performed*, as well as sung and played. And, considering the world-wide renown to which they have attained, who can doubt the genius of the composers ? Was not the top of Mount Washington, once upon a time, the stage on which "Jim Crow" was performed, with New-Hampshire and Maine, for audience and spectators ? So saith one of the albums at the foot of the mountain. And doth not William

Howitt tell us that the summit of the Hartz mountains was the scene of a similar exhibition?

These operas are full of negro life: there is hardly any thing which might not be learned of negro character, from a complete collection of these original works. A tour through the south, and a year or two of plantation life, would not fail to reward the diligent collector; and his future fame would be as certain as Homer's. Let him put his own name, as compiler, on the title-page, and (the real author's being unknown) after a lapse of a few centuries the contents of the book will be ascribed to him, as "the great American poet," the object of adoration to the poetical public of the fiftieth century! What was Homer but a diligent collector? Some learned poeple *say* he was nothing more, at any rate. Thou who pantest for glory, go and do likewise!

While writing this, your city papers advertise: "Concert this evening, by the African Melodists." *African* melodists! As well might the Hutchinson's call themselves *English* melodists, because their ancestors, some six or eight generations back, came from England. Whether these performers are blacks, or whites with black faces, does not appear; but they are doubtless meant to represent the native colored population of "Old Varginny," and as such should be judged. They are *American* melodists, *par excellence*.

It is a true test of genius in a writer, that he should be able to put his sayings into the mouths of all, so that they may become household words, quoted by every one, and nine times in ten without knowledge of the author of them. How often do we find in Shakespeare, Sterne, and other celebrated old writers, the very expressions we have been accustomed to hear from childhood, without thought of their origin! They meet us every where in the old standard works, like familiar faces. And how often, when uttering one of these beautiful quotations, if questioned as to its origin, we feel at loss whether to refer the querist to Milton, Sterne, or the Bible! Proverbs are said to be "the wisdom of nations," yet who knows the author of a single proverb? How many, of the millions who weekly join their voices to that glorious tune *Old Hundred*, ever heard the name of the composer? How transcendent, then, must be the genius of the authors of our negro operas! Are not snatches of their songs in every body's mouth, from John O'Groat's to Land's End, and from Labrador to Mexico? Three hundred and fifty times a day, (we took the pains to count, once,) we have been amused and instructed with "*Zip Coon*," "*Jim Crow*," and the tale of a "*Fat Raccoon, a sittin on a rail*." Let Webster tell of the tap of Britain's drum, that encircles the world! Compared with the time occupied by Great Britain in bringing this to pass, "*Jim Crow*" has "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." At no time does the atmosphere of our planet cease to vibrate harmoniously to the immortal songs of the negroes of America. At this present moment, a certain ubiquitous person seems to be in the way of the whole people of these United States simultaneously, (a mere pretender, doubtless, dressed up in some cast-off negro clothing,) and any one may hear him told, a hundred times a day, to "*Get out ob de way, old Dan Tucker!*" But if he gets out of any body's way, it is only that of "*Dandy Jim*, of

Caroline." Oh, that he *would* obey the command altogether! but depend upon it, he will do no such thing, so long as the young ladies speak to him in such fascinating tones, and accompany their sweet voices with the only less sweet music of the piano. Dan takes it as an invitation to stay; and doubtless many a lover would like to receive a similar rejection from his lady-love; a fashion, by the way, like that in which the country lass reproved her lover for kissing her: "Be done, Nat!" said she, "and (*soto voce*) begin again!"

Who is the man of genius? He who utters clearly that which is dimly felt by all. He who most vividly represents the sentiment, intellect and taste of the public to which he addresses himself. He to whom all hearts and heads respond. Take our "national poets," for example, who being unknown individually, we may personify collectively as the American SAMBO. Is not Sambo a genius? All tastes are delighted, all intellects are astonished, all hearts respond to his utterances; at any rate, all piano-fortes do, and a hundred thousand of the sweetest voices in christendom. What more convincing proof of genius was ever presented to the world? Is not Sambo the incarnation of the taste, intellect and heart of America, the ladies being the judges? Do not shrink from the answer, most beautiful, accomplished, delicate and refined lady-reader! You cannot hold yourself above him, for you imitate him; you spend days and weeks learning his tunes; you trill his melodies with your rich voice; you are delighted with his humor, his pathos, his irresistible fun. Say truly, incomparable damsel! is not Sambo the realization of your poetic ideal?

But our national melodists have many imitators. Half of the songs published as theirs are, as far as the words are concerned, the productions of "mean whites;" but base counterfeits as they are, they pass current with most people as genuine negro songs. Thus is it ever with true excellence! It is always imitated, but no one counterfeits that which is acknowledged by all to be worthless. The Spanish dollar is recognised as good throughout the world, and it is more frequently counterfeited than any other coin. The hypocrite assumes the garb of virtue and religion; but who ever thought of feigning vice and infidelity, unless upon the stage? Every imitator acknowledges the superior excellence of his model. The greater the number of imitators, the stronger is the evidence of that superiority: the warmer their reception by the public, the more firmly becomes established the genius of the original.

But the music and the dancing, are all Sambo's own. No one attempts to introduce any thing new *there*. In truth they, with the chorus, constitute all that is essentially permanent in the negro song. The blacks themselves leave out old stanzas, and introduce new ones at pleasure. Travelling through the South, you may, in passing from Virginia to Louisiana, hear the same tune a hundred times, but seldom the same words accompanying it. The necessarily results from the fact that the songs are unwritten, and also from the habit of extemporizing, in which the performers indulge on festive occasions. Let us picture one of these scenes, which often occur on the estates of kind masters, seldom on those of the cruel. So true is this, that the frequent sound

of the violin, banjo, or jaw-bone lute, is as sure an indication of the former, as its general absence is of the latter.

Like the wits of the white race, the negro singer is fond of appearing, to extemporize, when in fact he has every thing "cut and dried" beforehand. Sambo has heard that his "massa" is going to be put up as candidate for congress; that his "misse" has that day bought a new gold watch and chain; that Miss Lucy favors one of her lovers above the rest; that "massa and misse" have given their consent, and in fact, that Violet, the chamber-maid, saw Miss Lucy looking lovingly on a miniature which she had that morning received in a disguised package. Sambo has learned all this, and he has been engaged the whole day, while hoeing corn, in putting these facts, and his thoughts thereon, into verse, to his favorite tune, "Zip Coon." He never did such a day's-work in his life. He hoed so fast, that his fellow-laborers looked at him in astonishment, and said Sambo had "got de debbil in him; dumb debbil, too; no get a word out ob him all day." Sambo finished his hoeing task by three o'clock, but not his rhyming. He could not sit still, so he went to work in his little garden-patch; and just at sundown, having completed his verses to his satisfaction, and hummed them over till confident that he could sing them through without hesitation, he threw down his hoe, and shouted and capered for joy, like a madman.

Soon after tea, Violet enters the parlor: "Sambo sends compliments to Massa and Misse, and de young gemman and ladies, and say he gwine to gib musical entertainment to company dis evening in de kitchen, and be happy to hab a full house." Sambo is a favorite servant, and so, with an air of kindness and and dignity, the master replies: "Give our compliments to Sambo, and say that we will attend with pleasure;" and soon the whole family got out to the kitchen, which at the South is always a building by itself. The master's family occupy one end of the room, standing; the doors and windows are filled with black faces, grinning ivory, and rolling eyes. Sambo emerges from behind a rug, hung across the corner of the kitchen; and the orchestra, consisting of one fiddle, played by old Jupe, strikes up: "Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks, old Varginny neber tire." This is a feint, skilfully planned by Sambo, just as if he intended nothing more than to sing over the well-known words of one or two old songs. He goes through this performance, and through two or three more, with the usual applause; at last old Jupe, strikes up "Zip Coon," and Sambo sings two or three familiar stanzas this well-known song; but suddenly as if a new thought struck him, he makes an extraordinary flourish, looks at his master, and sings:

"Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
Oh, my ole massa gwine to Washington,
All'e niggers cry when massa gone.

"I know what I wish massa do,
I know what I wish massa do,
I know what I wish massa do,
Take me on to Washington to black him boot an' shoe.'
Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

* * * * *

"Miss ~~x~~ got a gold chain round her neck,
 Miss ~~e~~ got a gold chain round her neck,
 Miss ~~e~~ got a gold chain round her neck :
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
 De watch on toder end tick tick tick,
 Jus de same as Sambo when he cut up stick :
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

"Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
 Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too,
 Miss Lucy she hab a gold chain too ;
 No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 No watch on de toder end ob *dat*, I know,
 I reckon it's a picture ob her handsome beau :
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

Great tittering and grinning among the blacks; hearty laughter among the whites; blushes, and a playfully-threatening shake of the finger at Sambo, from Miss Lucy. Sambo meanwhile "does" an extra quantity of jumping at an extra height. His elation at the sensation he has produced really inspires him, and he prolongs his saltations until he has concocted a genuine impromptu stanza :

"Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
 Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
 Who dat nigger in e door I spy ?
 Dat old Scip, by de white ob him eye :
 Zip e dnden duden, duden duden da."

"By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
 By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
 By de white ob him eye an he tick out lip,
 Sambo know dat old black Scip :
 Zip e duden duden, duden duden da."

Exit Sambo, behind the rug. Great applause; and white folks *exeunt*. The evening winds up with a treat of whiskey, all round, furnished by "massa" on the occasion, and in due time all disperse to their several log huts, and retire to rest, after one of the most joyous evenings they ever passed in their lives. All sleep soundly but Sambo; he lies awake half the night, so excited is he by the honors he has acquired, so full of *poetical thoughts*, seeking to shape themselves into words. Slumber at last falls on him; but his wife declares, next morning, that Sambo talked all night in his sleep like a crazy man. Thousands at the South would recognize the foregoing as a faithful sketch of a not infrequent scene :

"THE man who has no music in his soul,
 Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasens, stratagems and spoils ;
 Let no such man be trusted."

Shakespeare never uttered a more undeniable truth; and if he were living at the present day, and needed evidence to back his opinion, a short experience as a cotton planter would furnish him with the requisite proof. This thing is well understood at the South. A laughing,

singing, fiddling, dancing negro is almost invariably a faithful servant. Possibly he may be lazy and idle, but "treasons, stratagems and spoils" form not the subject of his meditations. He is a thoughtless, merry fellow, who sings "to drive dull care away;" sings at his work, sings at his play, and generally accomplishes more at his labor than the sulky negro who says nothing, but looks volumes. These last words have struck "the electric chain" of memory, and forthwith starts up a picture of by-gone days. "The time is long past, and the scene is afar," yet the mental daguerreotype is as fresh as if taken yesterday.

One day during the early part of the Indian war in Florida, we stepped into a friend's boat at Jacksonville, and with a dozen stout negro rowers, pushed off, bound up the St. Johns with a load of muskets, to be distributed among the distressed inhabitants, who were every where flying from the frontier before the victorious Seminoles. As we shot ahead, over the lake-like expanse of the noble river, the negroes struck up a song to which they kept time with their oars; and our speed increased as they went on, and became warmed with their singing. The words were rude enough, the music better, and both were well-adapted to the scene. A line was sung by a leader, then all joined in a short chorus; then came another solo line, and another short chorus, followed by a longer chorus, during the singing of which the boat foamed through the water with redoubled velocity. There seemed to be a certain number of lines ready-manufactured, but after this stock was exhausted, lines relating to surrounding objects were extemporized. Some of these were full of rude wit, and a lucky hit always drew a thundering chorus from the rowers, and an encouraging laugh from the occupants of the stern seats. Sometimes several minutes elapsed in silence; then one of the negroes burst out with a line or two which he had been extemporizing. Little regard was paid to rhyme, and hardly any to the number of syllables in a line: they condensed four or five into one foot, or stretched out one to occupy the space that should have been filled with four or five; yet they never spoiled the tune. This elasticity of form is peculiar to the negro song. But among these negroes there was one who rowed in silence, and no smile lighted up his countenance at the mirthful sallies of his sable companions. When the others seemed merriest, he was unmoved, or only showed, by a transient expression of contempt, and bitterness which dwelt in his heart. In physiognomy he differed entirely from his companions. His nose was straight, and finely cut, his lips thin, and the general cast of his countenance strikingly handsome. He was very dark, and in a *tableau vivant* might have figured with credit as a bronze statue of a Grecian hero. He seemed misplaced, and looked as if he felt so. The countenance of that man, as he carelessly plied his oar, in silent contempt of the merry, thoughtless set around him, made an impression on my mind which will never be effaced. He spoke not, but "looked unutterable things." He had no "music in his soul;" he was not "moved by concord of sweet sounds;" but his thoughts were on "treasons, stratagems and spoils;" he was thinking of the muskets and ammunition which the boat contained, and of the excellent use that might be made of them, in the way of helping the Indians instead of repelling them. "Let no

such man be trusted!" would have been a proper precaution in this case. A few weeks after this he ran away and joined the Seminoles, and was suspected to have acted as a guide to the party that subsequently laid waste his master's plantation.

Comparatively speaking, however, there are few negroes at the South who have "no music" in their souls. The love of music and song is characteristic of the race. They have songs on all subjects; witty, humorous, boisterous and sad. Most frequently, however, specimens of all these classes are mingled together in the same song, in grotesque confusion. Variety is the spice of the negro melodies. Take the following as a fair specimen of negro humor and pathos :

"COME all you jolly niggers, to you de truf I tell-ah ;
 Neber lib wid white folks, dey neber use you well-ah ;
 Cold frosty mornin', nigger bery good-ah,
 Wid he axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah ;
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar' ?*

"Come home to breakfast, get somethin' to eat-ah
 And dey set down before him a little nasty meat-ah ;
 Den at noon poor nigger, he come home to dine-ah,
 And dey take him in de corn-field, and gib him thirty-nine-ah !
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar' ?*

"Den de night come on, and he come home to supper-ah,
 And dey knock down, and break down, and jump ober Juber-ah !
 Den a little cold pancake, and a little hog-fat-ah,
 And dey grumble like de debbil, if you eat too much ob dat-ah !
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar' ?*"

"Den oh ! poor nigger, I sorry for your color-ah ;
 Hit you on de back-bone, you sound like a dollar-ah !
 Cold frosty mornin', nigger bery good-ah ;
 Wid de axe on he shoulder, he go to cut de wood-ah !
 Dingee I otten dotten, balli' otten dotten,
 Dingee I otten, *who dar' ?*"

The intelligent reader, conversant with Howit's "Student Life in Germany," cannot have failed to note the close similarity of style between the foregoing and some of the student-songs, translations which are therein given. The question arises, Who was the imitator? Surely not the negro: he knows not that there is in existence such a being as a German student. But the students know the whole history of the negroes, and doubtless are acquainted with their world-renowned songs. The inference is irresistible: the student is the imitator of the negro, just in the same way that he is the imitator of Homer, and Anacreon, and Sappho. The student is a man of discernment, able to recognize true genius, and not ashamed to emulate it, however lowly the circumstances in which it may be found. He remembers that Homer was a blind, wandering beggar, and knowing that simplicity and adversity are favorable to the growth of true poetry, he is not surprised to find it flourishing in perfection among the American negroes. Or, say that

the student is *not* an imitator of the negro: then we have a case which goes to establish still more firmly the well known truth, that human nature being the same everywhere, men of genius, living thousands of miles apart, and holding no communication with each other, often arrive at the same results!

Proofs of the genius of our American poets crowd upon us in tumultuous array from all quarters. A few of them only are before the reader, but enough, it is hoped, to establish their claim beyond a doubt. Now let justice be done! Render to Cæsar, and Pompey, and Scipio, and Sambo, the just honor which has been so long unjustly withheld; and render to America the meed of praise which has been so pertinaciously denied to her. Sambo claims honor for the fact that he is a true poet: America asks praise for bringing him up, with infinite pains, in the only way in which a true poet should go; which fact was demonstrated in the beginning of this article. Acknowledge, then, ye British critics! your sins of omission and commission; eat your own slanderous words, and proclaim the now undeniable truth, or else be branded as false prophets, and "for ever after hold your peace!"

A wise man has said, "Let me have the making of the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." The popular song-maker sways the souls of men; the legislator rules only their bodies. The song-maker reigns through love and spiritual affinity; the legislator by brute force. Apply this principle to the American people. Who are our true rulers? The negro poets, to be sure! Do they not set the fashion, and give laws to the public taste? Let one of them, in the swamps of Carolina, compose a new song, and it no sooner reaches the ear of a white *amateur*, than it is written down, amended, (that is, almost spoilt,) printed, and then put upon a course of rapid dissemination, to cease only with the utmost bounds of Anglo-Saxondom, perhaps of the world. Meanwhile, the poor author digs away with his hoe, utterly ignorant of his greatness! "Blessed are they who do good, and are forgotten!" says dear Miss Bremer. Then blessed indeed are our national melodists! "True greatness is always modest," says some one else. How great then are our retiring Samboes! How shrinkingly they remain secluded, and allow sooty-faced white men to gather all the honors and emoluments! The works of great men are always imitated. Even those miserable counterfeits, 'Lucy Long' and 'Old Dan Tucker,' have secured a large share of favor, on the supposition that they were genuine negro songs. With the music, no great fault can be found; that may be pure negro, though some people declare it to be Italian. Be that as it may, the words are far beneath the genius of our American poets: this any student, well versed in negro lore, can perceive at a glance.

BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, WHITTIER, do you ardently desire fame? Give heed to foreign reviewers; doubt no longer that nationality is the highest merit that poetry can possess; uneducate yourselves; consult the taste of your fair countrywomen; write no more English poems; write negro songs, and Yankee songs in negro style; take lessons in dancing of the celebrated Thomas Rice; appear upon the stage and perform your own operas; do this, and not only will

fortune and fame be yours, but you will thus vindicate yourselves and your country from the foul imputation under which both now rest ! With *your* names on the list with CROW and COON, who *then* will dare to say that America has no National Poets ?

FROM TUPPER'S "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

OF LOVE.

THERE is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart :
 Its root lieth deep ; it is delicate, yet lasting, as the lilac crocus of autumn :
 Loneliness and thought are the dews that water it morn and even ;
 Memory and Absence cherish it, as the balmy breathings of the south :
 Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of Hope ;
 Its companions are gentle flowers, and the brier withereth by its side.
 I saw it budding in beauty : I felt the magic of its smile ;
 The violet rejoiced beneath it, the rose stooped down and kissed it :
 And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden,
 As a bird bringeth foreign seeds, that they may flourish in a kindly soil.
 I saw and asked not its name : I knew no language was so wealthy,
 Though every heart of every clime findeth its echo within.
 And yet what shall I say ? Is a sordid man capable of— Love ?
 Hath a seducer known it ? Can an adulterer perceive it ?
 Or he that seeketh strange women, can he feel its purity ?
 Or he that changeth often, can he know its truth ?
 Longing for another's happiness, yet often destroying its own ;
 Chaste, and looking up to God, as the fountain of tenderness and joy :
 Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers ;
 Lasting, and knowing not change—it walketh with Truth and Sincerity.

Love:— what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear,
 A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a sigh,
 The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a moment,
 What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted love !
 For it is that native poetry springing up indigenous to Mind,
 The heart's own country music thrilling all its chords,
 The story without an end that angels throng to hear,
 The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart !
 Oh ! call thou snake-eyed malice mercy, call envy honest praise,
 Count selfish craft for wisdom, and coward treachery for prudence,
 Do homage to blaspheming unbelief as to bold and free philosophy,
 And estimate the recklessness of license as the right attribute to liberty, —
 But with the world, thou friend and scholar, stain not this pure name :
 Nor suffer the majesty of Love to be likened to the meanness of desire :
 For Love is no more such, than seraph's hymns are discord,
 And such is no more Love, than *Ætina's* breath is summer.

Love is a sweet idolatry, enslaving all the soul,
 A mighty spiritual force, warring with the dulness of matter.
 An angel-mind breathed into a mortal, though fallen yet how beautiful !
 All the devotion of the heart in all its depth and grandeur.

Behold that pale geranium, pent within the cottage window :
How yearningly it stretcheth to the light its sickly long-stalked leaves,
How it straineth upward to the sun, coveting his sweet influences,
How real a living sacrifice to the god of all its worship !
Such is the soul that loveth ; and so the rose-tree of affection
Bendeth its every leaf to look on those dear eyes,
Its every blushing petal basket in their light,
And all its gladness, all its life, is hanging on their love.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again ;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more :
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection ;
And the dim notes of that pleasant song will be heard as a reproachful spirit,
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart,
Where the hot siroccos of the world have withered its one oasis.

For the Symbol.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

ON the demise of a relative, a member of the Society of Friends, who had exceeded the allotted time of three score and ten years by more than a quarter of a century, and who had therefore lived through the struggle for freedom, I discovered, among other papers which fell into my possession, a letter giving some interesting particulars of the suffering and distress occasioned in Boston and vicinity by the two armies during the winter of 1775-6. The spirit of the Friends, as appears in the following letter, is so much in accordance with that of Odd Fellowship, that its perusal may not be without some interest to the Order. I will endeavor to send it in the style and words of the original, as nearly as propriety of language will allow. C. P. W.

" Providence, 1st mo. 2d, 1776.

" DEAR FRIEND, — Having this opportunity of sending by water, I embrace the privilege, to inform thee that we are generally in health, and to give thee a short account of a journey I made with a committee of four others from our Meeting to distribute your donation. The committee appointed at the time our friends David Evans and John Parrish were visiting us, not going on account of sickness and other hindrances, our last Meeting for Sufferings renewed the committee, and on the 13th ult. we commenced our journey eastward. We reached Cambridge the next day, and presented our address to Gen. Washington (a copy of which D. Evans took with him), who received us kindly, but declined permitting us to go into Boston, saying he had made it a rule to allow no one to pass except a woman separated from her husband, or some similar circumstance. He, however, showed a readiness to forward the designed distribution, by proposing to send in for some of our friends to come out upon the *lines*, and gave us orders for a flag to hold a conference with them. As the small-pox was in town, principally by inoculation, our not being allowed to go in seemed but a

small disappointment. We sent Gen. Howe an address similar to that delivered to Gen. Washington, with a letter informing him of our not going in, for the reason above mentioned, and desiring his permission to let our friends James Ramar and Ebenezer Pope meet us upon the lines, to whom we wrote under [the eye of a General] (the words in brackets are nearly obliterated); to which Gen. Howe answered by his Aid-de-camp, that our request could not be granted, but that he would direct the Sheriff to meet and confer with us, at any hour we should appoint. This, at first, seemed rather close with us, but supposing he had a reason for this strictness, as well as Gen. Washington, we gave ourselves no further uneasiness, but embraced his proposals.

"Sending in my name to one of the officers with whom I had some acquaintance (Major Small, a kind and humane man), he, in company with the Sheriff, met us on the morning of the 15th. Being unacquainted with the Sheriff, and knowing the uncertainty of the proper distribution of the money, after the conference we wrote in to our friends, informing them of our disappointment in not seeing them, and sent in a draft for £100 only, opening the intention of the donation and the benevolent designs of the Friends therein, without regard to the promotion of parties, as had been misapprehended. Finding in the Sheriff a disposition to favor the design, we proposed that, if he thought a further sum could be usefully applied agreeably to our purpose, we would send it in (as we had it with us); but they declined giving an opinion of the state of the poor, saying only that the distress was not so great as was represented without. We therefore deferred the matter till we should receive an account from our friends, which they kindly offered their services to procure, and send out to us after the sum sent in shall have been distributed, which account I am now daily expecting, having on our return written in to them and requested the officer quartered at the advanced works to forward by the first opportunity.

"The country around the two encampments presents one scene of desolation. Fruit, ornamental and other trees, with several buildings, have been entirely removed. The town of Cambridge was so crowded that no lodging could be had, and we were obliged to lie by the fire, with no covering but our own clothes, partly on the floor and partly on or under a bed of straw. This deprivation (new to me) seemed necessary to prepare us for our mission, by giving us a sympathy with those we had to visit who were destitute of the comforts of life.

"We arrived at Lynn on Seventh-day evening, the 16th. Staid meeting next day, and went to Salem. On the 18th we visited Marblehead, and assembled the select men and informed them of our business to relieve the suffering poor. Separating into three divisions, with a select man attending each, we proceeded from house to house, visiting the poor and inquiring into their several circumstances, and where need required, and they were within the limits of our donation, relieved their distress. We found poverty greatly to abound, and many widows and fatherless in great destitution of provision and fuel, many poor women having to carry their wood more than two miles on their backs; and in one instance a widow woman who had five children, and was

near her time of delivery of another, had been more than two miles for wood on a very cold day, and was without a morsel of bread in her house. She was one whom we gladly relieved; but thou must not suppose all were such objects of commiseration. She appeared to be a very tender-hearted woman, and melted into tears at our visit, in which tender state we left this truly pitiable object, for whom I still feel much sympathy, as at the time we visited her. When I reflect on the many necessitous cases we witnessed, I am so affected as to conclude, that had we not been favored with an unusual fortitude and guard over the affections, the services we performed would have entirely overcome our feelings; but by divine favor we were enabled to discharge our duty with a good degree of satisfaction, occasionally leaving a word of consoling counsel and admonition. We visited to-day and helped between sixty and seventy families, mostly widows and orphans, among whom the donations have principally fallen. Not having completed the task, we left it to be finished by Jeremiah Hacker and Samuel Collins. The next day, the 19th inst., we went to Salem, and dividing into four companies, with a select man in each, we proceeded on our business as before. In the afternoon, feeling a desire to go farther eastward (to Cape Ann), four of us, Benjamin Arnold, David Buffam, Tho's Lapham, Jr., and myself, leaving Tho's Steer to finish our business at Salem, left for Cape Ann, relieving some by the way. We arrived there about 10 o'clock next day, being the 20th of the month. On our arrival we assembled the select men and committee, and made them acquainted with our business; again divided and proceeded as before. The town being seven or eight miles from one extreme to the other, we were obliged to ride all day through a very high and cold wind, but the calls of the poor were so urgent that we bore it patiently. We were here occupied part of three days, the general distress surpassing that at Marblehead, about half of the most wealthy inhabitants having moved farther into the interior, leaving the poor unemployed. They were poor when the fisheries were carried on, which being now wholly stopped, rendered their distress insupportable. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, of which you can form but a faint idea, the children seemed healthy, crawling into the very ashes to keep warm. Wood mostly coming by water, is now extremely scarce since the water communication is cut off. Poverty preventing them from having teams, they have to carry their wood on their backs about two miles. Bread stuffs are very scarce; Indian corn is 4s. per bushel, rye is 5s. from Salem eastward. Some families have had no other bread than potatoes for some time, and these, with checkerberry tea, was the only food of a woman with a child at her breast. We never saw poverty equalled by that of about a hundred families we visited and relieved in this town, besides many not within the limits of our donation.

"By this time thou wilt perceive your charities were bestowed very opportunely, as indeed many felt, and some expressed most feelingly their sense of gratitude. The name of Quaker, though little known in these parts, will be remembered, and perhaps some may no longer consider it a name of reproach. I am forcibly reminded of a remark of John Woolman's, during his sickness, that affluence may afford re-

lief in times of sickness and distress. This has been the case with your donation ; for the lame, the aged and infirm, and those who were crying for bread, have partaken of your liberality. One aged woman, 96 or 97 years of age, and her husband, aged 80, with a maiden daughter, their supporter in prosperous times, received our aid with a tear which spoke the gratitude that words could not utter. Upon the whole, I think you may be assured that so far is well ; and may a sense of favor rest upon us, that we have had it in our power and have possessed the hearts to administer relief to the distressed — I mean the donors in conjunction with ourselves.

"I visited Point Shirley, about four miles from Boston, where three vessels from Boston, filled with passengers, had landed. They were mostly dispersed, but I found thirty or forty families, to whom relief was afforded. A Friend who had not had the small-pox, attended at another place in Chelsea where about fifty persons had been fumigated after having had that disease, to most of whom he afforded assistance. These poor people complained bitterly of the treatment they received on ship-board, having been on board about four days, and most of them said they had been robbed of a part of their furniture money and clothes. This I have no doubt will be highly disapproved of by Gen. Howe. My love to Friends, with the privilege of communicating any part of this that may be necessary or acceptable. MOSES BROWN."

"The foregoing is a copy of a letter from one of the members of the Meeting of Sufferings at Providence. By a later letter he says they have since visited the town of Newport and administered part of the money to about 100 families that were in very great distress and suffering for want of fuel. By accounts received, they have visited and relieved about 600 families ; and as they were very sparing at first, not knowing the number they might find, they designed repeating their visits to the most necessitous. By copies of the addresses delivered to the General, and letters to Friends in Boston, it appears they were careful to guard against ministering to those concerned in promoting military measures. ISRAEL PEMBERTON.

"16th 2nd mo., 1776."

For the Symbol.

A TOUR TO RHODE ISLAND.

BRO. PRINCE,—In conformity with my promise, I will herein give you some account of my observations and impressions—of what I saw, heard and felt, when on my recent tour to Rhode Island. I left home on Saturday morning, and spent that and the following day in Canton—most of the time at South Canton, with an *odd* friend and his family, in a very pleasant social way—though in not so *odd* a manner for friends, after all. I am not sure, should he ride the *goat*, that he would be any more *odd* in all that makes "a good fellow."

South Canton is a flourishing village, where there is established and in successful operation, a large iron, and also a copper manufacturing establishment, with a number of machine shops, and a cotton mill, which is about ready to go into operation.

The iron and copper works are quite a curiosity to a person who has never seen any thing of the kind. They take the copper from the ore, and go through the entire process of smelting, refining and converting it into bolts and sheathing ready for market. The smelting works are soon to be removed to your city, in consequence of the mischief they are doing vegetation in the neighborhood. The sulphurous fumes arising from this process are so great, that they have stripped the trees, for a considerable distance, of their foliage, and would eventually, without doubt, be the destruction of all the trees in the immediate vicinity.

The iron works are also a matter of considerable interest, from their magnitude, extent and variety. There is a foundry, forge and machine shop, all connected with each other, where the largest class of iron work is done—such as cylinders for steam engines of all classes, wheels for railroad cars, axeltrees and the like, all of which are finished ready for use. In the forge, the iron is taken in the pig, converted into wrought iron, and then manufactured into various articles for machinery. It is quite a curiosity to see them cast one of those huge steam cylinders, for the larger class of engines, as indeed are all their operations with the larger class of machinery and castings. Nor among the least, is that of converting pig into malleable iron.

At this time, a Lodge of Odd Fellows is about being established in this village. A number of gentlemen have been initiated into the mysteries of our Order, by Massasoit Lodge, No. 69, for this purpose; they have drawn their cards, and their petition is before the officers of the Grand Lodge. The deliberation and caution used by the gentlemen who have moved in this matter, in all their arrangements, is worthy of all praise, and of the imitation of all persons who move in the establishment of new Lodges. The brothers who have petitioned for a charter are, the most of them, established residents of the place, and all of them gentlemen of the first respectability. In their hands, the interests of the Order, in this place, may be safely entrusted, and, I doubt not, its intentions and purposes will be most religiously carried out in practice.

On Monday morning, I left my friends in Canton, and took the first train for Providence, where I arrived in safety. I called upon the brother to whom you recommended me, and in the course of the day was introduced to most of the officers of the Grand Lodge, and also to several other distinguished brothers of the Order, in that city. I made it my home with an old friend, who is *odd* enough to make him "a good fellow," although he has not the *seal* of an Odd Fellow. I trust however, he will soon "become a pillar and an ornament of our Order."

In the evening, I visited Hope Lodge, No. 4, and had a very pleasant interview. I here met several of the Grand Officers and others to whom I had been introduced during the day. The next day

I spent in visiting different parts of the city, and in calling upon brothers and other friends. In the afternoon took my leave of some cherished friends from Newark, N. J., as they departed for their home, and in the evening visited Roger Williams Lodge, No. 3, where I was equally pleased with that of the evening before. On Wednesday morning I left for Warren, where I had an appointment to lecture that evening, before Amity Lodge, No. 6. In the course of the day, I was shown, by the kindness of the N. G. who gave his time to my service, all the interesting localities and public buildings in the place. In the evening, I addressed the brothers in their neat and commodious hall. I was greatly pleased with the tone and spirit which seemed to pervade this Lodge, and the management of its affairs. It appears to be composed of the right kind of men—men who understand the principles and intentions of our Order, and in whose hands, I am sure, they will never suffer.

So far as I can judge from what I could see and hear during so short a visit among the brothers, I think our Order may be regarded as in a very flourishing condition in Rhode Island. A class of good and substantial men—the bone and muscle of society—appears mostly to constitute the Lodges. The number of literary and professional men, I judge, is much less in their Lodges than in those of the other States with which I am acquainted—a circumstance to be regretted, in many respects.

The halls of the Lodges I visited in Providence were not very commodious, but they are in the way of securing better accommodations. A large, commodious and elegant hall is in process of erection, and will soon be in readiness for their reception. By the politeness of a member, I visited the hall of Friendly Union Lodge, No. 1. This is a beautiful hall, furnished with an organ, and all other matters of utility and convenience. I regretted that my engagements were such that I could not have visited this Lodge at a regular communication, as well as several others, both in and out of the city.

I left Warren on Thursday morning, for home, spent a few hours in calling upon my friends in Providence, and arrived home in season to attend my own Lodge meeting that evening. Thus closed a very pleasant visit, for which I feel myself greatly indebted to the kind attentions of the brothers of our Order, for which they will accept my thanks, and the assurance that I shall cherish their memories with affectionate regards. A few remarks upon the places I visited, their public buildings and manufactures, and this communication shall close.

WARREN.

This town is situated about eleven miles S. S. E. of Providence. It is in Bristol county, and on the east side of Narraganset Bay, and joins Massachusetts. It has a good harbor, and a large number of whale ships are owned by the inhabitants and sail from this place. If my memory does not misgive me, the precise number is twenty-two—making it the second place in the United States, in the amount of tonnage engaged in this business.

The village is delightfully situated on a rise of ground facing the

harbor, and notwithstanding its great wealth, and its air of neatness, the dwellings are decidedly inferior. I saw but one dwelling-house that could be called handsome. The most of them are small, though white and neat, and rude in architectural design and execution. But what is wanting in the elegance of their dwellings, is made up in the splendor of their churches. Of all the places I have ever visited of its size—and I have visited almost all the villages in New England, with the exception of those in Connecticut, and many out of it—I never saw so much good taste and splendor lavished upon the churches, as in this little village of Warren.

The oldest structure now occupied, is the Episcopal church, which was built some years since, and in the style of the architecture of its time. At the time when built, it was a splendid building, and it is now a structure which would be an ornament to any village and a credit to any religious society. Internally it is beautifully painted in fresco and elegantly furnished.

The next in age, is the Baptist church, which was erected the past year. It is built of stone, rough and unseemly, and of all manner of forms, as they came from the quarry, which gives it an antique appearance externally. Its style of architecture is Gothic throughout, the windows are diamond glass and beautifully stained; and the inside is a milk white, except the pews, which are oak grained and carpeted and cushioned in a very neat and tasty manner. Internally, I think this one of the most beautiful churches I was ever in.

The new Methodist church is in the process of erection. The carpenters have nearly completed their part, and the painters were engaged in putting on the finish. It is built of wood. Its architecture is composite and of a fine model. Externally it is a beautiful structure. Internally, the arrangement is open and pleasant, with an air of cheerful elegance peculiarly agreeable to the eye. The walls are beautifully painted in fresco. As I stood at the desk and looked about that splendid house, I could not but query in my mind, and even suggest to a friend at my elbow—what would John Wesley say, could he return to the earth and enter this church surrounded with his elders, in their plain coats, and be told, this is a Methodist church? I apprehend, that good man would tell them, it looked more like the unsanctified world than Methodism.

If I mistake not, the building of these elegant churches will form a new era in the history of Warren. Unless it proves an exception to all other towns, a few years hence will see the same style distinguishing their private dwellings as is now peculiar to their churches. The present tone of republican simplicity in the style of their dwellings, in a few years, will give place to that of splendid and costly edifices; and happy will it be for that people, if this spirit does not extend to the manners and customs of society.

There are no manufactories carried on in Warren, aside from those usual in villages of its character, except that of jewelry. There is an establishment here for the manufacture of Gold Pencil Cases, Watch Seals and Keys, Chains, &c., which employs about thirty men. It is furnished with a small steam engine, and all the conveniences for the

business. The work I saw was very beautiful, both in design and in execution, and I doubt not of an excellent quality.

PROVIDENCE.

Sixteen years, which is the period since I was last in this city, has wrought great and important changes. During this period, it has increased greatly in extent and population, as well as in the magnitude and extent of its buildings. Its business seems to be in a very flourishing condition, in common with that of the rest of the country. Many fine blocks of buildings are now going up, or have been completed this season. Among the older public buildings, the Arcade is deserving the notice of all who visit this city, as a very fine and commodious building of its kind.

As is well known to your readers, Providence is the seat of Brown's University. The college buildings, which, by the way, are very respectable, though somewhat antique structures, are most beautifully situated on the summit of a high elevation of land, which overlook the city, bay and harbor, and much of the surrounding country. It would do a lover of nature and science good to sit under the academic shades on that delightful eminence, and drink at the fountain of Parnassus. The institution, I believe, is in a very flourishing condition, as it no doubt deserves.

I was informed, of one thing in relation to the faculty of this college, which gave me so much pleasure, that I cannot forbear to mention it. I was assured that the faculty, as a body, with the venerable President Hitchcock at its head, had determined to adopt the total abstinence pledge, and take an active part in the temperance movement, in the community. This it has heretofore failed to do, in having given its influence, in common with most of our literary institutions, in favor of the use of wine, as a beverage. This is an example which I trust will be followed by the faculties of all our literary institutions, and especially by our own Harvard. This they owe alike to themselves and the community.

Among the literary arrangements of Providence, I would not forget to mention the Athenæum. The building is of stone, centrally and pleasantly situated. The somewhat stinted grounds around it are very prettily laid out and ornamented, and great pains are manifestly taken to keep every thing in and about the building in the finest order. As you approach the building every thing looks inviting, and seems to say, "Pause and refresh yourself beneath this academic shade, and sip ambrosial nectar from this Pierian fountain;" and you feel as if you were entering the green fields and silent shades of Academia. Within is found a liberal supply of the periodical literature, both of this country and Europe, and a library composed of quite an extensive, and a very valuable assortment of books upon almost all the subjects within the compass of literature, science and theology. Some of the departments are quite full and very valuable. The historical department I should judge the fullest and most complete. Such places of resort for the young are invaluable, as they afford attractions to draw their feet away from places less beneficial.

Providence does not greatly abound in manufactories of any kind, though they seem to be rapidly multiplying. The principal manufacturing establishments are a large jeweler's shop, a steam cotton mill of the largest class, and an iron rolling mill, where large wire, nail-plates, hoop-plates and the like are made. This last is a new affair, which has but partially gone into operation. Its works are driven by a huge steam engine, and it is quite an amusing affair to see the way they use the iron — to see the fiery rods running about the floor, like so many fiery serpents.

There is but one thing beside these fiery serpents, about the establishment, which looks suspicious, and that is the enormous balance wheel. Its velocity is such, that it seems as if it must fly in pieces, and I could not help expecting every moment to see its fragments flying through the air. So thoroughly did this idea get possession of my mind, that I could not help watching it with a suspicious eye, and stepping rather light and quick, whenever I came within range of it, and feeling relieved when fairly clear of it.

Beside these, I believe there are several foundries and machine shops, though I did not have time to visit any of them. There are several public buildings, and other matters of interest out of the city, which I had not time to visit, and therefore may not speak of them.

Yours in F. L. & T.,

D. F.

LIONS.

JOSEPH C. NEAL, of 'Charcoal' reputation, has a clever and funny 'Sketch' of the Lions in a late number of his Gazette, with illustrations to match. We give the concluding portion:

"Lions are diverse and different. There is your musical lion, who is sometimes a bore — your scientific lion, who is apt to be an ass — your political lion, who is frequently a nuisance — and your funny lion, who, on occasion, is apt to be dull enough. The handsome lion is not often endurable; but the dandy lion is at least harmless, if he pays his tailor's bill. And following these, we find literary lions, gymnastic lions, lions in buggies and on horseback — fast-trotting lions, are they — military lions — in fact, every jungle has its lion, big or little — not one of which, except as aforesaid, in the way of condescension, will permit others to slip in a word edgeways. Those who are not lions themselves, are born for no other purpose but to admire the lions. Gentle reader, if you are not a lion already, try to be a lion, with all your might and 'mane.'"

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.

BEAUTY.

THERE is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of the fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

CHARITY.

IS any man fallen into disgrace? charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame: is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavors? charity crieth out alas! as if it were itself defeated: is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him: is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succor, it will condole: doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear, and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.—*Dr. Barrow.*

MARRIAGE.

IT is the worst clandestine marriage where God is not invited to it. Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones. Neither choose all, nor at all for beauty. They tell us of a floating island in Scotland; but sure no wise pilot will cast anchor there. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—*Dr. Fuller.*

IS there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

M. W. GRAND MASTER THOMPSON'S REPORT

At the Quarterly Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, September 6th, 1845.

BOSTON, November 6th, 1845.

To the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Massachusetts :

The Grand Master has the honor to submit this his first Quarterly communication to your Right Worthy Body, and with it the Reports of the District Deputy Grand Masters so far as they have been received, made in conformity with Article II. of the Constitution. From these reports, which are from all the Districts except Nos. 3, 8, 20 and 23, and from the Quarterly Returns in the possession of the Grand Secretary, it appears that the Lodges generally under this jurisdiction, are in a healthy and prosperous condition ; and that the Order in almost all parts of the Commonwealth is steadily increasing in numbers, usefulness and popularity.

Since the last Annual Session in August, seven of the nine Lodges to which charters were then granted, have been duly instituted, as follows :

- August 12. Neponset Lodge, No. 84, at Milton, by the Grand Master.
- August 22. Crescent Lodge, No. 82, at East Weymouth, by G. Treasurer Prince.
- August 25. Excelsior Lodge, No. 87, at Foxboro', by D. D. G. Master, Smith.
- August 29. Lancaster Lodge, No. 89, at Lancaster, by G. Secretary Jones.
- August 29. Powow River Lodge, No. 90, at Amesbury, by the Grand Master.
- September 4. Mutual Relief Lodge, No. 83, at Haverhill, by the Grand Master.
- October 2. Leominster Lodge, No. 86, at Leominster, by D. G. Master Wells.

Marlboro' Lodge, No. 85, at Marlboro', and Union Lodge, No. 88, at Douglas, yet remain to be instituted. From the former nothing has been heard since the Charter was granted, but it is to be hoped that the brethren in that place will soon be prepared to commence the good work. From the latter, however, the Grand Master has had repeated communication, and he regrets exceedingly that the brethren in Douglas, by the operation of an article of the By-Laws, adopted at the May session of the Grand Lodge, have been for nearly three months deprived of a Lodge in that town. The Article alluded to is that prohibiting the institution or working of any Subordinate Lodge in a hotel or tavern, or any apartments thereto belonging. The brethren in Douglas not being aware of the existence of any such law, immediately after the granting of their Charter, fitted up at considerable expense, a Lodge room in the hall attached to the public house in that town. This house though in every respect a strict temperance house, (no bar whatever being kept in it), is occupied as a house of entertainment for travellers, and according to the strict letter of the law comes within the prohibition. The Grand Master has therefore deemed it his duty to delay the institution of Union Lodge until a Lodge room could be fitted up elsewhere or until the matter could be laid before the Grand Lodge. It is said by the Douglas petitioners that they cannot without great additional expense and detriment to their interest obtain suitable accommodations elsewhere, and if they cannot be allowed to use the hall they have already fitted up and which they had in contemplation when they applied for their Charter, they must for the present at least, be deprived of a Lodge, besides suffering considerable pecuniary loss. Under these circumstances it would seem to be proper for the Grand Lodge to inquire into the subject, and if possible to relieve the brethren from the unpleasant situation in which they are now placed. The Grand Master would respectfully suggest that the house in question does not come within the true *spirit* and *meaning* of the law. If he is rightly informed it partakes more of the character of a public boarding or lodging house than of a hotel or tavern; and if after proper inquiry the Grand Lodge is satisfied that such is the fact, it will undoubtedly by a fair and liberal construction of the law referred to permit the Douglas brethren to occupy their hall. And while upon this subject the Grand Master begs leave to recommend to the Grand Lodge the repeal of the Article alluded to and the adoption of a new law providing that all Subordinate Lodges under its jurisdiction, as well those already in operation as those which may hereafter be instituted, shall hold their meetings in such halls or Lodge rooms as

shall be approved by the Board of Grand Officers after the personal inspection of some one of their number, or some other competent Past Grand appointed by them for that purpose. Such a law would supercede the necessity of determining by special legislation where or how Lodge rooms shall be located or constructed, while at the same time it would effectually guard against their being constructed or allowed to remain in improper or exposed situations.

The board of Grand Officers since the annual session have granted Dispensations for the opening of six new Lodges, the petitions for which with the accompanying documents are in the possession of the Grand Secretary and will be laid before the Grand Lodge by that Officer. Four of these Lodges are already in successful operation, having been instituted as follows; viz:

September 10. Ocean Lodge, No. 91, at Gloucester, by Grand Secretary Jones.

October 9. Lowell Lodge, No. 95, at Lowell, by the Grand Master.

October 15. Mount Auburn Lodge, No. 94, at Cambridge, by Grand Treasurer Prince.

October 17. Blue Hill Lodge, No. 93, at Canton, by Grand Treasurer Prince.

The two Lodges not yet opened are Tihonet Lodge, No. 92, at Sandwich, and Marine Lodge, No. 96, at Provincetown; both of which are ready for institution, and if confirmed by the Grand Lodge, will be attended to immediately after the close of the present session.

The Grand Officers have also, upon the petition of six of the original members of Washington Lodge, No. 5, at Roxbury, and a number of other brethren associated with them, granted a Dispensation to re-establish that Lodge, and on the 22d of October, the Grand Master with a large deputation of the Officers and members of the G. Lodge, opened the Lodge in due form and installed its officers. The petition and accompanying papers will be submitted by the G. Secretary with other documents of a similar character. The re-establishment of this old Lodge is a source of much congratulation to the Order in this State, not only because it fills one of the three blanks which have so long existed in our bright galaxy, but because it restores to that galaxy a name which by the laws of our Order could not otherwise have had a place there — one dear to us all — the name of "*Washington*," who though not an Odd Fellow in name was eminently so in precept and practice, and whose whole life was identified with the great principles we profess — the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the two remaining blanks will be filled by the restoration of Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 3, and Adam, No. 6 — and thus enable us here in Massachusetts to present to our brethren throughout the world an unbroken front of at least a hundred sister Lodges, all acting harmoniously and in concert with each other, with that spirit of generous rivalry which strives only to excel in doing good and in the practice of those cardinal virtues upon which rests the foundation of our Order.

Soon after entering upon the duties of his office the attention of the Grand Master was called to the fact that several of the Subordinate Lodges had adopted and continued to use Opening and Installation Odes differing altogether from those prescribed by the Grand Lodge of the United States. The Grand Master wrote to the Grand Sire upon the subject asking his opinion as well upon that as upon one or two other points about which doubts had arisen in the minds of members; and on receipt of that opinion, caused the same to be printed with a circular of his own, and sent to the different Lodges. A copy of this document is herewith submitted. It is important that in all the work of the Order, a strict uniformity should be observed, for obvious reasons, and it is to be hoped that those officers whose duty it is to exercise an immediate supervision of the Subordinate Lodges will see that this rule is substantially complied with. By a vote of the Grand Lodge of the United States, the new work of the Order as revised at the special session of that body in September, is to go into operation on the first of the coming January. The books are promised in season to enable this to be done, and the Grand Master respectfully suggests to the Grand Lodge the propriety of providing in some way for the proper transmission of this new work to the several Lodges, either by a special session of the Grand Lodge, by special messengers to each Lodge, or in any other way that shall insure a strict uniformity.

The financial department of the Grand Lodge continues in a prosperous state. The Grand Treasurer will lay before you his quarterly report of receipts and expen-

ditures, which it is believed will compare favorably with preceding quarters. It has been suggested, however, by many who have given the subject some attention, that provision may and ought to be made for the future revenue of the Grand Lodge which shall operate more equally upon all the Lodges than does the present system, by materially reducing the amount of per centage at present paid—and requiring each Lodge to pay all its own expenses of Installation, Blanks, &c. &c. But this is a matter which requires careful consideration, and it is to be hoped that the Grand Lodge will give it that attention which its importance demands. But one item of importance in the way of *extra* expenditure, will be observed in the Treasurer's account, and that is the cost of fitting up the office of the Grand Lodge. By a vote of the last session the board of Grand Officers was authorized to procure a room and furniture for their accommodation. And in pursuance of this vote a room has been rented in the building No. 21 School street as the head quarters of the Grand Lodge. It has been provided with the necessary furniture and a substantial safe for the preservation of the books and papers of the Lodge; its situation is central and affords ample accommodation for the Grand Secretary as well as for the meetings of the Grand Officers. The furniture is of a substantial character, and such as becomes an office of the kind. This office will undoubtedly answer all present purposes, but the Grand Master begs leave most respectfully to suggest that the increasing business and importance of Odd Fellowship in this State ought to admonish the Grand Lodge of the expediency of providing for the future, and that the time is not far distant when it will become highly necessary and expedient for this body to turn its attention to the erection of a suitable edifice of its own for the proper accommodation of the Order here in all its branches; and it may not be improper even at this session to take some preliminary steps to accomplish this object by the appointment of a Committee to petition the Legislature for corporate powers. An Odd Fellows' Hall may undoubtedly be erected in this city by the Grand Lodge, which will not only be a source of increasing revenue to the Lodge but an ornament to the city and a credit to the Order. But the Lodge will of course judge for itself of the expediency or propriety of any movement on the subject. It is one undoubtedly of much interest to the members of the Order and which demands our candid consideration—for it is true beyond a question that in order to ensure the successful prosecution of this important work, the matter must be taken in hand by the Grand Lodge and not left to the Subordinate Lodges or individual members of the Order.

There is one other matter to which the attention of the Grand Lodge is respectfully called, and that is the subject of Quarterly Returns. It is a very important part of the duty of every Subordinate Lodge, to make prompt and accurate returns to the Grand Lodge of the work of every quarter, and there is hardly an excuse for the neglect of this duty, especially on the part of the older Lodges. Yet it is most grossly neglected by some, as will appear by the Report of the Standing Committee on Elections and Returns. The Duty of that Committee as well as of the Grand Secretary in examining and correcting these returns and preparing a table of them for the printer, is an exceedingly arduous one at all times, but more especially so when from the want of proper attention on the part of the various Lodges; the returns are not sent to the Grand Secretary in due season, or if in season, are essentially incorrect in many important particulars. The blanks furnished to each Lodge by the Grand Secretary, are accompanied by full directions as to the mode of making out the reports as well as a transcript of the law, requiring them to be made out and forwarded, at least two weeks before the session of the Grand Lodge. Yet these seem to be in a great many instances overlooked or wholly disregarded; and the report of the Committee to be submitted at this session, will show that nearly half of all the Lodges have either sent in imperfect returns or neglected to send them within the required time—and some have made no return at all. This state of things ought not to be suffered to exist, and the Grand Master would respectfully suggest that a law should be made similar in its character to the one in force in New Hampshire, imposing a penalty upon all Lodges who neglect this important duty.

In closing this communication the Grand Master would express his obligation to the Board of Grand Officers as well as to the several District Deputy Grand Masters, for the efficient manner in which they have severally performed the

graces the English magazines, and which may be found in the writings of many of our popular essayists.

That our readers may be enabled to judge of the future literary merits of the Symbol, we will state that among the many individuals who have been engaged as contributors, we feel proud in mentioning the names of Hon. ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, EPES SARGEANT, Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, ISAAC McLELLAN, Jr., Miss CAROLINE F. ORNE, J. H. INGRAHAM, T. B. READ, E. BRACKETT, and A. J. H. DUGANNE. We hope, however, to be able to add more to our list.

With this array of talent, in connection with its popular and gifted Editor, the Symbol cannot fail of becoming the Magazine of New England in point of literary merit. And that the brethren may rest assured that the interests of the Order will be well and ably cared for, we take great pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made with P. G. Secretary WM. E. PARMENTER, Esq., from whose pen our readers have received much useful and valuable information, to have him continue in that department. In no better hands can the welfare of the Order be placed. Fully and thoroughly versed in all matters relating to Odd Fellowship, the Order may feel satisfied that everything coming from Bro. PARMENTER's pen of an official character, can be relied on as correct. We also have the promise of original papers relating to the Order from many of its most prominent members. Every assurance is given, therefore, that the Order will be truly, ably, and *officially* represented through the pages of the Symbol.

The Editor's Table will be a *melange* of sketches of passing events of general interest, notices of public amusements, of the fine arts, of books, anecdotes, *bon mots*, *jeux d'esprits*, and such other matters as come within the scope of table-talk and social gossip.

The first number of the new volume will be issued somewhat in anticipation of the usual time of publication, and will show to what extent our views are carried out in practice.

The Symbol will continue to be published in the same form as heretofore, and at the same price. In order, however, to give as great a quantity of reading matter as possible, we have deemed it advisable to dispense with publishing the Directory, containing the officers of the several Lodges in New England, oftener than once in three months. We shall then give a full report, and shall issue it on an extra sheet, and have it bound in the book. We shall however, in each number, publish a list of Lodges in New England, with their time and place of meeting, and as occasion may seem to require, a complete Directory of the Lodges in the United States.

T. PRINCE.

☞ WE shall take the liberty of sending to our agents an extra quantity of the first number of the ensuing volume of the Symbol; and we should esteem it a great favor if our friends would use their exertions to find subscribers for the same. We shall also send to many persons who are not subscribers, in the hope that they may be induced to give us their support. If any of our present subscribers, after a thorough perusal of the first number, do not wish to continue their subscriptions, they are requested to forward the same to the office of publication. We hope, however, that all may continue to give us their aid, and that they will also use their influence as much as they possibly can to extend the circulation of our work.

QUARTERLY SESSION OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

We have at hand, prepared with great promptitude, the Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts at its Quarterly Session on the 6th November. As is our custom, we shall lay before our readers a synopsis of the transactions.

A very large number of Representatives was in attendance, and the business was conducted with great regularity and with no more excitement or debate than would naturally grow out of a warm and proper interest in the subjects before the Lodge.

The Grand Master presented his Quarterly Communication; an exceedingly able document, which will be perused with interest by the members of the Order. We have given the greater portion of it in another place.

The Returns of Subordinate Lodges exhibit a most favorable growth and condition of the Order in this Commonwealth. The ratio of increase is still maintained, and every term adds its thousand members to our already numerous Order.

The initiations during the term ending Sept. 30, were 901. Admitted by card, 62. Suspended, 33. Expelled, 18. Deaths, 6. Number of degrees conferred, 286. Past Grands, 374. Scarlet members, 4,632. Whole number of members, 8,916. Receipts, \$21,258.49. Amount paid for benefits, &c., \$6,758.50. These are aggregates of returns from seventy-seven Lodges. Returns were due from eighty Lodges.

Petitions for charters and confirmations of dispensations have been granted to the following Lodges:

Ocean Lodge, No. 91,	Gloucester.
Tihonet, " 92,	Sandwich.
Blue Hill, " 93,	Canton.
Mount Auburn, " 94,	Cambridge.
Lowell, " 95,	Lowell.
Marine, " 96,	Provincetown.
Commercial, " 97,	Boston.
Mt. Roulstone, " 98,	Fitchburg.
Rising Sun, " 99,	Medway.

The Grand Lodge had the very gratifying duty to discharge of confirming the renewal of Washington Lodge, No. 5, Roxbury, one of the old Lodges which became extinct some years since. We should regard it as especially fortunate if the two others, Nos. 3 and 6, could be resuscitated, that we might present the largest unbroken catalogue of Lodges in the Union.

The Committee of Finance submitted a Report which shows a favorable state of the finances, to wit:

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts I. O. O. F,

The Finance Committee having examined the accounts of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer, submit the following report :

The Grand Secretary has received from August 21st, 1845, to	
Nov. 5th, 1845, inclusive, cash, - - - - -	\$1284 57
He has paid to the Grand Treasurer - - - - -	\$1100 00
He has paid expenses pertaining to his office, for which	
he has produced vouchers, - - - - -	107 91
Cash in hands of Grand Secretary, - - - - -	76 66
	<hr/>
	\$1284 57

The Grand Treasurer has received from August 7th to	
Nov. 5th, 1845, inclusive,	
Cash from Grand Secretary, - - - - -	\$1100 00

Add to this balance on hand August 7th,	- - -	3356 71
		<hr/>
He has paid, vouchers produced,	- - -	\$4456 71
		1607 85
		<hr/>
Balance on hand, Nov. 5th,	- - - -	\$2849 86
Respectfully submitted,		
	WM. E. PARMENTER, } Committee of	
	GEO. ALEX. SMITH, } Finance.	

The following resolution in regard to the admission of members from other States is an important one. It is the best method of avoiding the two difficulties, that of denying the benefits of the Order to brothers who reside upon State borders, and that of the danger of interference with the jurisdictions of other States:

Resolved, That no subordinate Lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall be allowed to initiate or admit any person who is not an inhabitant of this State, except by permission of the Grand Master of the State in which the applicant resides; and should there be no Grand Lodge in such State, then permission shall be obtained from the Grand Master of this State.

The new Work is to be distributed according to the following provision :

The Committee upon that part of the M. W. G. Master's Communication which relates to the reception and distribution of the Revised Work of the Order, submitted the following Report, which was accepted and adopted :

The Committee to whom was referred so much of the Grand Master's Report as referred to the distribution of the new Work, ask leave to report—

That the Grand Secretary be directed, immediately on the reception of the new Work, to notify the D. D. G. Masters to assemble in convention with the Grand Officers, there to receive instruction, and the new Work for distribution. The expenses of such meeting to be paid by the Grand Lodge.

All of which is respectfully submitted by your Committee,

JOSEPH L. DREW,
O. UNDERWOOD,
JAMES KIMBALL.

The following amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, proposed at the annual session in August, was acted upon, viz :

Bro. Strong moved to amend Article III., Section 2d, Clause 4th of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, by striking out all after the word "trust," and inserting the following :

"He shall provide a central and convenient office, satisfactory to the Grand Officers, and shall have regular and suitable office hours, and open not less than six hours the day for the transaction of business, and shall be *ex officio* Chairman of the Committee on Elections and Returns; and for the faithful performance of his duties and the rent of the room he shall be entitled to a salary of five hundred dollars per annum, payable quarterly,—and that the above, if adopted, shall take place from and after this session."

Bro. Wells moved to strike out the words, "and the rent of the room," which motion prevailed, and the amendment, as amended by Bro. Wells, was adopted.

The following Report in relation to the erection of a building was presented and adopted :

The Committee to whom was referred so much of the Report of the M. W. Grand Master as relates to the erection of a building for the use of the Grand Lodge, ask leave to report—

That they consider the erection of the proposed building a measure of unquestionable expediency, provided the resources of the Grand Lodge are adequate to the accomplishment of that object. In the opinion of your Committee, such building should be owned in perpetuity by this Grand Lodge, and the ownership of the same should not be represented by shares, which are personal property, and the transfer of which cannot be legally restricted so as to retain the property in the hands of the Order.

Your Committee are further of opinion that the ownership of property through the intervention of Trustees is attended with numerous inconveniences and disadvantages, and that in order successfully to carry out the design of the Grand Lodge in reference to this matter, an act of incorporation is essential.

They therefore recommend, as a measure preliminary to the erection of a building, that this Grand Lodge petition the Legislature for an act of incorporation, and they submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed whose duty it shall be to prepare and present a petition to the Legislature of this Commonwealth at their next session for an act of incorporation of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, with liberty to hold real and personal estate, to an amount not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

Resolved, That no further action in regard to the erection of the proposed building be had until the result of such petition shall be known.

WM. HILLIARD,
HEZEKIAH PRINCE,
DEXTER DANA.

The following resolution was introduced as a test of the expediency of the expression of opinion on the part of the Grand Lodge upon the matters involved in it, and having been fully discussed, it was indefinitely postponed by a large vote:

Whereas certain great moral questions are in agitation throughout the whole community, affecting not only the vital interests of individuals, but society at large,—Therefore,

Resolved, That, in the opinion of the Grand Lodge, the traffic in alcoholic or intoxicating drinks is a highly immoral act.

The following resolution accompanied a report from a special committee. It was adopted by the Grand Lodge, and is explanatory of a rule formerly adopted:

Resolved, That in the absence of the Chaplain of any subordinate Lodge, it shall be the duty of the N. G. to perform that duty, or appoint some brother to open and close the Lodge with prayer.

Bro. Case, Chairman of the Committee on that part of Grand Master's Communication relating to Revenue, submitted the following, which was accepted:

The Committee to whom was referred so much of the M. W. Grand Master's Quarterly Communication to the Grand Lodge as relates to making suitable provision for the future Revenue of your honorable body, beg leave to report—

That in their opinion the expense of instituting Lodges, and of installing the officers quarterly, has heretofore been, in many instances, more than was necessary, and they would recommend that at the institution of a new Lodge the Grand Master may direct a D. D. Grand Master, or deputize some qualified brother to perform that duty; and that the D. D. Grand Master, or special deputy, may call to his assistance a qualified brother, but that no more than the actual expenses of two brothers shall be paid by this Grand Lodge for the institution of any Lodge.

Your Committee recommend that at the installation of the officers of Lodges, at the quarterly meetings, the expenses of the D. D. Grand Master, or installing officer only, shall be paid by the Grand Lodge.

The Committee on Elections and Returns, in consequence of the failure of many of the Lodges to send in their Reports in season for examination, as provided by the By-Laws of the Grand Lodge, and for the purpose, and in the hope of inducing punctuality in future, recommend the following resolutions:

Resolved, That hereafter the officers elect of each Lodge under this jurisdiction shall (previous to their installation) place in the hands of the installing officer their accepted Quarterly Return, to be by him forwarded to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That every installing officer who fails to send the Return by him received to the Grand Secretary, at the earliest possible moment after its reception, shall be fined the sum of \$5.

The Grand Lodge continued in session the whole day, and the attendance of mem-

bers was full and constant throughout. We have above made selections from the transactions of the session, which we believe to be of general interest, sufficiently so to be made a matter of special notice in our Magazine. Our object is, as we have before expressed, to keep before our readers, in a concise form, the legislation of our Order, State and National, and we are glad that we are able to present to them decisions and acts from our Grand Lodge which show every evidence of having been established with care and intelligence.

LECTURES IN LODGES.

OUR last number contained a brief article from a worthy brother in Malden, P. G. John G. Adams, recommending a course of lectures in Lodges, to be carried on by a system of exchange. The suggestion is a good and important one, and we sincerely hope will be acted upon. We have long been of the opinion that the association which is formed by the ties of our Order is capable of being converted to a vast deal more good than is now accomplished by it. Our prime object, it is true, is mutual relief — relief for the needy and the sick. But as philanthropy, as the principle of Brotherly Love thus lies at the foundation of our institution, should we limit it to this result of mutual watchfulness and assistance? If as human beings we are brought together by that which recognizes the common humanity in us all, shall we not use the occasion to assist and benefit all that is human in us? Shall we not make our intellectual and moral culture one grand object of our association? Shall we not have Libraries, and Lectures, and all means which will assist this culture? We can merely indicate what we should like to see in connection with every Lodge — at least with every Lodge district, or in each town or city. We should like to see in connection with this, a good library and a series of able lectures; which should be open to every Odd Fellow in regular standing, in that Lodge, district, town or city; and, by courtesy, accessible to every worthy brother. We should like to see admitted to the lectures, the families of Odd Fellows, and thus one great cause of prejudice against the institution would, in a great degree, be done away. It would be done away, because thus the wife and the family of an Odd Fellow would participate in the interest of the Order — would see practically the great social benefits which it can produce, and knowing how one evening of the week was spent, would have more confidence in regard to another. This scheme is perfectly practicable, and we recommend it to our readers.

When the great hall (of which, by the by, we now hear little said) is erected in Boston, we hope something of this kind will be adopted. A Library and courses of Lectures of the first order may easily be obtained, and the latter can be so conducted as to contribute to, if it does not support, the former. A good Library, a good course of Lectures, and a good Reading-room — Brothers! when shall we have these in connection with the Lodges of every district, or every city, or every town?

☞ We have received for publication a copy of a series of Resolves passed by Massasoit Lodge, No. 69, relative to profane swearing, which, for want of room, we are obliged to defer till our next number.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL ANNUAL FOR 1846.

WE just noticed this little work in our last number, promising and intending to devote some space to it in this. But alas! time has slipped away, and we have not read it. We will endeavor, however, to give our readers some idea of its internal and external appearance, and leave them to judge for themselves. It is a work of 170 pages, handsomely bound in cloth and gilt, and neatly printed. The editor is Mrs. M. H. Adams, wife of Bro. J. G. Adams, of Malden. It contains thirty articles in prose and poetry from different contributors. We have marked for insertion one of the poems, which will appear in our next.

We should judge, from a very hasty glance, that there is nothing in the book with which Christians of every sect could not agree. Those who wish to purchase can do so of Bro. J. M. Usher, 25 Cornhill.

ELIGIBILITY TO MEMBERSHIP.

WE have frequently been asked, if there was any law of the Order, whereby colored persons were prohibited from becoming members. The following is an extract from the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in relation to the matter :

"No person is eligible to admission into the Order of Odd Fellowship, under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, except free white males, of good moral character, who have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator and Preserver of the Universe." [See printed Proceedings Grand Lodge U. S., pages 54, 55.]

ODD FELLOWS' PRESENTATION.

The N. Y. Express says the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. of O. F. in the State of New York was complimented, a short time since, by a complimentary supper, and the presentation of a watch and appendage, as a token of respect in which he is held by the Society. The dial of the watch was ornamented with the expressive emblems of the Order. Grand Secretary Treadwell is in every respect worthy of the compliment thus bestowed upon him.

DELINQUENTS.

WHILE we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to those who have so generously contributed to the support of our Magazine, we deeply regret there are many who have been remiss in paying their subscriptions ; and in a number of cases we have felt ourselves compelled to discontinue sending the Magazine to subscribers, because of the *refusal* on their part to pay their subscriptions. If it can be shown that we have a subscriber who wishes to continue to receive the Symbol, but who is unable to pay for the same, we will readily and most cheerfully let him have it in welcome. But in most cases where we have discontinued sending the Magazine to those who have been remiss in making payment, we have every reason to believe that the payment of so trifling an amount would not subject them to the least inconvenience. It was our intention to publish the names of such, in order to put other publishers on their guard; but on "second, sober thought," we are inclined to think the effect

would be better to leave the matter to their own consciences. We are willing that they themselves should be the judges as to what constitutes the character of a True Odd Fellow.

NEW WORKS.

We are indebted to *Haliburton* for a number of new works, which we will specify here.

The Author's Daughter, a Tale, by Mary Howitt.

The First Husband, by Miss Ellen Pickering.

Only a Fribbler, and *O. P.*, two tales, translated by Mary Howitt.

Physic and Physicians — a work in two parts, constituting two numbers of Zieber & Co.'s Home and Traveller's Library. This is a work of great interest and instruction — full of anecdote.

Michelet's France. — Haliburton receives this great and splendid work as fast as it is issued from the press of the Appletons. It has been and it is our intention to give this work a more extended notice.

For these and other works we are indebted, as stated above, to Bro. Haliburton, No. 12 State street, whose kind and obliging disposition we have taken occasion to acknowledge, and whose establishment, as complete in all the periodical and newspaper literature of our day, we here heartily recommend to our readers.

THONET LODGE, No. 92—SUNDERLAND.

This Lodge was instituted on Wednesday evening, Nov. 12, by G. Rep. Wm. E. Parmenter, assisted by D. D. M. Caleb Rand as Grand Marshal, P. G. Geo. Mitchell of New England Lodge, and D. D. G. M. Jos. Cushman of May Flower Lodge, who took part in the ceremonies. Delegations of brethren from May Flower and Wewantit Lodges were present. The following officers were elected, and were installed by D. D. G. M. Cushman: — Joseph H. Lapham, N. G.; Andrew B. Gardner, V. G.; Wm. H. Marston, Secretary; James W. Fish, Treasurer.

This Lodge has introduced the Order into Barnstable County, and has thus completed the chain of Odd Fellowship in this Commonwealth. The prospects of the Lodge are most encouraging, and the brethren who now have charge of it are active and intelligent. Their Hall is fitted up with great neatness, and all their preparations have been made with care and good judgment. The Lodge will soon be a worthy associate of its neighbor May Flower Lodge of Plymouth, and than this we can give no higher praise.

TO AGENTS.

We should feel under renewed obligations to our agents if they would remit us the balance of their respective accounts at their earliest convenience, as we stand greatly in need of funds; and also inform us, before the issue of the February number, what number of copies of the *Symbol* they wish sent to their address, in order that we may know how large an edition to print.

ODD FELLOWS' DIRECTORY.

The subscriber will publish, in a few weeks, an *Odd Fellows' Directory*, containing the names, occupation, residence, and place of business of the Odd Fellows in Boston and Charlestown. In addition to the General Directory, it is thought advisable, as a more convenient mode of reference, to give a *Business Directory*, in which the names of all such as may desire it will be arranged under separate heads, designating the particular trade or profession to which each may belong; and as this will cause an extra expense in getting out the work, the small sum of 25 cents will be required for each name so registered. Advertisers are requested to send in their names to the office of the *Symbol* previous to the 1st of January.

T. PRINCE.

MARRIED,

In Stratham, N. H., Oct. 30th, by the Rev. S. C. Gilbert, Bro. John Q. Hammond, of Bay State Lodge, Lynn, to Miss Caroline A. Wiggin, of Stratham.

In Norton, by Rev. Bro. C. W. Mellen, Bro. C. C. Sumner, of Excelsior Lodge, Foxboro', to Miss Clarissa Lane, of Norton.

DIED,

In Boston, Oct. 22, of the croup, Edwin Forrest, only child of Abraham C. and Susan P. Mace, aged 3 years and 9 months.

I. O. O. F. Directory.

NEW ENGLAND LODGES—ELECTIVE OFFICERS, &c.

Massachusetts.

GRAND LODGE.—Newell A Thompson, MWGM; E M PWells, RWDGM; J M Usher, RWGW; Wm H Jones, RWG Sec; Hezekiah Prince, KWG Treas; S K Lothrop, RWG Chaplain; Wm E Parmenter, J L Drew, RWG Reps.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—Wm Ellison, GCP; Raymond Cole, GHP; James M Stone, GSW; I W Beard, GJW; Wm H Jones, G Scribe; Joseph Newmarch, G Treas.

MASSACHUSETTS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—J R Mullen, CP; L M Smith, HP; Sam'l Prince, SW; Ira Bruce, JW; John Binney, Scribe; R M Baker, Treas.

TRIMMONT ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John McClellan, CP; Geo L Drinkwater, HP; Wm C Crispin, SW; Lodowick H Bradford, JW; Isaac P Clark, Scribe; Geo Alex'r Smith, Treas.

MEMORONY ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Woodward C Currier, CP; Ichabod Fessenden, HP; John J Eaton, SW; Ralph W Newton, JW; Wm L Clarke, Scribe; Thomas P Pierce, Treas.

MONOMAKE ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Ithamar W Beard, CP; Hargreaves Lord, HP; George Fairgroves, SW; Andrew T Wilson, JW; W Clifford, Scribe; H S Orange, Treas.

BUNKER HILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Ashbel Saitt, CP; Chas Poor, HP; Isaac Cook, SW; Joseph Wells, JW; Wm W Peirce, Scribe; Nahum Chapin, Treas.

MOUNT WASHINGTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Charles Sampson, CP; Reuben Wheeler, HP; S Newmarch, SW; J D Newhall, JW; W A Butters, Scribe; A M Holden, Treas.

MERRIMACK ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—A Emery, C P; Thos H Lord, HP; Geo T Granger, S W; Wm Bradstreet, Scribe; Dexter Dana, J W; John N Willis, Treas.

ANNAPLAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Elisha Thurston, Jr, CP; Wm H Taylor, HP; S G Driscoll, SW; E R Sawin, J W; J C Taber, Scribe; N R Childs, Treas.

MIDDLESEX ENCAMPMENT, No. 9.—John McLeish, CP; Wm C Prescott, HP; Augustus L Barrett, SW; Wm H Richardson, Jr, Scribe; James B Homer, JW; Joseph H Waitt, Treas.

WACHUSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 10.—Albert Case, CP; Benj H Davis, HP; S S Leonard, SW; D C Thurston, JW; F J Gooch, Scribe; F P Oliver, Treas; Joseph Marcy, Guardian.

NAHANT ENCAMPMENT, No. 11.—Henry A Breed, CP; Wm Reed, HP; Franklin Williams, SW; Wm Bassett, JW; Thomas Herbert, Scribe; Edward Carroll, Treas.

SHALOM ENCAMPMENT, No. 12.—Daniel Leach, CP; Horatio G Morse, HP; James Anderson, SW; A J P Whitcomb, JW; Geo P Burnham, Scribe; Ira Allen, Treas.

NAUMKRAO ENCAMPMENT, No. 13.—William Archer, Jr, CP; Benj H Grush, HP; Israel D Shepard, SW; John C Howard, JW; Samuel B Foster, Scribe; Wm Saunders, Jr, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE.—Ebenezer Seaver, DM; Elisha D Brigham, ADM; Thos Boyd, DADM; Elisha Jacobs, PG; E A Vose, VG; D F Haraden, Sec; Chas Siders, Treas.

MAVERICK DEGREE LODGE.—Wm H Calrow, DM; R H Blake, ADM; G M Burnham, DADM; S F Barrett, PG; E A Pettengill, VG; S Cobb, Jr, Sec; J P Pierce, Treas.

WARREN DEGREE LODGE, No. 3.—A J P Whitcomb, DM; Daniel Leach, ADM; Joseph Cracklin, DADM; Thos Hiller, PG; Wm Everett, VG; Eben'r Pratt, Sec.

UNITED BROTHERS' DEGREE LODGE.—S W Sloan, DM; Brewster Reynolds, ADM; Reuben Wheeler, DADM; S R Spinney, VG; T D Cook, PG; Thos Hill, Jr, Sec; Samuel Newmarch, Treas.

DUDHAM DEGREE LODGE, No. 6.—W Tracy, DM; James Laidley, ADM; Gilbert Thayer, DADM; E Stone, PG; C Richmond, VG; Anson Guild, Sec.

MASSACHUSETTS LODGE, No. 1.—A P Cleverly, NG; A B Ely, VG; N M George, Rec Sec; J G Morse, Per Sec; Cyrus Buttrick, Treas.

SILDOM, No. 2.—Arthur Stuart, NG; Geo P Geer, VG; Chas Richards, Rec Sec; John M'Clellan, Per Sec; S W Winslow, Treas.

NEW ENGLAND, No. 4.—Edward G Stevens, NG; Justin Jones, VG; John S Pulsifer, Sec; Na P Brooks, Treas; Samuel Chapman, Chaplain.

MERRIMACK, No. 7.—William Freeman, NG; Charles Dodge, VG; Frederick Prince, Rec Sec; Thomas Bair, Per Sec; Geo Fairgrieve, Treas; Thomas Ford, Chaplain.

SUFFOLK, No. 8.—S D Leavens, NG; Sam'l Nicholson, VG; James G Swan, Rec Sec; A S Wheeler, Per Sec; Charles S Browne, Treas.

CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 9.—W T Grammer, NG; Moses F Winn, VG; Albert Thompson, Rec Sec; L Thompson, Jr, Per Sec; Wm T Choate, Treas; George Flagg, Chaplain; S W Drew, Physician.

ORIENTAL, No. 10.—Edward Tyler, NG; Sam'l G Andrews, VG; E W Bumstead, Rec Sec; Isaac P Clark, Per Sec; Wm B Kendall, Treas; Stephen Lovell, Chaplain.

MECHANIC, No. 11.—Edward A Rice, NG; Ambrose Lawrence, VG; Rufus Rodgers, Rec Sec; Asa Hildreth, Per Sec; Samuel Perry, Treas; Jas T Adams, Chaplain.

BETHEL, No. 12.—Addison Hill, NG; David P Lovejoy, VG; Thomas P Pierce, Rec Sec; Michael Kenny, Per Sec; Ralph W Newton, Treas; J C Waldo, Chaplain.

NAZARENE, No. 13.—Edwin L Brainerd, NG; Ansel Phelps, Jr, VG; Elias B Whitman, Rec Sec; Geo H Hudson, Per Sec; Cha's A Stevens, Treas; Jos H Davis, Chaplain.

BUNKER HILL, No. 14.—James R Bugbee, NG; Henry A Rice, VG; S R Brintnall, Rec Sec; J C Cutter, Per Sec; Isaac C Cushing, Treas; John Smith Chaplain; J Stearns Hurd, Physician.

TRIMMONT, No. 15.—J J Jennings, NG; H K Moore, VG; Caleb S McClellan, Rec Sec; Nathan Morse, Per Sec; Treas.

COVENANT, No. 16.—Wm Rodgers, NG; T D Chapman, VG; D E Metcalf, Rec Sec; E R Clarke, Per Sec; J Livermore, Treas.

MIDDLESEX, No. 17.—Daniel Gould, NG; Francis J Tay, VG; Elbridge Green, Sec; Joseph Taylor, Treas; John G Adams, Chaplain.

WARREN, No. 18.—Alonso W Folsom, NG; James Anderson, VG; B F Cook, Rec Sec; James M Southwick, Treas.

MONUMENT, No. 19.—John Beale, NG; Samuel Greene, VG; Wm E Cogswell, Rec Sec; Albert W Bryant, Per Sec; Geo Stearns, Treas.

- FRIENDSHIP, No. 20.**—Dan'l H Thurston, NG; J P Howlett, VG; I P Valentine, Rec Sec; G F Tarbell, Per Sec; Curtis Davis, Treas; Reuben E Taylor, Chaplain.
- FIDELITY, No. 21.**—Stephen Dinsmore, NG; Joseph R Millett, VG; John J Brown, Sec; George Richardson, Treas; S G Hiler, Chaplain.
- HOWARD, No. 22.**—Henry P Gardiner, NG; Henry A Quincy, VG; John K Fuller, Sec; Jacob Crowningshield, Treas.
- FRANKLIN, No. 23.**—John Snelling, Jr, NG; David C Davis, VG; E W Leavens, Rec Sec; A M McPhail, Per Sec; H G Jennings, Treas; R P Barry, Chaplain; A A Lane, Physician.
- WINNISSIMMET, No. 24.**—Geo W Otis, Jr, NG; Henry W Fenno, VG; Geo Blake, Rec Sec; Geo W Clark, Per Sec; Philip R Merriam, Treas; Eben Francis, Chaplain.
- BOSTON, No. 25.**—Chas T Treadwell, NG; Thomas Green, VG; Hahum Wetherbee, Rec Sec; Wm B May, Per Sec; Geo P Clapp, Treas; Abel Stevens, Chaplain; E O Pinney, Physician.
- ESSEX, No. 26.**—T H LeFavour, NG; George Russell, VG; Joseph Farnum, Jr., Rec Sec; Eleazer Crafts, Per Sec; Nathaniel Goldsmith, Treas; D K Merrill, Chaplain.
- HAMPDEN, No. 27.**—Wm Smith, NG; Charles W Kimball, VG; Joel Holkins, Rec Sec; O A Knight, Per Sec; Eliphalet Trask, Treas; A A Folsom, Chaplain.
- OVERLIN, No. 28.**—N B FAVOR, NG; A B Plympton, VG; D H Jaques, Rec Sec; Sidney Davis, Per Sec; Chas H Hunt, Treas; Lambert Howe, Chaplain.
- COLUMBIAN, No. 29.**—Benj F Richardson, NG; Geo W Dike, VG; Samuel Prentiss, Rec Sec; A J Rhoades, Per Sec; Lyman Dike, Treas.
- BETHEDA, No. 30.**—Sam'l Newmarch, NG; Wm A Butters, VG; Mathew L Pennell, Rec Sec; T S Strout, Per Sec; Willard K Pool, Treas; Jos H Clinch, Chaplain.
- LAFAYETTE, No. 31.**—Josiah R Hotdgen, NG; Wm A Mansfield, VG; Benj Dana, Sec; Leonard P Frost, Treas; Leonard P Frost, Chaplain.
- ANCIENT LANDMARK, No. 32.**—Edmund B Whitney, NG; S M Colcord, VG; Horace Stacey, Rec Sec; Sam'l Gould, Per Sec; M P Kennard, Treas; Jno Woart, Chaplain; Jos Moriarty, Physician.
- MONTEZUMA, No. 33.**—Joel Scott, NG; E F Lovejoy, VG; H F Parmelee, Rec Sec; Harvey Lincoln, Per Sec; C F Bagley, Treas.
- HOPE, No. 34.**—George A Waldo, NG; Stephen S Robinson, VG; Robinson Fry, Sec; S R Merrill, Treas.
- PROSPECT, No. 35.**—Wm E Allan, NG; Obadiah Sawtell, VG; Gideon Haynes, Sec; Skillman Harris, Treas; Lemuel Hodgkins, Chaplain.
- MAVERICK, No. 36.**—E M Cunningham, NG; Thos Brown, VG; Darius B Kidder, Rec Sec; R H Blake, Per Sec; John Pierce, Treas; J A Merrill, Chaplain.
- SHAWMUT, No. 37.**—Thos P Pulsifer, NG; Simon Lamprell, VG; Richard Holmes, Rec Sec; David C Barnes, Per Sec; Cha's H Stearns, Treas.
- SOUTHEAST, No. 38.**—John H Stone, NG; Francis Williams, VG; Joseph O Dix, Sec; Edward A Williams, Treas; John H Willis, Chaplain.
- QUASACUNCUN, No. 39.**—Thos H Lord, NG; Francis Titcomb, VG; Geo W Kennison, Rec Sec; Moses M Ross, Per Sec; Charles Knapp, Treas; John Coombs, Chaplain.
- BAY STATE, No. 40.**—G W Keene, NG; D J Newhall, VG; G A Atwill, Rec Sec; S C Pitman, Per Sec; Thomas Stacy, Treas; Thos Driver, Chaplain.
- ACQUINNET, No. 41.**—Hiram Webb, NG; Geo A Bourne, VG; John F Pope, Rec Sec; Charles D Cushman, Per Sec; Wm L Gerrish, Treas; Thos P Lambert, Chaplain.
- PACIFIC, No. 42.**—Henry A Fuller, NG; Elbridge Wason, VG; Geo Leighton, Rec Sec; Henry Davis, Per Sec; S S Sleeper, Treas; Stephen Ball, Jr, Chas F Foster, Physicians.
- QUINIGAMOND, No. 43.**—Wm A Ayres, NG; Oliver Harrington, VG; Wm C Barbour, Rec Sec; J S Wesby, Per Sec; Leonard Pool, Treas; Albert Case, Chaplain, Benj F Hayward, Physician.
- KING PHILIP LODGE, No. 44.**—James P Ellis, NG; Francis S Monroe, VG; D S Dickerman, Rec Sec; A B Crane, Per Sec; Joseph Swasey, Treas; W R G Mellen, Chaplain.
- FRAMINGHAM LODGE, No. 45.**—Horace P Stevens, NG; John R Clark, VG; Harrison Cole, Rec Sec; James Whittemore, Per Sec; Nathaniel E Morrill, Treas.
- TISQUANTUM, No. 46.**—Nelson Parkhurst, NG; John Corbett, VG; Lender Holbrook, Rec Sec; Peter Corbett, Treas; Benj H Davis, Chaplain.
- MACEDONIAN, No. 47.**—Lorenzo Phelps, NG; Thomas Stiles, VG; Charles O Gragg, Sec; Charles C Corey, Treas; Geo W Woodward, Chaplain.
- NORFOLK, No. 48.**—Robert Richardson, NG; Stillman Stone, VG; Wm Withington, Sec; John C Hewins, Treas.
- VERITAS LODGE, No. 49.**—Wm L North, NG; Luther P Durgin, VG; Asa W Farr, Rec Sec; C W Durgin, Per Sec; Sam'l W Hunt, Treas; H G Smith, Chaplain.
- CONCORD, No. 50.**—Eben Wild, NG; Daniel C Emerson, VG; Benj E Sawyer, Rec Sec; Addison G Fay, Per Sec; Samuel Potter, Treas; Addison G Fay, Chaplain.
- MYSTIC, No. 51.**—Geo Darracott, Jr, NG; James A Dix, VG; C H Webb, Sec; J Buck, Jr, Treas.
- AGAWAM, No. 52.**—John Kimball, 3d, NG; Wm H Graves, VG; Isaac Osgood, Sec; James Quimby, Treas.
- HOBAB LODGE, No. 53.**—M L Capen, NG; E S Dillaway, Jr, VG; Carlos Dyer, Rec Sec; Albert Capen, Per Sec; Geo Page, Treas.
- MAY FLOWER, No. 54.**—George Simmons, Jr, NG; George Gooding, VG; Edward Hathaway, Sec; Eleazer C Sherman, Treas.
- ATLANTIC, No. 55.**—Benj Brown, NG; James C Briggs, VG; John Homan, Jr, Rec Sec; H Appleton, Per Sec; Sam'l W Bartlett, Treas.
- WORCESTER, No. 56.**—Sam'l V Stone, NG; Wm H Harris, VG; Wm N Green, Rec Sec; G A Hamilton, Per Sec; Perrin Bliss, Treas; Julius L Clarke, Chaplain.
- BREKSHIRE, No. 57.**—Jas Ostrander, Jr, NG; Roswell Woolson, VG; R R Kingsley, Rec Sec; Josiah Carter, Per Sec; Milton G Goodrich, Treas.
- ELLIOT, No. 58.**—Pliny Bosworth, NG; Geo W Keyes, VG; Claudius Wadsworth, Sec; Edmund Bacon, Treas; S P Skinner, Chaplain.
- TAKEWAMBAIT, No. 59.**—Charles Herring, NG; Nathan Rice, VG; Ambrose Sloper, Sec; Levi Gerrish, Treas.

- HARVARD**, No. 60.—S W Holman, NG; E A Holman, VG; H M Smart, Sec; Jerome Gardner, Jr, Treas; Richard S Edes, Chaplain.
- NONOTUCK**, No. 61.—Samuel Wells, NG; Jonas W Smith, VG; Stephen W Hopkins, Rec Sec; R Cheney, Per Sec; Chas R Hawks, Treas; Fred P Tracy, Chaplain.
- ST. JOHNS**, No. 62.—W W Johnson, NG; J R Childs, VG; Albert Hayden, Sec; J S Davis, Treas.
- MOUNT HOPE**, No. 63.—Edwin Shaw, NG; Thomas T Potter, VG; Joseph F Dunning, Sec; Horatio N Gunn, Treas; Amos D McCoy, Chaplain.
- SHAWSHRENE**, No. 64.—Thos Talbot, NG; John Baldwin, Jr, VG; Josiah Hill, Sec; Gardner Parker, Treas; Aaron H Patten, Chaplain.
- GOLDEN RULE**, No. 65.—William Bacon, NG; Samuel B Nichols, VG; James Jaques, Sec; Henry Kittredge, Treasurer; J M Durgan, Chaplain.
- NANTUCKET**, No. 66.—Henry C Worth, NG; Barker Burnell, VG; Matthew Barnard, Rec Sec; Chas B Mitchell, Per Sec; Geo W Macy, Treas.
- POCOMPTUCK**, No. 67.—Alpheus F Stone, NG; Daniel W Alvord, VG; Sam'l S Eastman, Sec; SP Moody, Treas; James Mudge and H Clark, Chaplains.
- HARMONY**, No. 68.—Amos Hutchings, NG; George E Willis, VG; Alvah Cotton, Rec Sec; John Sparrell, Per Sec; Davis Richards, Treas; A R Hathaway, Chaplain.
- MASSABOIT**, No. 69.—Darius Forbes, NG; Ellis Packard, VG; Samuel S Webster, Rec Sec; J H Hartwell, Per Sec; Thos S Mitchell, Treas.
- QUINOBQUIN**, No. 70.—Carnie Richmond, NG; James Laidley, VG; Henry S Fuller, Sec; Aaron Lark, Treas; Hiram C Beckwith, Chaplain.
- GROTON**, No. 71.—E M Taylor, NG; Geo H Brown, VG; J N Hoar, Sec; J R Harvey, Treas; L E Fisher, Chaplain.
- NORTH SPOUGHTON**, No. 72.—Ezra Stearns, NG; Wm W Hawes, VG; Luther Hayden, Sec; Hosea Osgood, Jr, Treas; Thos M Latham, Chaplain.
- WACHUSETT**, No. 73.—Nahum F Bryant, NG; Albert Alden, VG; Wm C Wilson, Sec; Charles Caldwell, Treas.
- WORONOCO**, No. 74.—Alfred A Upson, NG; Robert M Wilson, VG; Joseph Root, Rec Sec; H F Ketcham, Per Sec; Jasper R Band, Treas.
- PILGRIM**, No. 75.—Lysander Teague, NG; S D Jones, VG; Samuel Phinney, Sec; J B Hutchinson, Treas; J B Eldridge, Chaplain.
- RISING STAR**, No. 76.—John King, NG; Caleb Stevens, VG; Levi Mann, Sec; Sam'l Clark, Treas; John Gregory, Chaplain.
- UNITY**, No. 77.—Sidney A Stetson, NG; Chas C Nutter, VG; Albert G Dawes, Rec Sec; Stillman D Willis, Per Sec; John Carter, Jr, Treas. Frederic T Gray, Chaplain.
- OLIVE BRANCH**, No. 78.—James Gould, NG; Isaac Cook, VG; Geo Fuller, Rec Sec; H B Sargent, Per Sec; Augustus H Cole, Treas; W P B Brooks, Chaplain.
- HOCKOMOCKO**, No. 79.—Phineas French, NG; Elisha F Hyde, VG; Benj B Nourse, Sec; Cyrus J Terrill, Treas; S H Lloyd, Chaplain.
- MOUNT WOLLASTON**, No. 80.—John Brokershire, NG; James B Perkins, VG; Wyman Abercrombie, Rec Sec; H N Park, Per Sec; Shadrach Wade, Treas; S A Davis, Chaplain.
- WEWEANTIT**, No. 81.—West Luce, NG; George Delano, VG; W N Ellis, Sec; Jos L Luce, Treas; Moses H Swift, Chaplain.
- CRESCENT**, No. 82.—John P Lovell, NG; Z L Bicknell, VG; Alvah Raymond, Sec; Josiah E Rice, Treas; Ezekiel W Coffin, Chaplain.
- MUTUAL RELIEF**, No. 83.—Moses F Peaslee, NG; William Pecker, VG; Franklin Brickett, Sec; Levi C Wadleigh, Treas; James R Nichols, Chaplain.
- NEPONSET**, No. 84.—John Robie, NG; Benj F Hebard, VG; Edward Holden, Sec; Wm H Nightingale, Treas.
- MARLBORO'**, No. 85.—
- LEOMINSTER**, No. 86.—J K Richardson, NG; A J Whitcomb, VG; J S Darling, Sec; B S Nichols, Treas.
- EXCELSIOR**, No. 87.—C W Mellen, NG; E W Clarke, VG; W C Downes, Sec; H H Sumner, Treas; M M Preston, Chaplain.
- UNION**, No. 88.—
- LANCASTER**, No. 89.—J B Atkinson, NG; J M Pratt, VG; Wm A Tower, Sec; C Hayward, Treas.
- POWOW RIVER**, No. 90.—J B Gale, NG; Josiah Kingsbury, VG; E K Lawson, Sec; J R Chessnell, Treas.
- OCEAN**, No. 91.—Wm Archer, Jr, NG; I D Shepherd, VG; Charles E Grover, Sec; Wm Grover, Treas.
- TIHONET**, No. 92.—Joseph H Lapham, NG; Andrew B. Gardner, VG; Wm H Marston, Sec; Jas W Fish, Treas.
- BLUE HILL**, No. 93.—A S Dudley, NG; — Walker, VG; J Kollock, Rec Sec; J A Messenger, Per Sec; J V Messenger, Treas.
- MOUNT AUBURN**, No. 94.—Francis Tukey, NG; John Balch, VG; L Lyon, Sec; T J Whittemore, Treas.

Maine.

- GRAND LODGE**—James Pratt, MWGM; Wm B Hartwell, RWDGM; Geo H Gardiner, RWGW; Benjamin Kingsbury, Jr, RWG Sec; Rufus Read, RWG Treas; G W Quinby, RWG Chaplain; Wm R Smith, Nath'l Deering, RWG Reps.
- MACHIGNONS ENCAMPMENT**, No. 1.—Eliphalet Clark, CP; Edw P Banks, HP; Geo W Dam, SW; Nathan Mayhew, JW; J S Tukey, Scribe; Joseph M. Kellogg, Treas.
- EASTERN STAR ENCAMPMENT**, No. 2.—Rufus Read, CP; Wm E Kimball, HP; E P Burbank, SW; H W Hersey, JW; Eliphalet Webster, Scribe; Daniel Winslow, Treas.
- SAGAMORE ENCAMPMENT**, No. 3.—Wm B Hartwell, CP; T S Robinson, HP; Nath'l Gunnison, SW; Geo W Butcher, JW; Wm I Johnson, Scribe; Chas Sager, Treas.
- KATAHDIN ENCAMPMENT**, No. 4.—Wm J Pearson, CP; Jeremiah Curtis, Jr, HP; A M Higgins, SW; D A Lawrence, JW; S S Herring, Scribe; J W Boynton, Treas.

HOBAN ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Seth Gurney, CP; Perez Hill, HP; Luther L Goodwin, SW; Jas J Wiggins, JW; L Lombard, Scribe; M Owen, Treas.

CHAGABROCK ENCAMPMENT, No. 6.—Peleg Rush, CP; Elisha Clarke, HP; John Elliot, SW; Nath'l Morde, JW; E S J Nealley, Scribe; Thos S Bowles, Treas.

CHURCHILL ENCAMPMENT, No. 7.—Geo Prince, CP; Thos O'Brien, HP; Geo Abbott, SW; O W Jordan, JW; J O Sprague, Scribe; L L Bryant, Treas.

BORDER ENCAMPMENT, No. 8.—Aaron Hayden, CP; Edw Hsley, HP; Bion Bradbury, SW; John B Ricketts, JW; Daniel S Hayden, Scribe; Lucius Bradbury, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—S Thatcher, Jr, DM; E C Smart, DAM; — Cushing, DADM; B Plummer, PG; — Marston, VG; T Stone, Sec'y; L Beale, Treas.

UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 2.—Edward Fenno, DM; William R Smith, DDM; Benj A G Fuller, ADDM; Timothy S Robinson, PG; Lewis D Moore, VG; Joseph Burton, Sec.

MAINE LODGE, No. 1.—L L Sadler, NG; Solomon T Corser, VG; Edw M Patten, Rec Sec; Chas Harding, Per Sec; John H Hooper, Treas.

SACO, No. 2.—Wm Batchelder, NG; Warren Ware, VG; Horace Bacon, Sec; Jeremiah Curtis, Treas; Geo W Quinby, Chaplain.

GEORGIAN, No. 3.—Edwin Rose, NG; R H Counce, VG; Geo A Starr, Rec Sec; Geo Prince, Per Sec; Nathaniel Liscomb, Treas; R Woodhull, Chaplain.

ANCIENT BROTHERS, No. 4.—Wm D Little, NG; Joseph R Brazier, VG; Louis J de Crenay, Rec Sec; Wm Ross, Per Sec; Henry R Stickney, Treas; Cyrus Cummings, Chaplain.

LIGONIA, No. 5.—Joseph W Mansfield, NG; G W Wildridge, VG; Charles Baker, Sec; C S Carter, Treas.

SABRATTIS, No. 6.—Lewis D Moore, NG; Joseph J Eveleth, VG; Joseph Burton, Rec Sec; Joseph W Patterson, Per Sec; Loring Cushing, Treas; Joshua L Heath, Chaplain.

PANOSCOOT, No. 7.—Lemuel Bradford, NG; Geo Palmer, VG; T B Thompson, Rec Sec; L McKenney, Per Sec; Andre Cushing, Treas; H R Nye, Chaplain.

RELIEF, No. 8.—Joseph Ulmer, NG; Ezekiel Perry, VG; Henry Paine, Rec Sec; E L Lovejoy, Per Sec; John P Wise, Treas.

NATURNIS, No. 9.—Moses S Wadsworth, NG; Jesse B Tozier, VG; Geo S Clark, Rec Sec; Nath'l Stone, Per Sec; Jas Nash, Treas.

LINCOLN, No. 10.—John E Brown, NG; Washington Elliot, VG; Nelson A West, Rec Sec; E S J Nealley, Per Sec; Arthur Brown, Treas.

SACCARAPPA, No. 11.—Aaron Quimby, NG; Moses Stiles, VG; Oran Storos, Sec; Gideon Plummer, Treas.

KENDUSKEAG, No. 12.—Wm P Wingate, NG; Alfred Kirkpatrick, VG; Wm G Badger, Sec; S W Robinson, Treas.

PREPSCOT, No. 13.—Asher Ellis, NG; Joseph Lunt, 2d, VG; Chas Pettengill, Sec; John S Cushing, Treas.

CUSHNOG, No. 14.—Greenleaf White, NG; Asaph R Nichols, VG; Geo S Hall, Rec Sec; Thomas S Bartlett, Per Sec; Joseph S Lamson, Treas; James Pitts, Chaplain.

PASSAGASAWAKEAG, No. 15.—Rob't White, NG; Joseph Dennet, VG; A Jordan, Rec Sec; D K Lothrop, Per Sec; D D Pinkham, Treas; S G Sargent, Chaplain.

HOBOMOK, No. 16.—B F Chase, NG; Thos S Bowles, VG; J H Nichols, Rec Sec; Joe M Haley, Per Sec; David T Stimpson, Treas; Daniel Larabee, Chaplain.

WASHINGTON, No. 17.—Wm H Clark, NG; Albert Berry, VG; Augustine Lord, Rec Sec; Thoms Hovey, Per Sec; Thos W Newman, Treas.

ORONO, No. 18.—Nathan H Allen, NG; Israel Washburn, Jr, VG; Chas H Thayer, Rec Sec; Thos McMillard, Per Sec; Joseph Treat, Treas; A C Godfrey, Chaplain.

PASSAMAQUODDY, No. 19.—Aaron Hayden, NG; Daniel T Granger, VG; Robert Mowe, Jr, Rec Sec; Jos A Coolidge, Per Sec; Smith Tinkham, Treas; F N Harris, Chaplain.

HARRISON, No. 20.—Thos H Mead, NG; Amos P Foster, VG; C W Sampson, Sec; Alanson M Thomes, Treas; Chas Soule, Chaplain.

SOMERSET AND FRANKLIN, No. 21.—Jno Trask, Jr, NG; E D Johnson, VG; S M Stillman, Rec Sec; D Hinkley, Per Sec; Moses Whittier, Treas; Oren Sikes, Chaplain.

MEDOMAK LODGE, No. 22.—Alden Jackson, NG; Isaac Reed, VG; William Ludwig, Sec; Moses Young, Treas.

SCHOODIAC, No. 23.—G M Cole, NG; Benj M Flint, VG; Thos P Galvin, Sec; Wm H C Stearns, Treas; Edward Stone, Chaplain.

ANDROSCOGGIN, No. 24.—Geo W Foss, NG; Stephen H Read, VG; Sewall Merrill, Rec Sec; Wm R Frye, Per Sec; Jos B Harding, Treas; John B Jones, Chaplain.

ACADIA, No. 25.—Daniel McKuer, NG; Sam'l H Blake, VG; Horatio Foster, Sec; E G Rawson, Treas; F M Sabine, Chaplain.

MOUSAM, No. 26.—Simon L Whitten, NG; J L Cook, VG; J M Richards, Sec; Edwin C Frost, Treas; A Dutch, Chaplain.

TAREMINE, No. 27.—Otis H Johnson, NG; Chas H De Wolf, VG; Newell Blake, Sec; Hiram Miller, Treas; Shepard Boddy, Chaplain.

OLIVE BRANCH, No. 28.—John Hubbard, NG; Theo're H Jewett, VG; E R Cate, Rec Sec; E H Jewett, Per Sec; Caleb Sanborn, Treas.

CUMBERLAND, No. 30.—Samuel Andrews, 2d, NG; Benj K Carsley, VG; Wm W Cross, Sec'y; Lewis Brigham, Treas; B K Carsley, Chaplain.

New Hampshire.

GRAND LODGE.—Samuel H Parker, MWGM; Walter French, RWDGM; N B Baker, RWGW; Geo H H Silsbee, RWG Sec; Cha's T Gill, RWG Treas; Henry Jewell, RWG Chaplain; G W Montgomery, David Philbrick, RWG Reps.

NASHOONON ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Henry L Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; Jno H Richmond, JW; H C Hudson, Scribe; Wm B Burdick, Treas.

WOMOLANSSET ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—J T P Hunt, CP; Isaac C Flanders, HP; John B Fish, SW; Luther Smith, JW; Daniel J Hoyt, Scribe; Chas H Chase, Treas.

PENACOOK ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Stephen Brown, CP; J F Witherell, HP; A B Currier, SW; Wm Walker, jr, JW; Josiah Stevens, jr, Scribe; Cyrus Hill, Treas.
QUOCHECRO ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—Wm Tredick, CP; Bethuel Keith, HP; Edmund Freeman, SW; Daniel Bogle, JW; Joseph H Wiggins, Scribe; S S Moulton, Treas.
STRAWBERRY BANK ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Joseph Cheever, CP; Jas M Locke, HP; James M Carr, SW; Daniel L Storer, JW; James Moses, Scribe; E M Brown, Treas.
PISCATAQUA DEGREE LODGE.—James M Carr, DM; Nath'l March, ADM; Samuel N Plummer, DADM; Cha's A Colcord, PG; Timothy G Senter, VG; Ab'm Q Wendell, Sec; Edmund M Brown, Treas.
UNION DEGREE LODGE, No. 1.—Joseph H Smith, DM; Moses Fisk, DDM; William Leach, ADM; Charles W Woodman, PG; George Gray, VG; Amasa Roberts, Sec.
GRANITE, No. 1.—A Mitchell, NG; Geo O Fisher, VG; Wm Parker, Sec; I Rockwood, Treas; L C Browne, Chaplain.
HILLSBORO', No. 2.—Luther Smith, NG; D J Hoyt, VG; C E Potter, Rec Sec; Chas H Chase, Per Sec; O S Land, Treas.
WECOMMET, No. 3.—Edward Luther, NG; Simeon Bamford, VG; Thos G Morse, Rec Sec; Wm S Gookin, Per Sec; S S Clark, Treas; W G Anderson, Chaplain.
WASHINGTON, No. 4.—Wm H James, NG; Wm F Ford, VG; J H Lamos, Sec; John Jones, Treas; J W Orange, Chaplain.
WHITE MOUNTAIN, No. 5.—Wm Walker, Jr, NG; John McHill, VG; Leonard Worcester, Rec Sec; C Wilson, Per Sec; Nathan Farley, Treas; Wm P Tilden, Chaplain.
PISCATAQUA, No. 6.—Joseph Cheever, NG; Sam'l N Plumer, VG; Thos Rand, Rec Sec; W Moses, Per Sec; Daniel L Storer, Treas; John P Payson, Chaplain.
WINNIPISIOGUE, No. 7.—John M Pitman, NG; Jesse Doloff, VG; Eben S Lawrence, Sec; Alexander Beaman, Treas.
SWAMSCOT, No. 8.—Henry C Weatherly, NG; E Knight, VG; I R Kelsey, Sec; W Paul, Treas.
SAGAMORE, No. 9.—Thompson L Newell, NG; Geo C Percy, VG; Ira B Hoyt, Sec; Nath'l Paul, Treas.
SUNOOK, No. 10.—S P H Drake, NG; Chas Sanderson, VG; Francis H Lyford, Sec; Enoch Watson, Treas.
MONADNOCK, No. 11.—George Taft, NG; Arnold Kendall, VG; S M Merriam, Sec; Amos Lawrence, Treas.

Rhode Island.

GRAND LODGE.—Asa W Davis, MWGM; Wm W Knight, RWDGM; Jonathan M Wheeler, RWGW; Robert H Barton, RWG Sec; William Hicks, RWG Treas; Mark Graves, RWG Chaplain.
GRAND LODGE.—John L Devotion, MWGM; H L Miller, RWDGM; Prelate Demick, RWGW; Charles Wm Bradley, RWG Sec'y; Sam'l Bishop, RWG Treas; John Moore, RWG Chaplain; Frederick Crosswell, James G Gilman, RWG Reps.
NARRAGANSETT ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—H L Webster, CP; O F Dutcher, HP; C C Shute, SW; J H Richmond, JW; H E Hudson, Scribe; W B Burdick, Treas.
PALESTINE ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm H Cranston, CP; John W Davis, jr, HP; Daniel T Swinburne, SW; Samuel B Westcott, Scribe; Elisha S Kenyon, JW; Gideon Palmer, jr, Treas.
FRIENDLY UNION, No. 1.—Wm Simons, NG; Edward J Bicknell, VG; Geo W Hall, Rec Sec; C C Shute, Per Sec; Stephen Phillips, reas; Wm J Tilley, Chaplain.
EAGLE, No. 2.—R H Barton, NG; Lewis Carr, VG; W J Miller, Rec Sec; J C Calder, Per Sec; D S Carr, Treas.
ROGER WILLIAMS, No. 3.—Israel Amesbury, Jr, NG; S R Williams, VG; Pardon M Mathinson, Rec Sec; Samuel Morgan, Per Sec; Henry M Amesbury, Treas.
HOPE, No. 4.—Edward S Lyon, NG; Thomas G Howland, VG; James W Root, Rec Sec; W Rathburn, Per Sec; Stephen G Coleman, Treas; John E Risley, Chaplain.
OCEAN LODGE, No. 5.—James Atkinson, NG; John B Weedon, VG; Augustus Bush, Sec; William Newton, Treas; Aaron F Drye, Chaplain.
AMITY, No. 6.—Wm H Turner, NG; Joseph Frankland, VG; John Hale, Jr, Rec Sec; Geo Cole, Per Sec; Samuel A Driscoll, Treas; Henry N Pearce, Chaplain.
NARRAGANSETT, No. 7.—Levi L Derby, NG; Peleg Noyes, VG; Woodbury Coy, Sec; Wm H Reynolds, Treas; Henry Alcorn, Chaplain.
GOOD SAMARITAN, No. 8.—Wm R Eaton, NG; Wm Jeffers, VG; Andrew R Slade, Rec Sec; Wm Hood, Per Sec; Zelutus Witherell, Treas; J C Kent, Chaplain.
CONANICUT, No. 9.—Robert C Anthony, NG; Chas M Whelden, VG; Albert P Ware, Rec Sec; B F Herrick, Per Sec; Geo S Rathbone, 2d, Treas; J E Risley, Chaplain.
WOONSOCKET, No. 10.—Lewis B Arnold, NG; Bailey E Borden, VG; Elijah Smith, Sec; B Roys, Treas.

Connecticut.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—John L Devotion, GCP; J M Andrus, GHP; Wm L Brewer, GSW; John A Lathrop, GJW; Prelate Demick, G Scribe; Samuel Bishop, G Treasurer and RWG Rep.
SASSACUS ENCAMPMENT, No. 1.—Newell C Hall, CP; Lucius A Thomas, HP; Daniel H Moore, SW; Elizur Hubbell, JW; Sam'l H Harris, Scribe; C R Browne, Treas.
ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 2.—John C Palmer, CP; Wm H Goodspeed, HP; Wm S Tyler, SW; Tho's C Boardman, JW; Cha's Wm Bradley, Scribe; Daniel B Warner, Treasurer.
PALMYRA ENCAMPMENT, No. 3.—Wm L Brewer, CP; Edward W Ellis, HP; H C Bridgman, SW; David Young, JW; Thos L Stedman, Scribe; T Raymond, Treas.
UNITY ENCAMPMENT, No. 4.—A S Wightman, CP; C C Culver, HP; C E Hewitt, SW; P B Post, JW; Sam'l Barry, Scribe; B F Bolles, Treas.
DEVOTION ENCAMPMENT, No. 5.—Wm W Bedient, CP; James P Sanders, HP; Ferris B Ball, SW; Wm F Hoyt, JW; Chas Hull, Scribe; Mathew W Star, Jr, Treas.

SOUHEAG ENCAMPMENT, No 6.—Origen Utley, CP; Tho's C Simpson, HP; Ja's S Parmelee, SW; P Fagan, Scribe; S M Shaddick, JW; Alfred Hall, Treas.

MIDIAN ENCAMPMENT, No 7.—A M Gordon, CP; John W Johnson, HP; Aaron Morley, SW; Henry L Miller, JW; F Fessenden, Scribe; S Crane, Treas.

COVENANT DEGREE LODGE.—Geo W Brown, DM; Wm S Noyes, ADM; C L Daboll, DADM; Cyril C Hughes, PG; L D Allen, VG; William Mercer, Sec; Samuel Barry, Treas.

QUINNIPIAC LODGE, No 1.—Walter Osborne, NG; F P Gorham, VG; Cornelius Wildman, Sec; Alexander Storer, Treas.

CHARTER OAK, No 2.—Joseph W Hale, NG; Sam'l H Haven, VG; Joseph Pratt, Jr, Sec; John W Johnson, Per Sec; Geo Burt, Treas; John Moore, Chaplain.

MIDDLESEX, No 3.—Nathan Tyler, Jr, NG; Richard A Hungerford, VG; Rich'd S Pratt, Rec Sec; Geo E Goodspeed, Per Sec; Daniel B Warner, Treas.

PBQUANNOCK, No 4.—Wm S Hanford, NG; Philip L Smith, VG; Asher M Ruggles, Rec Sec; Israel Kelsey, Per Sec; Wm G Stevenson, Treas.

HARMONY, No 5.—Geo Lines, NG; A J Rigge, VG; Lorenzo P Page, Rec Sec; Moses W Campbell, Per Sec; Wm F. Bradley, Treas.

OUSATONIC, No 6.—Matthew Donnelly, NG; Nelson M Beach, VG; Horatio N Hawkins, Sec; Chas Bristol, Treas.

SAMARITAN, No 7.—Wm A Judd, NG; Abraham Chichester, VG; Munson A Shepherd, Sec; Irel Ambler, Treasurer.

MERCANTILE, No 8.—Thomas Martin, NG; Benjamin Stevens, VG; Leonard Wheeler, Rec Sec; Ezra Clark, Jr, Per Sec; Wm B Ely, Treas.

THAMES, No 9.—C L Daboll, NG; J K Cortell, VG; T J Greenwood, Rec Sec; Henry Champlain Per Sec; T S Daboll, Treas; T J Greenwood, Chaplain.

OUR BROTHERS, No 10.—Geo H Randle, NG; Henry W Smith, VG; J E Olmstead, Sec; Geo W Smith, Treas.

UNCAS, No 11.—Henry A Barrows, NG; Henry W Berchley, VG; L W Rogers, Rec Sec; John L Devotion, Per Sec; Theodore Raymond, Treas.

CENTRAL, No 12.—Elijah Beach, NG; Alfred Hall, VG; Wm E Ferro, Rec Sec; Jas E Bidwell, Per Sec; Dennis Sage, Treas.

CHARITY, No 13.—John C Park, NG; Alonzo Williams, VG; Francis H Rogers, Sec; John G Clift, Treas; Benj T Lewis, Chaplain.

WPOWAGE, No 14.—Frederick C Dayton, NG; Benj D Wells, VG; Jonas G French, Sec; Harvey Mallory, Treas; H Mallory, Chaplain.

MONTAWESE, No 15.—Luther P Bradley, NG; Jas Lindergreen, VG; Jas H Currington, Sec; Fred-eric Crosswell, Treas.

WASHINGTON, No 16.—Lloyd E Baldwin, NG; Robert S Blish, VG; Luther M Frink, Sec; Edwin H Hall, Treas; Norman B Hall, Chaplain.

TRUMBULL, No 17.—J N Harris, NG; John H Lester, VG; Henry A Latimer, Rec Sec; Isaac Frely, Per Sec; F M Walker, Treas; R A G Thompson, Chaplain.

NATHAN HALE, No 18.—Wm W Brace, NG; Edwin Kilbourn, VG; Loren P Waldo, Rec Sec; Horatio S Flynt, Per Sec; Reuben Allen, Treas.

MYSTIC, No 19.—Albert Saunders, NG; Geo D Hyde, VG; Chas Burrows, Sec; Wm Crumb, Treas; Thos Wilson, Chaplain.

FRNWICK, No 20.—James Phelps, NG; John S Dickinson, VG; Edward W Pratt, Rec Sec; Nathaniel A Starkey, Treas.

NOSAHOGAN, No 21.—Chas U C Burton, NG; Rufus E Hitchcock, VG; David S Law, Sec; Henry Merriam, Treas.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS', No 22.—Wm J Whipple, NG; Chester A Lord, VG; Jos Olmsted, Jr, Rec Sec; Robert E Bannon, Treas; John Clark, Chaplain.

Within the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Ct., I. O. O. F., the terms of the subordinate Lodges commence and terminate with the several seasons of the year, viz., arch, June September and December; or rather, the terms commence in the several Lodges with the first Lodge night in each of these months.

Vermont.

GREEN MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 1.—Rufus M Fuller, NG; I W Allen, VG; Charles P Bradley, Sec; Cassius P Beck, Treas; Martin A Seymour, Chaplain

VERMONT, No. 2.—Eli Ballou, NG; W H Cottrell, VG; L Dow, Sec; H Vail, Treas.

LIST OF LODGES IN THE U. STATES—THEIR LOCATION AND TIME OF MEETING.

GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES
Meets at Baltimore, Md., on the 3d Monday in September, annually.
Thomas Sherlock, of Ohio, M. W. G. S.
Albert Case, of Mass., M. W. D. G. S.
J. L. Ridgely, of Md., M. W. G. C. and R. Sec.
A. E. Warner, of Md., R. W. G. Treasurer.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE,
Meets at Covenant Hall, Boston, quarterly, on 1st Thursday in Feb., &c.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Massachusetts	Boston	Mon
2 Siloam	do	Thu
4 New England	East Cambridge	Fri
5 Washington	Roxbury	
7 Merrinack	Lowell	Mon
8 Suffolk	Boston	Tue
9 Crystal Fount.	Woburn	Mon
10 Oriental	Boston	Wed
11 Mechanics'	Lowell	Fri
12 Bethel	West Cambridge	Tue
13 Nazarene	Ware Village	Mon

15	Bunker Hill.....	Charlestown.....	Mon
15	Tremont.....	Boston.....	Wed
16	Covenant.....	do.....	Mon
17	Middlesex.....	Malden.....	Wed
18	Warren.....	Roxbury.....	Tue
19	Monument.....	East Lexington.....	Thu
20	Friendship.....	Cambridgeport.....	Mon
21	Fidelity.....	Andover.....	Fri
22	Howard.....	Charlestown.....	Fri
23	Franklin.....	Boston.....	Fri
24	Winnimmet.....	Chelsea.....	Tue
25	Boston.....	Boston.....	Fri
26	Essex.....	do.....	Mon
27	Hamden.....	Springfield.....	Mon
28	Oberlin.....	Lowell.....	Tue
29	Columbian.....	Tonaham.....	Mon
30	Bethesda.....	South Boston.....	Mon
31	Lafayette.....	Watertown.....	Wed
32	Ancient Landmark.....	Boston.....	Mon
33	Montezuma.....	do.....	Wed
34	Hope.....	Methuen.....	Wed
35	Maspee.....	Albham.....	Mon
36	Marrick.....	East Boston.....	Mon
37	Shawmut.....	Boston.....	Tue
38	Deuagar.....	South Reading.....	Mon
39	Union.....	Newburyport.....	Thu
40	ay State.....	Lynn.....	Tue
41	A.....	New Bedford.....	Wed
42	Pacific.....	Boston.....	Thu
43	Quinsigamond.....	Worcester.....	Mon
44	King Philip.....	Taunton.....	Tue
45	Framingham.....	Saxonville.....	Wed
46	Tiaquantum.....	Milford.....	Mon
47	Macedonian.....	Dorchester.....	Wed
48	Norfolk.....	Lowell.....	Mon
49	Veritas.....	Concord.....	Tue
50	Concord.....	Chelsea.....	Mon
51	Mythic.....	do.....	Mon
52	Agawam.....	Ipswich.....	Thu
53	Hobart.....	South Boston.....	Fri
54	May Flower.....	Plymouth.....	Tue
55	Atlantic.....	Marblehead.....	Wed
56	Worcester.....	Worcester.....	Fri
57	Berkshire.....	Pittsfield.....	Tue
58	Elliot.....	Newton Upper Falls.....	Thu
59	Takewambait.....	Natick.....	Tues
60	Harvard.....	Harvard.....	Mon
61	Nonotuck.....	Northampton.....	Mon
62	St. John's.....	Cabotville.....	Tue
63	Mount Hope.....	Fall River.....	Thu
64	Shawsheene.....	Billerica.....	Mon
65	Golden Rule.....	Wilmington.....	Thu
66	Nantucket.....	Nantucket.....	Tue
67	Pocomtuck.....	Greenfield.....	Tue
68	Harmony.....	Medford.....	Mon
69	Massasoit.....	North Bridgewater.....	Thu
70	Quinobequin.....	Dedham.....	Thu
71	Groton.....	Groton.....	Wed
72	North Stoughton.....	North Stoughton.....	Mon
73	Wachusett.....	Barre.....	Tue
74	Woronoco.....	Westfield.....	Mon
75	Pilgrim.....	Abington.....	Wed
76	Rising Star.....	Bandolph.....	Tue
77	Unity.....	Boston.....	Tue
78	Olive Branch.....	Charlestown.....	Thu
79	Hockomocko.....	Westboro'.....	Tue
80	Mount Wollaston.....	Quincy.....	Mon
81	Weawanit.....	Rochester (Sip.Vil.).....	Mon
82	Crescent.....	East Weymouth.....	Mon
83	Mutual Relief.....	Haverhill.....	Mon
84	Neponset.....	Milton.....	Mon
85	Marlboro'.....	Marlboro'.....	Tue
86	Leominster.....	Leominster.....	Tue
87	Excelsior.....	Foxboro'.....	Mon
88	Union.....	Douglas.....	Mon
89	Lancaster.....	Lancaster.....	Mon
90	Powow River.....	Amesbury.....	Mon
91	Ocean Lodge.....	Gloucester.....	Mon
92	Tibonet Lodge.....	Sandwich.....	Mon

93 Blue Hill LodgeCanton.....Tue
94 Mount AuburnOld CambridgeWed
95 Lowell.....Lowell
96 MarineProvincetown
97 CommercialBoston
98 Mount Roulstone ..Fitchburg
99 Rising Sun.....Medway

DEGREE LODGES.

1 Union	Boston	Sat
2 Maverick	East Boston	2 a 4 Fri
3 Warren	Roxbury	Thu
4 United Brothers.....	S. Boston	2 Mon. 4 Fri
Norfolk	Dorchester.....	1 a 3 Fri
6 Dedham.....	Dedham.....	2 a 4 Thu

GRAND ENCAMPMENT,

Meets at Boston semi annually, on Wednesdays next preceding 1st Thursday in August and February.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1	Massasoit.....	Boston.....	13 Fri
2	Tri Mount.....	do.....	24 Thu
3	Menotomy.....	West Cambridge.....	24 Fri
4	Monomak.....	Lowell.....	24 Fri
5	Bunker Hill.....	Charlestown.....	13 Wed
6	Mount Washington.....	South Boston.....	24 Thu
7	Merrimack.....	Newburyport.....	24 Mon
8	Andover.....	New Bedford.....	24 Fri
9	Middlesex.....	Malden.....	4 Fri
10	Wachusett.....	Worcester.....	13 Fri
11	Nahant.....	Lynn.....	13 Thu
12	Shalom.....	Roxbury.....	13 Fri
13	Naukeag.....	Salem.....	24 Thu

STATE OF MAINE.

GRAND LODGE,

Meets at Portland quarterly.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1	Maine	Portland	Mon
2	Saco	do	Tue
3	Georgian	Thomaston	Mon
4	Ancient Brothers	Portland	Thur
5	Ligonia	do	Sat
6	Subbatts	Augusta	Tue
7	Penobscot	Bangor	Thur
8	Relief	East Thomaston	Fri
9	Nathans	Gardiner	Fri
10	Lincoln	Bath	Mon
11	Sacarappa	Sacarappa	Wed
12	Kenduskeag	Bangor	Thur
13	Pejepscot	Brunswick	Mon
14	Cushnet	Augusta	Fri
15	Pasagawaukeag	Belfast	Mon
16	Hobomok	Bath	Fri
17	Washington	Hallowell	Mon
18	Orono	Orono	Sat
19	Pasamaquoddy	Eastport	Mon
20	Harrison	Harrison	13 Mon
21	Somers & Franklin	Mercer	Mon
22	Medomet	Waldoboro	Tue
23	School	Calais	Tue
24	Andrewcoggin	Lewiston Falls	Fri
25	Acadia	Bangor	Mon
26	Mousam	Kennebunk	Thur
27	Tarratine	Oldtown	
28	Tarratine	Oldtown	
29	Katand	Dover	
30	Cumberland	Centre Bridgeeton	Sat

DEGREE LODGES

1 Union Portland.....
2 Union Augusta..... 1 3 Sat

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS

1	Machigonne	Portland	1 3	Tue
2	Eastern Star	do	2 4	Fri
3	Sagamore	Augusta	1 3	Tue
4	Katahdin	Bangor	1 3	Wed
5	Hobah	Saco	1 3	Thu
6	Sagadahock	Bath	2 4	Wed
7	Churchill	Thomaston		
8	Border	Eastport	2 4	hu

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Concord, semi-annually—Aug. & Feb.
SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Granite.....	Nashua.....	Tue
2 Hillsboro'.....	Manchester.....	Mon
3 Weohamct.....	Dover.....	Thu
4 Washington.....	Someworth.....	Tue
5 White Mountain.....	Concord.....	Fri
6 Warren.....	Roxbury.....	24 Fri
7 Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	Mon
8 Winnipississee.....	Meredith Bridge.....	Tues
9 Swampscot.....	Newmarket.....	Sat
10 Sagamore.....	Exeter.....	Thu
11 Suncook.....	Pittsfield.....	Mon
12 Monadnock.....	Mason Village.....	Thu

DEGREE LODGES.

Piscataqua.....	Portsmouth.....	13 Fri
1 Union Degree.....	Dover.....	13 Mon

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Nashoon.....	Nashua.....	13 Fri
2 Wonolanset.....	Manchester.....	24 Fri
3 Penacook.....	Concord.....	
4 Quochecho.....	Dover.....	24 Mon
5 Strawberry Bank.....	Portsmouth.....	24 Fri

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at Providence semi-annually, August
and February.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Friendly Union.....	Providence.....	Thu
2 Eagle.....	do.....	Wed
3 Roger Williams.....	do.....	Tue
4 Hope.....	do.....	Mon
5 Ocean.....	Newport.....	Fri
6 Amity.....	Warren.....	Wed
7 Narragansett.....	Westerly.....	Tue
8 Good samaritan.....	Pawtucket.....	Fri
9 Conanicut.....	Providence.....	Fri

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

1 Narraganset.....	Providence.....	24 Fri
3 Palestine.....	Newport.....	

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

GRAND LODGE.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually; on the
2d Wed. of July and 2d Wed. of January.

1 Quinnipiac.....	New Haven.....	Mon
2 Charter Oak.....	Hartford.....	Tue
3 Middlesex.....	East Haddam.....	13 Mon
4 Pequannock.....	Bridgeport.....	Tue
5 Harmony.....	New Haven.....	Tue
6 Ousatonick.....	Derby.....	Mon
7 Samaritan.....	Danbury.....	Wed
8 Mercantile.....	Hartford.....	Fri
9 Thames.....	New London.....	Mon
10 Our Brothers.....	Norwalk.....	Mon
11 Uncas.....	Norwich.....	Mon
12 Central.....	Middletown.....	Thu
13 Charity.....	Lower Mystic.....	Wed
14 Wopowage.....	Milford.....	Wed
15 Montawese.....	New Haven.....	Wed
16 Washington.....	Willimantic Village.....	Sat
17 Trumbull.....	New London.....	Tue
18 Nathan Hale.....	Tolland.....	Wed
19 Mystic.....	Mystic.....	Thu
20 Fenwick.....	Essex.....	Thu
21 Noshogon.....	Waterbury.....	Wed
22 Farmers' and Mechanics'.....	Warehouse Point.....	

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Meets at New Haven semi-annually.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

1 Sassacus.....	New Haven.....	13 Fri
2 Oriental.....	East Haddam.....	24 Fri
3 Palmyra.....	Norwich.....	13 Fri
4 Unity.....	New London.....	24 Thu
6 Souheag.....	Middletown.....	1 u
5 Devotion.....	Danbury.....	13 Fri
7 Midian.....	Hartford.....	1 Wed

VERMONT.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1 Green Mountain.....	Burlington.....	Mon
2 Vermont.....	Montpelier.....	Thu

MARRIED, in Charlestown, Oct. 9th, by Rev. Mr. Buddington, Bro. J. Oakes
Bradbury, of Bunker Hill Lodge and Encampment, to Miss Rachael C. Brooks, all
of Charlestown.

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF RHODE ISLAND.

We have received a copy of the Proceedings of this body, at its Quarterly Session
Nov. 3d, 1845. From the Returns of the Subordinates, as published in the Report,
it appears there are 1183 contributing members. There has been paid out for chari-
table purposes during the last quarter, \$601 15. Reports were received from ten
Lodges in the State.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We gratefully acknowledge the names of *fourteen new subscribers* from Baton
Rouge, (La.,) at the hands of Bro. THOS. B. R. HATCH, Esq., Editor of the Democ-
ratic Advocate. We heartily thank Bro. H. for his exertions in our behalf. With
such friends to assist us, we never need despair. To our friends in Baton Rouge,
who have so liberally given us their assistance, we tender them our thanks. The
subscription money was duly received.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN TWO VOLUMES
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOL. II.



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